

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



CANTERBURY'S cathedral church has known much rebuilding, and to-day it is not one of those which give us our most broadly written lessons in the earlier history of English art. The student who likes to understand as well as see will be wise if he looks at it only after he has looked elsewhere — at Durham, for example, at Ely, Peterborough, Norwich. But the existing fabric of a cathedral which has a history of some dozen centuries is not its only claim upon our retrospective thought; and when we weigh all claims together, it is impossible not to speak first of that cathedral which is the mother church of England by a double title,— by the right of earliest birth and by that of constant rule.

### I.

CHAUCER'S merry company, intent "the holy blisful martir for to seeke," made their start in that month of April whose delights their poet never tired of singing. But the modern pilgrim, thinking less than they of winter's mud or summer's dust, is most fortunate upon an August day; for it is always worth while to see the best of anything terrestrial, and a Kentish hop-garden in full growth is the fairest thing in the way of a useful crop that the earth produces.

A London start is made by the Victoria Station and the train "for Chatham and Dover"— prosaic words, suggestive less of Canterbury than of Calais and the Channel's woes. Yet for a long distance the modern path of iron lies practically parallel with the old white high-road. We only make an intermediate

stop at Chatham, and if its name has no ancient savor and its importance is in truth bound up with that of modern naval warfare, yet it soon shows as but a suburb of hoary episcopal Rochester, and the eye embraces almost in a single glance the cathedral founded in the seventh century, the castle built for the men-at-arms of Henry II., and the dockyards where Queen Victoria's iron-clads are at home.

It is always so in this delectably little land. Everywhere the same *mise-en-scène* has served for the playing out of various dramas and is still in use to-day. The soil is everywhere rich with buried history and set thick with the artistic relics of all eras, and the air is never free from puissant memories. Britain among the lands is as Rome among the cities: the story of any one of her districts is as difficult to tell in brief as the story of any Roman site. Rarely indeed can we say: For *this* reason is this spot of interest. There are usually a score of reasons, a dozen interests of successive date. And we often come upon historic repetitions of so happy a sort that they seem to have been planned by some great cosmic playwright in the interests of artistic unity, dramatic point, and concentration. There were, for instance, many spots along the coast where St. Augustine might have landed when he was on his way to Canterbury and the court of Ethelbert. But the spot where he did land chanced to be at the mouth of the Thames, on the Isle of Thanet— coming to convert the heathen English and following by a picturesque coincidence in the steps of their earliest band of settlers.

### II.

VERY charming to the outer eye, Canterbury is no less pleasing to the eye of sentiment; for sentiment, as I conceive it (at least where the tourist is in question), means some-

thing close akin to the love of symbolism. What it asks is correspondence between body and spirit—between things tangible and visible and things dictated by memory and imagination. If a town does not look as it looked of old, and if its aspect fails to tally with that special aspect the fancy has been led to lend it, we are sentimentally outraged—alas, how often!—as by the breaking of a tacit promise. But Canterbury keeps all its tacit promises with singular fidelity.

From a distance it seems scarce a town at all—rather a great solitary church standing on a slight elevation and backed by higher hills. And a modest town it is in fact, low-roofed and narrow-bordered, with no touch of municipal dignity and no evidence of private wealth; breathing a breath of almost country air, and basking sleepily in a mood of almost rural quiet, resting meekly at the foot of its mighty church, guarding tenderly the ruins of its great monastic houses.

But all this is no disappointment; for the greatness of Canterbury was not material but spiritual—or, if I were to seek the truest word, I might say *emblematic*. Her fame is the fame of the great men who, taking their title from her, went out of her gates to help or

hinder kings and parliaments in their rule of the land. And the authority delegated to them stood not upon wealth or arms or civic strength but upon ecclesiastical might. So it is fitting she should have been small and modest in street and square—great and beautiful only in the body of that splendid temple which expresses all there ever was of her truest self.

In mediæval days her walls were complete, of course; the Conqueror's castle, now a wreck, was haughtily conspicuous; and sleepiness was certainly not her mood—what with the sumptuous living and parading of bishop and abbot and priest and knight, and the bloody wranglings of each with the others; what with the pulsing of that vast pilgrim-tide which from every English shire and every Christian country brought its motley myriads to the wonder-working (and wonderfully well "exploited") shrine of St. Thomas. But nevertheless the city itself must have been so nearly the same in general effect that we can easily people it anew with its tumultuous shows of faith and superstition, force and fraud, humility and luxury, pride, licentiousness, and greed. Modern growth has not burst its ancient body asunder and re-worked it into an alien shape. Nor has modern life gone wholly from its streets



THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.





THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST, AT SUNSET.

and left them to solitude, neglect, and death. Canterbury is cheerfully alive despite the long cessation of the busy ecclesiastical industries of old; not dead but merely dozing in a peace unbroken by the rushing traffic of to-day.

## III.

I HAVE called the cathedral the mother church of England, but in one sense the term is still better deserved by little St. Martin's on the eastward hill. Look narrowly at these ancient walls and you will see embedded in their substance fragments more ancient still, fragments of Roman bricks, which tell that at the close of the sixth century, when the first missionaries to the English landed, there stood on this same site a tiny British church. Somehow it had weathered the storms of pagan years and now was the private oratory of Ethelbert's queen — that Bertha who was already a Christian when she left her Paris home. Here St. Augustine held his first service beneath an island roof, and here he baptized his first convert, King Ethelbert himself.

The church, though very old, has certainly been rebuilt since the sixth century; and only

the most easy-going of sentimentalists will believe quite all he is bidden to believe about its furniture and tombs. But to one disinherited of gray memorials by the accident of birth across the sea, it is interesting enough merely to stand upon a spot where such tales can be told with such color of likelihood. And then little St. Martin's, which represents the first tiny rootlet of English Christianity, gives him from beneath its low ivied tower and dusky churchyard yews his best first point of outlook toward that greater church which typifies the full-grown tree. Hence he may gaze over the whole beautiful green valley of the Stour to its far-off western hills; may trace the path where from this first tentative station the first missionary passed, as consecrated primate, with banner and silver cross and pomp of singing down to the royal town; and may see this town in the center of the picture, on its outskirts the remains of the great suburban monastery founded by St. Augustine and named for him, and in the midst of the town the cathedral which he called "Christ Church" uplifting its gigantic tower and showing in the mere spread of its transepts a length so great that one is easily cheated into thinking it the



MERCERY LANE.

spread of nave and choir instead. If we could see but a single English landscape we might well choose this; and if we could select but a single hour it might best be from one of those summer afternoons when the witchery of sloping light enhances the charms of color and form, and shines through the perforations of far-off pinnacle and parapet until their stone looks like lace against the sky and their outlines seem to waver in harmony with the lines of cloud above.

## IV.

BUT when we come back to earth again, descend to the valley level, and go to take nearer survey of the church itself, then we had best approach it through that narrow Mercery Lane which Mr. Pennell pictures.\* It took its title from the arcades of booths

\* The house to the left stands on the spot where stood the Chequers Inn of Chaucer's time, and the old vaulted cellars still exist beneath it.

where mementos of pilgrimage were bartered for such pounds or pence as might remain when St. Thomas had secured his tribute, and was always, as to-day, the chief path to the church. Since the early sixteenth century it opens out beneath the beautiful Perpendicular Christ Church Gateway, gives access to a broad green space that is still called the Churchyard and was once the resting-place of pilgrims claimed by death, and shows the western front and long south side of the cathedral in a perspective of lordly picturesqueness.

On this spot too as well as on the eastern hill St Augustine found a surviving British church which could be consecrated, repaired, and used anew. Practically the same as in earliest days,—a basilica imitated from old St. Peter's at Rome, without transepts, but with an apse at either end,—it seems to have done England's archbishops service until the tenth century. And thereafter—largely rebuilt and with heightened walls but still essentially the

same—it housed the whole mighty race of pre-Norman primates. Hither, one chiefly cares to think, came Dunstan to begin his rule of the Church and to persist none the less in his efforts to rule the State. Here he warred alike against the princes and powers of this world and of the other, and with quite peculiar vigor against the secular clergy.

The story of all such ecclesiastical struggles is brilliantly picturesque just by virtue of its departure from what seem to us ecclesiastical modes of warfare. There is a world of sug-

rather than rob his people and live by the gold which he knew would but bribe to further rapine and a more profuse shedding of blood—he too was canonized and wrought marvels with his bones. But the unsaintlier kind of saint seems in those days to have been thought the better advocate on high, and Dunstan ruled supreme in the local storehouse of relics till St. Thomas came to oust him from his rank.

Saint or not, however, Dunstan was a mighty artist before the Lord, working with pen and brush, in gold and silver and brass



CHRIST CHURCH GATEWAY, FROM MERCERY LANE.

gestiveness in Dean Milman's phrase: "It was not by law but by the armed invasion of cathedral after cathedral that the married clergy were ejected and the Benedictines installed in their places." Yet did not "the dove that erst was seen of John in Jordan" hover over Dunstan in a burst of celestial light at the hour which made him primate? Was he not a visible child of heaven and a miracle-worker while alive, and a saint and a still greater miracle-worker after death? Archbishop Alphege, accepting murder from the Danes

and iron, in the casting of bells, in the making of musical instruments and the making of music thereupon. Richer clay than modern Nature uses must have gone to the substance of these mighty men of old—meddlers in every department of human effort and easily masters in all. Every land seems once to have had its own deposit—was the last handful used when Michael Angelo was molded?

Twenty-three years after Dunstan's death happened the murder of Alphege and the sacking of the cathedral by the Danes. Ca-



THE CATHEDRAL, FROM CHRIST CHURCH GATEWAY.

nute repaired the structure as best he might, and hung up his golden crown as vicarious atonement for his countrymen's sacrilege. But the last archbishop to stand within its shattered, patched-up walls was that Stigand

whose figure shows so vividly on the striking page where Mr. Freeman paints Harold struggling with the Conqueror. When William came to Harold's throne and Archbishop Lanfranc to Stigand's, Norman fires had completed what

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Danish torches had begun. Lanfranc was compelled to build an entirely new church, and naturally he built it in the "new Norman manner," closely according to the pattern of St. Stephen's Church at Caen on the Norman mainland.

Only a few years later, during the primacy of Anselm, Lanfranc's choir was itself pulled down and reconstructed upon a larger scale. Ernulph (of whom we shall hear again at Peterborough) and Conrad were priors of the convent in Anselm's day and seemingly the actual architects of his choir, which was dedicated in the year 1130, Henry of England being present with David of Scotland and every bishop of the realm, and "the ceremony the most famous that had ever been heard of on earth since that of the temple of Solomon."

This was the church — Lanfranc's nave and transepts, and Anselm's choir — in which Becket was murdered. But only four years later it was damaged by a great catastrophe described by Gervase the monk in words incomparably graphic. The "glorious choir of Conrad" caught fire in the night, cinders and sparks blowing up from certain burning dwellings near at hand and getting unperceived a fatal headway between "the well-painted ceiling below and the sheet-lead covering above." But the flames at last beginning to show themselves, "a cry arose in the churchyard, '*See, see, the church is burning!*'" Valiantly worked monks and people together to save it. The nave was rescued, but the whole choir perished, and "the house of God, hitherto delightful as a paradise of pleasures, was now made a despicable heap of ashes."

Small wonder that monks and people then addressed themselves to lamentation with true mediæval fervor. They "were astonished that the Almighty should suffer such things, and maddened with excess of grief and perplexity, they tore their hair and beat the walls and pavement of the church with their heads and hands, blaspheming the Lord and his saints, the patrons of the church. Neither can mind conceive or words express or writing teach their grief and anguish. Truly, that they might alleviate their miseries and anguish with a little consolation, they put together as well as they could an altar and station in the nave of the church, where they might wail and howl rather than sing the nocturnal services."

Is not the value men set upon the work of their hands but a reflex of the measure of enthusiasm they put into its making? Should we not know without further witness that an age which could lament like this must have been an age of mighty builders? And truly these Canterbury folk went mightily to work when the first spasm of rage and grief and fear

was over. A French architect, William of Sens, was their first builder, and in the four years ere he was disabled by falling from a scaffold, had completed the walls of choir and presbytery and was preparing to turn their vaults. His successor — also "William by name," though "English by nation, small in body, but in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest" — constructed the retro-choir for Becket's shrine and the apse-like terminal chapel now known as "Becket's Crown."

The goodly work of these two Williams still stands as when they wrought it to the glory, one cannot but confess, rather of St. Thomas than of God. Lanfranc's nave and transepts, grown ruinous, were rebuilt in the fourteenth century in the earliest version of the Perpendicular manner. One of his western towers, that at the southern angle of the façade, was replaced in the middle of the fifteenth century, and some years later was built the great central tower above the crossing. As for the north tower of the west front, it survived as Lanfranc had left it until the second quarter of our own century, when, alas! it was pulled down and made to "match" its brother.

## V.

To understand the cathedral as we see it now we must understand St. Thomas's posthumous part therein, and to conceive of this, the rôle that relic-worship played, more or less through many centuries and in every part of Christendom, but with especial architectural emphasis in the twelfth century and on English soil.

It is not too much to say that then and there the fame and frequentation of a church, and consequently a large part of its wealth and power, depended chiefly upon the relics it possessed or could lay plausible claim to owning. From the armed hand to the bribing ducat and the lying mouth and the secret theft, there was no device which the saintliest of ecclesiastics scorned or feared to use in his great task of enriching his church with the blood and bones and heterogeneous remains of departed sainthood. For generations St. Augustine's monastery outranked the cathedral church of Canterbury in every way save name alone, largely because, in deference to an ancient law forbidding intramural interments, the bodies of St. Augustine and his first successors had been placed in its suburban keeping. The ninth archbishop named the cathedral as his own place of sepulture confessedly on this account. His purpose was compassed by a fraud dictated from his death-bed, and was secured by his chapter's vigorous resistance when the disappointed brethren of



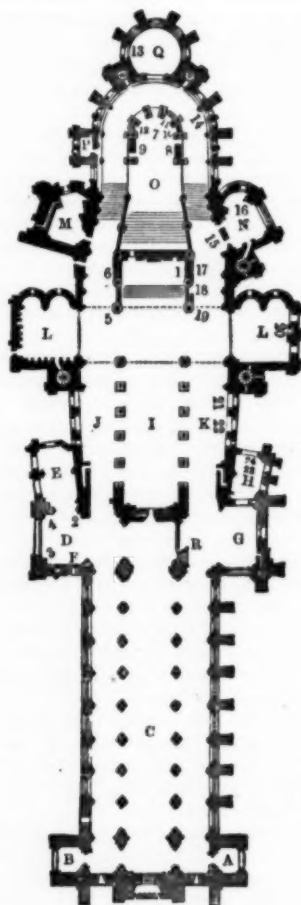
St. Augustine's came in arms to claim the corpse. But the precedent thus established held valid for the future, and with what immense profit was seen clearly when Becket went bleeding to his tomb and straightway became the most famous intercessor in all Europe.

In the earliest ages the crypt beneath the choir had been the usual place of saintly sepulture. But long before Becket's death, relic-worship had so developed that the throngs it drew together and the stately ceremonies it involved demanded statelier housing. Place was made for the saints in the choir itself, behind the high altar to the eastward. When Anselm pulled down Lanfranc's new choir simply that he might build a larger, it was undoubtedly in deference to these growing needs.

Becket himself was first buried in the crypt; but the reason and the manner of his death, and the haste, terror, and intimidation which immediately followed, were the choosers of his grave. When Anselm's choir was burned he was already canonized and world-renowned; and when it came to be rebuilt his due enshrinement was the main concern. Often hereafter we shall see how the choir of a cathedral grew to its enormous size through its ownership of some saint's dust. But nowhere is the saint's dominion so clearly petrified as at Canterbury. Nowhere does a cathedral speak so strongly of his paramount local importance or so distinctly perpetuate the peculiar details of his fate.

Rarely has so honorable a monument been decreed a mortal; and rarely has a mortal who stands so well within the borders of authentic history been so diversely judged as worthy or unworthy honor. Pure and vile he has been called — nay, is still called — with equal sincerity of emphasis; wise and foolhardy, self-immolating and self-seeking. Saint and bigot have been his names, martyr and criminal, hero and traitor, champion of liberty and would-be enslaver of king and people. Unfortunately most of our earliest ideas about him came to us as part of our Puritanical inheritance, dictated in utter oblivion of the unlikeness of his time to ours. And, still more unfortunately, the most brilliant and accessible biography which appeals to adult eyes is Mr. Froude's — one that is marked not by the somewhat excusable ignorance of the school-book but by the blindness or partisan distortions of a pen that brings to the task of the historian the methods of the prosecuting attorney.

Of course the most obvious thing to say of Becket is that he was warring against the Crown and for the Church and a foreign head of the Church; and Church against State in the England of to-day would of course mean menace to men's liberties. An archbishop who should



PLAN OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

A. South porch. C. Nave. D. Transept of the martyrdom. E. Dean's (formerly Lady's) Chapel. I. Choir. L. L. Minor, or eastern, transepts. M. St. Andrew's Tower. N. St. Anselm's Tower. O. Trinity Chapel. Q. The corona. 1. The spot where Becket fell. 2. Position of Becket's shrine (destroyed). 3. Monument of the Black Prince. 4. Monument of Henry IV. 5. Monument of Cardinal Pole. 6. Monument of Archbishop Stephen Langton.

to-day defy the civil executive would indeed be well branded traitor. But the twelfth century was not the nineteenth nor even the sixteenth; and when its own perspective is understood it shows us Becket in a very different light. It shows that he was no saint as we count saints to-day, no churchman, or statesman of the pattern we should ask to-day, and perchance not even consciously a champion of the people while an opponent of the king; but nevertheless a great, almost an heroic, Englishman; in every way a brave man; in many things a wise man, and after current

lights a conscientious one; and, whether designedly or not, a mighty agent toward winning the long fight for English liberty. It is here his name should be enrolled, in the narrative of that long battle which began with the very birth of the English people — before the actual birth of the English nation — and by no means closed upon the scaffold of King Charles. With all its faults the Church of Becket's day was the only possible helper of the people. With all his tyrannous intentions the Bishop of Rome was just then a less dangerous shepherd than Henry the Angevin king. When we read the signature of a later archbishop on the Great Charter of freedom — when we find Stephen Langton heading the list of those who compelled King John to do the nation's will and defying at once the despotism of royalty and of Rome — it is but just to remember that Becket, defying royalty in the name of Rome, combating an adversary far more dangerous than John, had taken the first step which made Langton's step secure. A later Henry saw this truth. "Reforming" the Church less with the wish to purify religion than with the desire to extend the royal power, Henry the Eighth had St. Thomas's shrine destroyed and his body burned and his pictures obliterated and his name stricken from calendar and mass-book, more because he was a "traitor" in his eyes than because he had become a wonder-worker in the eyes of superstition. The blood of a martyr was in Becket's case the seed of power and wealth and honor to the Church, and possibly also of some more or less pious kind of piety, as well as of that frightful dissoluteness which the old poets paint as the outcome of the pilgrimages. But its greatest interest for us is as one of the germs of that splendid stock of English freedom to which Americans as well as Englishmen are the fortunate heirs. The archbishop who gave his life to uphold the standard of the Church against the standard of the king, and the Puritan who beat down king and Church together beneath the flag of liberty, had more in common than either in his day could possibly have understood.

## VI.

It may be a surprise to one coming from the continent when he finds but a single little unused doorway in the west façade at Canterbury and sees the main entrance in a great porch projecting from the *southern* side of the south-western tower. In truth, however, this is its most characteristically national, most typically English station — as is proved by very many of those rural churches which, more wholly than their vaster sisters, were the outcome of local tastes and old traditions. In a

great church like Canterbury great western portals are indisputably better from an architectural point of view. Yet for once we are glad to find so English a feature as the southern porch, if only because it is the single voice which speaks of the original cathedral. All that survives of a time anterior to Norman reconstruction, all that suggests the church of the British Christians, of St. Augustine and Dunstan and Alphege and Stigand, is this single witness to its plan, this perpetuator of its great "Suthdure."

Passing through it into the extreme west end, we see the great bare nave as it stood when Chaucer's pilgrims saw it clothed. The difference in effect that has been wrought by the five centuries is very great but merely superficial — a decorative, not an architectural change. I need hardly try to tell how and why all beauty save that of the stones themselves has vanished — the chartered havoc of King Henry's delegates and the lawless and thrice-ruinous destruction of Cromwell's are among the most familiar tales of history; and almost any tourist will be wise enough to take account as well of post-Reformation neglect and whitewash, and of modern "restorations." In the old days an interior like this was covered in every inch of floor and wall and ceiling with color and gold in tints that charmed the eye and figures that touched emotion, and was lighted by windows like colossal gems and tapers like innumerable stars — color and light and incense-smoke mingling together to work a tone of radiant depth and harmony. It was furnished with altars and tombs and chantries and trophies and statues and embroidered hangings, trodden by troops of gaudily clothed ecclesiastics, and filled with a never-lessening crowd of worshippers. To-day it is cold and bare and glaring, scraped to the very bone, stripped of all save the architect's first result, and empty even of facilities for occasional prayer; for at Canterbury, as in many another English church of largest size, the screened-off choir is alone put to use and the nave abandoned to the sight-seer's undevoutness. Protestantism, from an artistic point of view, is not a very successful guardian of cathedrals.

Not that the pure and strict architectural beauty which alone is left amounts to little. Tremendous indeed and exceedingly beautiful is the effect of Christ Church Cathedral when we enter, although we see on the floor level but the nave alone with a dim vista of long upper arcades and reaches of choir-ceiling over high barriers of central screen and iron aislegates. In certain other cathedrals these barriers to foot and eye have recently been swept away. The change is usually considered happy. But it is a question whether the immediate reali-

zation of magnitudes thus afforded is not too dearly bought. There is a mystery, an impressiveness about the old arrangement,—a mystery as of holier holies beyond the first, an impressiveness as of endless spaces extending from this space already so enormous,—a suggestion not of magnitude but of infinitude which has a potent charm. Moreover, it is the old arrangement. These great churches were meant to be divided, were built *not* to be seen from end to end, but part by part in slow succession. They were not parish-churches meant first of all for laymen's worship, but special places of worship for the cathedral chapter. The people were given free access to the nave and were admitted within the choir at proper times and in duly ordered streams, to gaze upon its crowning grandeurs and pay reverence to its holy sleepers. But they did not belong there, and the old screens typify the fact.

## VII.

THE great peculiarity at Canterbury is not that the choir is thus protected, but that the central screen is raised on a high flight of steps which leads up from the nave and transepts. If from the balustrade of the platform thus created we look down into the north transept, we see the very spot where Becket fell and even some of the very stones that saw his fall. A piece of the pavement where his brains were scattered by the point of Hugh de Horsea's sword remained undisturbed in the fourteenth-century reconstruction, and a fragment of the eastern wall of the transept, close by the entrance to the crypt beneath the choir, against which he braced himself when the fierce hand-to-hand fight was nearly over. Opposite this is the door, also keeping some of its old stones through which he entered from the cloisters. All else of the Norman transept is gone, including the pillar supporting an upper chapel to which he clung for a moment, and the stairs by which he sought to reach the altar. But the exact situation of these last is shown by a corresponding flight that still exists in the south transept, and altogether it needs scarcely an effort to bring the whole tragedy back to mind exactly as it passed in that dim December twilight.

Few tragedies in all history or all story have been so dramatic, thrilling, grandiosely mournful as this which shows us the death if not of a saint, if not of a martyr, yet of a great leader ensnared by overconfidence, pursued by naked swords, a cursing band of royal sleuth-hounds at his throat and all his monkish friends save three in howling flight; retreating step by step and growing prouder and sterner with

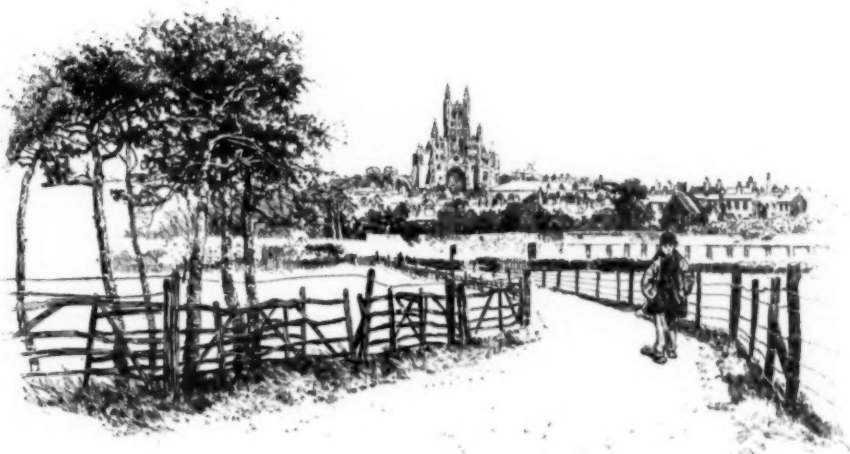
each, not for a moment demoralized into flight himself; fighting with voice and hand till fight showed itself in vain, and then accepting the end with noble composure and meek words of prayer, falling beneath the cruel blows so calmly that the very folds of his clothing were undisturbed. At the last it *was* almost the death of a saint and martyr, certainly the death of a brave Englishman who believed he was dying for a great and holy cause. So dramatic is the scene, so impressively and appropriately picturesque the setting, and so full the contemporary accounts which tell of it,—so accurate in description, so minute in detail, and so rich in rhetorical comment,—that while we are at Canterbury its memory almost swallows up the interest of all memories alien to it.

It has not even yet gone quite out of the popular mind, usually filled with such different matters. A shabby, grimy personage—a tramping artisan, by his bag of tools—spoke to me one morning when we found ourselves alone in the deserted nave while service went on in the choir, and after a somewhat confused preamble asked whether I could tell him the spot where Becket died—"the place where they beat him down on his knees and dashed his brains out on the stones." And he shifted his bundle as he spoke and punctuated his phrase with a sweep of the arm as impassioned and expressive if not as graceful or as purposeful as could have been De Tracy's own.

## VIII.

IN almost every English cathedral it will cost you a sixpence and the writing of your name in a big book like a hotel register to penetrate within the choir; but nowhere else, save in Westminster Abbey, will your subsequent steps be so hampered as in Canterbury. Nowhere does the verger shepherd his tourist-flock so sternly or so immediately turn it out into the nave again when his poor, parrot-like, peregrinating recitative is finished. Some sort of safe-conduct—preferably a written permit from the Dean—is quite essential if you would see Canterbury's choir with aught of pleasure or of profit.

The first thing that strikes even a slightly practiced eye is the unlikeness of the choir to the usual English type either of its own date or of any other. The second pair of transepts, far to the eastward of the first, is paralleled in three or four large churches elsewhere. But instead of a long level floor, broken only by a few steps before the altar, here is a floor divided into different levels by broad successive flights, giving an unwonted air of majesty and pomp. Then the line of the great arcades and of the



THE WEST FRONT, FROM THE PATH TO HABBLEDOWN.

aisles-walls is not straight, but takes an inward trend eastward of the second transepts. An almost straight-sided space again succeeds; and then the far-off termination is neither the simple semicircular Norman apse nor the flat east end of later days. It sweeps inward as though to form the typical apse, but in the center of the curve opens out into a slender lofty chapel almost circular in plan. All these peculiarities give an individual accent and a special beauty to the work; and all have a curious historic interest.

The Norman choir so nearly perished in the great conflagration of 1174 that almost the whole interior now shows, as I have said, the work of the two Williams. But the lower portions of its outer walls survived together with two chapels, finished as stunted towers, which had projected from the curvature of the apse on either hand. The preservation of these walls and chapels necessitated that inward trend which, seeming at first a beautiful but willful device, thus really perpetuates the extent and outline of the old "glorious choir of Conrad." Then from the center of the old apse-line had projected a square chapel, dedicated to the Trinity and regarded as the church's holy of holies. On the site of this and above his first tomb in the crypt, it was thought fitting that St. Thomas should be given final sepulture. But a mere small isolated chapel would by no means serve his turn. A wide dignified open space was needed and circumambient aisles to receive a thousand feet at once. And so the church was again extended at full breadth.

VOL. XXXIII.—106.

There is more doubt as to the exact reason which dictated the final circular chapel. Its rightful name is *the corona*; and this name has been popularly translated to mean "Becket's Crown," in the belief that the chapel was built as a separate shrine for the scalp which was severed from his head by De Brut's fierce final blow. One cannot but believe Professor Willis—the church's great expounder—when he says there is no real authority for such an explanation, not even though one knows that the scalp was long exhibited by itself in a jeweled golden box. But it is a picturesque explanation, and if we must reject it there seems no other save that mere desire for an unusual kind of beauty which seldom swayed an architect in the days when ecclesiastical art was logically devoted to the service of definite rituals and the meeting of definite special needs.

Were this corona omitted, the termination would show the common type of post-Norman times—but as France, not England, was developing it. Here, as everywhere in the choir in fact, we see the impress of French fashions, the sign-manual of that William of Sens who must have planned the whole, though, as Ger-vase says, "the vengeance of God or the spite of the devil" permitted him to complete only the choir proper and the presbytery, and forced him to leave all that lay eastward of the high altar to the hand of English William. The cathedral in his own town of Sens evidently served him as a model. The style is neither Norman nor fully developed Gothic, but intermediate between the two—Transitional. But veritably English Transitional work has a very



CANTERBURY, FROM THE ROAD TO WHITSTABLE.

different accent, especially when so "advanced" as this.

There are many conspicuous points of unlikeness, but the most conspicuous — one which influences the whole effect of the interior far more forcibly than might be thought — lies in the character of the capitals on the great piers and on all the lesser shafts that flank the windows or support the vaulting-ribs. As soon as in truly English work a capital loses its Norman form and feeling, it gets an elongated cup-like shape finished with a *round* abacus above, and is ornamented (if at all) with a peculiar blunt, curly, knotted kind of foliage. But while these Canterbury capitals are as unlike as possible to Norman types, they show no suggestion whatsoever of the new English type. They are low and broad rather than elongated; the abacus is always *rectangular*; and the beautifully rich and varied and delicate ornamentation shows forms that are distinctly continental, often palpably classic in suggestion, sometimes definitely Corinthianesque. In short, these are *French* capitals in the full sense of the word. One seldom sees their like elsewhere in England; never so profusely and consistently used as here. Even English William did not

diverge in this particular from the example of his predecessor, though in certain other ways (especially when he reached the corona) his details were different — lighter and richer and more insular in accent. But the general effect of the work throughout the choir remains distinctly French. It is a work to be set in comparison with Sens and other Gallic churches of the time, and simply in contrast with those that show a similar stage of development in England. And its early date, together with its free and accomplished use of the pointed arch, are decisive proof of French precedence in the working-out of those fashions we call Gothic.

Few better examples can be found in any land of the use of the pointed arch ere it had finally driven its rival from the field. The presence of the old Norman outer walls meant the existence in the aisles of round-headed windows and arcades; and though the scheme of the two Williams relies in general upon the new device, it retains sufficient semicircles to bring the whole into perfect keeping. The great pier-arches are pointed almost throughout their line, but varied (curiously enough, far to the eastward, in the work of the second William) by two round openings on either

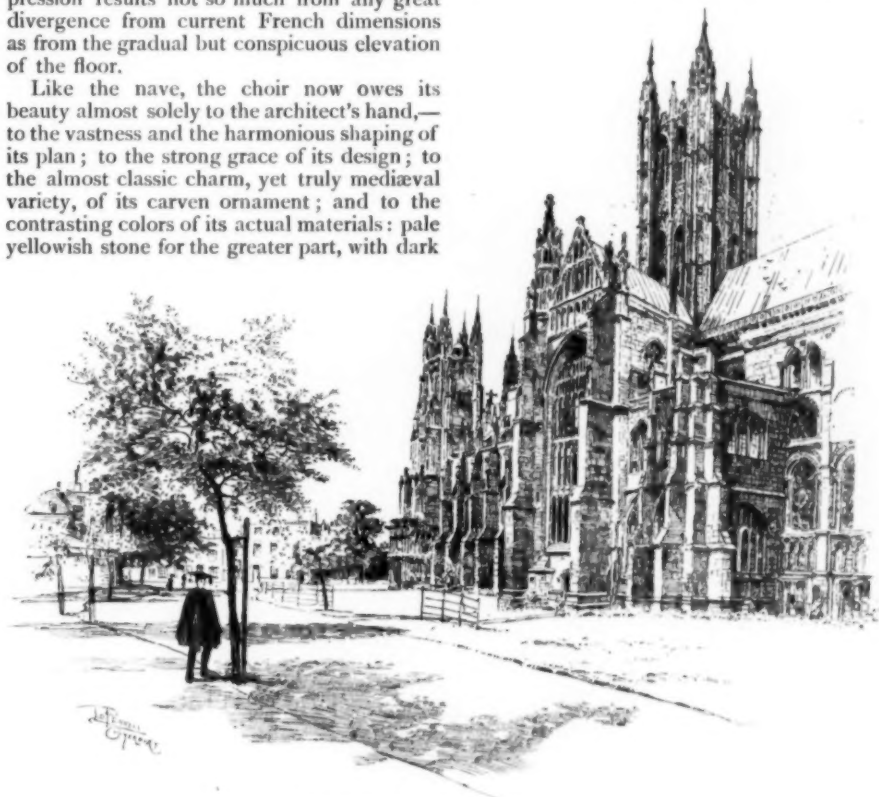


hand, one wider and one narrower in span. The lights of the triforium-arcade are pointed also, but grouped in twos beneath comprising semicircles; the clere-story windows are pointed once again; and the vaulting shows a wise and charming mixture of both forms. Nowhere is there any disharmony; nowhere does contrast become conflict. Even the singular break in the great main arcade between central and side alleys contents the eye more wholly than might be thought.

Two things however do strike us as characteristically English in this choir. One is its immense length and the other is the comparative lowness of its roof. But the latter impression results not so much from any great divergence from current French dimensions as from the gradual but conspicuous elevation of the floor.

Like the nave, the choir now owes its beauty almost solely to the architect's hand,—to the vastness and the harmonious shaping of its plan; to the strong grace of its design; to the almost classic charm, yet truly mediæval variety, of its carven ornament; and to the contrasting colors of its actual materials: pale yellowish stone for the greater part, with dark

more nearly than them all, that where lies the effigy and where hangs the armor of Edward the Black Prince. But none the less it is difficult to conceive what must once have been the crowded pictorial glamour, the eloquent story-telling of the place. Nor is the tramping verger with his apathetic Philistine band a very suggestive substitute for that enormous throng which once ascended the aisle-stairways on its knees; paused by the various chapels to pay homage to the arm of St. George, to a piece of the clay from which Adam was molded, to the bloody pocket-handkerchief of Becket, and to four hundred other relics of equal preciousness and au-



THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

marble for the slenderer shafts. A few of its tall windows still keep their gorgeous figured glass, and its endless array of tombs, rivaling once the Westminster of to-day, is still represented by a noble if fragmentary sequence. One may still see the sepulcher of Henry IV., of Cardinal Pole, and many another famous primate; and, touching vague retrospective sentiment

thenticity; and knelt around the lofty shrine of St. Thomas in awed awaiting of the moment when its wooden cover should be raised and all its blaze of gold and jewels shown—scintillating in the midst of them that priceless gem, the “Regale of France,” which had leaped from the ring of the seventh Louis and fixed itself in the sepulcher when he had re-

fused it as a gift. The wealth, the dazzle, the incomparable pomp of such a show and the proud self-complacency of the ecclesiastical showmen may well have impressed the average mortal, even at that late day when Erasmus and Colet made their visit and were disgusted to the point of audible outbreak alike by show and showmen and popular abasement.

## IX.

THERE is no pure Early English work in this cathedral; and Decorated work has no

most insensibly into the vaulting ribs above, their capitals being insignificant indeed. The triforium has lost its old height, its old character, almost its existence—is but the continuation over an unpierced wall of the tracery of the great window which fills the whole width of the clere-story space above; and all horizontal accentuation disappears in the preponderance of vertical. But so much work of the wonderfully prolific Perpendicular period will meet us elsewhere, that at Canterbury it may be passed over more quickly than the rest. In the same style, but nearly a century later



THE EAST END OF THE CATHEDRAL.

share in its actual construction, though the screen which surrounds the "singers' choir"—separating the central alley just eastward of the crossing from the aisles on either hand—is an exquisite example of thirteenth-century art. When we pass from the choir out into the nave again, we go at one step from twelfth-century Transitional design—French, too, in its flavor—to Perpendicular of the fourteenth century. The change is great indeed. There we had strong piers, winning grace at times from slender flanking shafts of marble; square capitals, conspicuous and elaborate; a high and open triforium-arcade; a clere-story with tall simple lights; and repeated string-courses to emphasize each division. Here the pier-arches are much loftier and of course the aisles beyond are higher too. The pillars are almost like vast bundles of reeds, and pass al-

in date, is the Lady-Chapel, now called the Dean's, which projects eastward from the Transept of the Martyrdom.

## X.

No crypt in the world, I should judge, is so stupendous as Canterbury's or so interesting either structurally or historically. As is usual it begins just eastward of the crossing, leaving the four great piers which support the tower to be assisted by the solid earth; and thence it extends to the east as far as the great choir reaches, following the same outlines with transepts and chapels of its own. All the western part under the choir proper—the "choir of the singers" and the presbytery and high altar—and under the second transepts was built by Emulph, Anselm's first architect, doubtless

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THE TOWER, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

with the concealed use of portions of the ancient pre-Norman crypt. Norman architecture shows of course at its sternest and heaviest in such subterranean constructions, which allowed of no great height, demanded little ornamenting of their darkness, and were forced to carry so huge a superincumbent weight.

Ernulph's work (which shows the exact extent and outline of the choir that he and Conrad built above) has stumpy colossal columns, plain cubical capitals, and broad gigantic semicircular arches. But between and under these the eye looks into what seems an endless labyrinth where they merge into a lighter, loftier space, growing higher and higher with the gradual rise of the choir-floor above, having sharply pointed arches and slenderer columns, the shafts and capitals of which show richly decorative intentions that were never fully executed.

All this newer portion in the Transitional style lies beneath that part of the choir which was built by William the Englishman. Its design is doubtless his, and not his pred-

ecessor's; and its execution is evidently all his own, for it is much more English than what stands above. Here, where he was quite unfettered, he used the national round abacus on all his columns, to the exclusion of that rectangular type which, in the upper structure, French beginnings had imposed on his artistic conscience. From the dark, low, heavy, tomb-like Norman crypt it is a change indeed to pass to this eastern end with its high ceiling, and its many windows open to the light and air — scarce to be called a crypt at all, rather an undercroft or lower church. The rising levels of Canterbury's choir are as fortunate in effect below as above the ground.

The Norman crypt was dedicated to the Virgin, and her chapel still remains, inclosed by rich late-Gothic screens. Not far off is the chantry endowed by the Black Prince on his wedding-day. And just where the Norman work meets English William's, under the former termination of the Norman choir, is the spot where Becket was first interred. Here lay King Henry through his abject night of penance; here he bared his body to the monkish lash; and hither came the early pilgrims until, in the year 1220, the body was "translated" to its new tomb overhead. Stephen Langton was then at home again from exile, and worked with the young son of his adversary John to organize a spectacle of inimitable pomp and uncalculating hospitality. Princes bore the pall, bishops followed by scores, and the Archbishop of Rheims performed the mass at a temporary altar in the



NORMAN STAIRWAY IN THE CLOSE.

nave where the vast concourse could be accommodated best. So magnificent a pageant had never been seen before, even in that age of shows; and the debt with which it saddled the diocese could not be wholly paid off until the time of Langton's fourth successor!

But passing years brought very different scenes. In the sixteenth century Queen Elizabeth gave the whole crypt for the use of Canterbury's colony of French and Flemish refu-

XI.

SIGNS of foreign influence are also to be traced on the outside of the church, though far less conspicuously than within. A west front, we know, was but rarely treated in England with the honor it invariably received abroad. Here it shows little evidence of well-thought-out design. Its flanking towers have not been made to harmonize with the huge



THE CENTRAL ("BELL HARRY") TOWER, FROM THE "DARK ENTRY" IN THE CLOSE.

gees; the wide dusky central space was filled up with their silk-loom, and the south aisle screened off to serve their religious needs. That constancy to the by-gone which so singularly co-exists with the marked modernness of the English land seems delightfully illustrated when we find the far descendants of these exiles still worshipping in the same strange subterranean place.

Perpendicular window that fills the whole space between them, and the poverty which always comes when doorways are unduly small is exceptionally apparent. The east end speaks more decidedly of France, but gets a local accent through the very low pitch of its outer roof. And almost everything else is English,—the tremendous length of the choir, the comparatively modest elevation of the



THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE GREEN COURT IN THE CLOSE.

walls throughout, the two pairs of transepts, the size of the central tower, and the design of this and of the western ones as well.

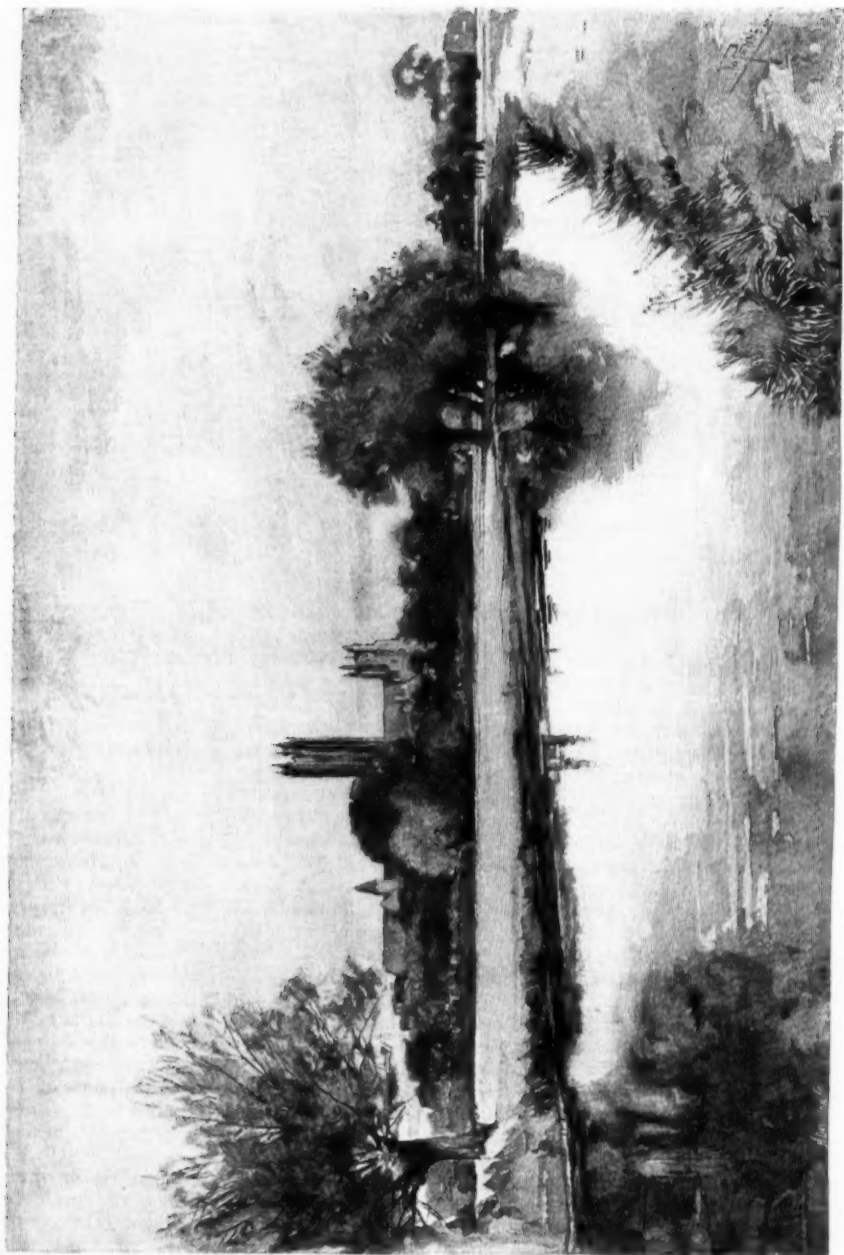
Yet it is only when we have followed along the whole south side (noting on our way that rich Norman work of the eastward transept and of St. Anselm's Chapel which recalls the memory and explains the style of the burned interior), when we have rounded the east end and found the extraordinary picturesque quality of the northern aspect,—it is only then we realize how truly English Canterbury is.

To the south the Close was narrowed by the nearness of the city's streets, and there was no room to give the dependent structures their customary station. But on the north the domain of the monastery extended to the far-off city-wall, and here Lanfranc and many a later prior and bishop made a marvelously great and splendid sequence of green quadrangles and conventual buildings. Henry the Eighth suppressed the convent, deposed the prior, scattered the hundred and fifty monks, and replaced them with the Dean and dozen canons whose representatives still bear rule. The buildings were somewhat damaged at

this time, were left for years to neglect and isolation, and then beaten into pieces by Puritan hands.

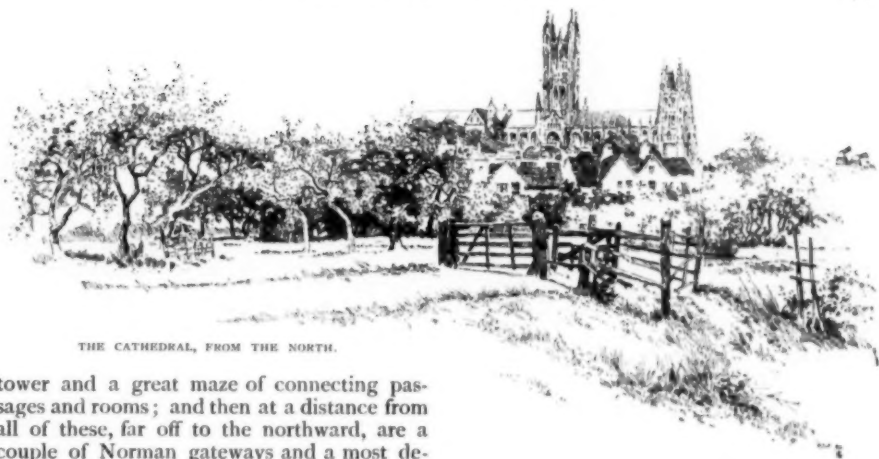
To-day it needs careful study to trace out what they must all have been,—the two immense dormitories; the great infirmary with its nave and aisles and traceried windows and its chapel to complete the resemblance with an imposing church; the vast guest-houses, here for noble, there for more plebeian, and there again for wandering pauper visitors; the tall water-tower; the library, the treasury, the refectory; the stables, granaries, bake-houses, breweries; and all the minor architectural belongings of so numerous a brotherhood devoted to such comfortable living and such lavish hospitality. To-day the great square of the cloisters still stands contiguous to the church itself, chiefly as rebuilt in Perpendicular days but the same in plan and in occasional stones as when Becket passed along it to his death. The adjoining chapter-house is also preserved, but is also a reconstruction—a rectangular apartment of Decorated and of Perpendicular days; beautiful, but much less individual in its interest than the polygonal rooms we shall find elsewhere. Near by, again, is the old water-





CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, FROM THE RIVER STOUR.

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THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE NORTH.

tower and a great maze of connecting passages and rooms; and then at a distance from all of these, far off to the northward, are a couple of Norman gateways and a most delightful external stair, the only one in the whole of England that remains as built by Norman hands. And scattered everywhere are fragments large and small of many kinds and dates, sometimes rebuilt to meet some alien purpose, sometimes ruins merely.

But ruin in an English spot like this does not mean desolation and abandonment and the lessening of charm. It means a consummate pictorial beauty which to all eyes save the serious student's well replaces architectural perfection. The casual-seeming columns, the isolated tall arcades, the unglazed windows and enigmatical lines of wall—all alike are ivy-covered and flower-beset and embowered in massive foliage and based on broad floors of an emerald turf such as England alone can grow. And above and beyond, as background to the exquisite wide picture, rises the pale-gray mass of the cathedral crowned by its stupendous yet thrice-graceful tower, telling that all is not dead of what was once so living, speaking of the England of our day as in happy harmony again with the England of St. Thomas. If within the church we protest a little against Protestant guardianship, without we are entirely pleased. Ruined or rebuilt though they are, the surroundings of Canterbury seem far more alive as well as far more lovely than do the undisturbed accompaniments of many a continental church where a lingering Catholicism has better kept the interior in its mediæval state. For nature is always young; and whatever his shortcomings in other artistic paths, the Englishman is master in the art of using her materials. Even the modernized dwellings in which Dean and canons dwell—partly formed of very ancient fragments, partly dating from intermediate periods—have a homely, pleasant, "livable" charm one rarely finds elsewhere. And if there is tennis on the

old monks' turf or a tea-party beneath the venerable trees, one is glad as of another item that delights the eye and another link that binds actual life to the life of vanished years.

But, architecturally speaking, we get our best proof of the English character of the church itself from some point of view a little further off. Its vast length and the triumphant domination of its central tower are then first fully comprehended. Nowhere but in England could we see a Gothic central tower in such supremacy; and nowhere one of the same fashion—four-square in outline through all its two hundred and forty-five feet, finished with a parapet and tall angle-pinnacles, and never destined to receive a spire. Such a tower, matched by consonant lower brethren to the westward, overtopping so long and low a church set amidst such great conventional structures and above such leafy masses, apart and distinct enough from the dwellings of laymen for dignity but not for isolation of effect—all these are things one only sees in England, and nowhere in England more perfectly revealed than here.

## XII.

A HUNDRED other points might be noted as of peculiar interest in Canterbury's church, and a hundred other facts of curious historic flavor might be quoted from its chronicles. One is especially tempted to dwell upon the proofs of Becket's marvelous renown; to tell how for generations no royal Englishman omitted homage, and how royal strangers came to pay it too—kings and princes many times, more

than once an emperor of the West, and once even an emperor of the East; to recite how Henry V. journeyed hither fresh from Agincourt, how Edward I. hung by the shrine the golden crown of Scotland and was married in the Transept of the Martyrdom, or how Charles V. of Germany, going nowhere else on English soil, yet came here with Henry VIII., each in the spring-time of his youth and pride, to pay the king-defier reverence just before the day of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. And as a set-off to such tributes one would like to describe the visit of the skeptical but philosophic Erasmus and the equally skeptical but far franker Colet; and the final spoiling of the shrine ordered in his later years by the same Henry who had made the pilgrimage with Charles, when two great coffers, needing each some eight strong men to bear it, could hardly hold the gold and gems, and when the lesser valuables filled a train of six and twenty wagons.

Then is there not that long list of archbishops whose beginning was with St. Augustine himself and whose end is not even yet? Were not its representatives for many ages not only first in the rule of the Church, but scarcely second to the king in the ruling of the State—treasurers, chancellors, vice-regents, guardians of princely children, or leaders of the people, or cardinals of Rome, or teachers or martyrs of the new anti-Roman faith? It is a relief to the imagination to recollect, however, that in later mediæval and still more in modern days the name of Canterbury, when coupled with the archiepiscopal title, has often little local bearing.

At the beginning the tie between the archbishop and his titular church and town was close indeed. He was not only primate of all England but bishop of the Kentish land and

prior of Christ Church Convent too; and his life was intimately intertwined with local happenings. But as his power grew and his duties expanded, he could not but think ever more and more of England, ever less and less of Canterbury. The affairs of the convent were passed over to another, and even diocesan matters were practically in humbler hands. Lambeth Palace in London became his chief residence, and when not there he was far more apt to be in some splendid country home than in his Canterbury dwelling. So distinct seemed to be the call for centralization, so useless, even harmful, seemed the separation between the spiritual and the civic centers of the realm,—a separation which had already taken place before London's supremacy was achieved, when Winchester was the royal town,—that the seat of the primacy would certainly have been transferred had not a single happening preserved Canterbury in its rank. This happening was the murder of Becket, involving as it did his canonization and wonder-working, and the sudden rise of Canterbury from a humble provincial town to a place of world-wide fame and quite peculiar sanctity. When Henry the Eighth made his new arrangements its title was too well established to be taken from it. Since the Puritans leveled the old palace with the ground there has in truth been no archiepiscopal residence at Canterbury. But this is an unimportant detail. As the Kentish capital was from the first, so it remains, and so very surely it will remain as long as there is an England and a Christian faith—the city of the mother church. Had all other monuments of Becket perished as utterly as Henry meant they should, this greatest monument, carved from the very constitution of the English state, would still bear him its conspicuous witness

*M. G. van Rensselaer.*



LAMBETH PALACE, LONDON.

## LOVE SONG.

THE moon shines pale in the Western sky,  
Like a pearl set over a brow that blushes;  
There is many a homeward bird in the air,  
And the hedges thrill with the thrushes.

Though my love be further away from me  
Than the East from the West, or the Day  
from the Night,  
I have turned my face to his dwelling-place,  
And I bid him "good-night," "good-night."

Though he less can feel my hurrying breath  
Than the tree the bird that lits on its bough,  
Yet since the winds Love's messengers be,  
They will bear him my kisses, I trow!—

O moon! shine first on my lips and then  
Go shine on the forehead of him I love!  
He will dream perchance that an angel's  
wing  
Has quivered his brow above!—

And sing, ye birds, in his ears the song  
My heart is singing within my breast:  
It will thrill his heartstrings with ecstasy,  
And possess his soul with rest.

Ye too, O fragrance of earth and flower,  
And voices of night in May!  
Watch near him until in the Eastern field  
Blossom the roses of day.

But thou, O wind! lay close on his lips  
The kisses thou hast in thy flight,  
And he will stir in his sleep, and wake  
And whisper—"My heart—good-night."

*Amélie Rives.*

## LITTLE COMPTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE REMUS," "FREE JOE AND THE REST OF THE WORLD," ETC.

**V**ERY few Southern country towns have been more profitably influenced by the new order of things than Hillsborough in middle Georgia. At various intervals since the war it has had what the local weekly calls "a business boom." The old tavern has been torn down, and in its place stands a new three-story brick hotel, managed by a very brisk young man, who is shrewd enough to advertise in the newspapers of the neighboring towns that he has "special accommodations and special rates for commercial travelers." Although Hillsborough is comparatively a small town, it is the center of a very productive region, and its trade is somewhat important. Consequently, the commercial travelers, with characteristic energy, lose no opportunity of taking advantage of the hospitable invitation of the landlord of the Hillsborough hotel.

Not many years ago a representative of this class visited the old town. He was from the North, and, being much interested in what he saw, was duly inquisitive. Among other things that attracted his attention was

a little one-armed man who seemed to be the life of the place. He was here, there, and everywhere, and wherever he went the atmosphere seemed to lighten and brighten. Sometimes he was flying around town in a buggy. At such times he was driven by a sweet-faced lady whose smiling air of proprietorship proclaimed her to be his wife; but more often he was on foot. His cheerfulness and good humor were infectious. The old men sitting at Perdue's Corner, where they had been gathering for forty years and more, looked up and laughed as he passed; the ladies shopping in the streets paused to chat with him; and even the dry-goods clerks and lawyers, playing chess or draughts under the China-trees that shaded the sidewalks, were willing to be interrupted long enough to exchange jokes with him.

"Rather a lively chap that," said the observant commercial traveler.

"Well, I reckon you won't find no livelier in these diggin's," replied the landlord, to whom the remark was addressed. There was a suggestion of suppressed local pride in his tones. "He's a little chunk of a man, but he's monst'us peart."



PERDUE'S CORNER.

"A colonel, I guess," said the stranger, smiling.

"Oh, no," the other rejoined. "He ain't no colonel, but he'd 'a' made a prime one. It's mighty curious to me," he went on, "that them Yankees up there didn't make him one."

"The Yankees?" inquired the commercial traveler.

"Why, yes," said the landlord. "He's a Yankee, and that lady you seen drivin' him around, she's a Yankee. He courted her here and he married her here. Major Jimmy Bass wanted him to marry her in his house, but Captain Jack Walthall put his foot down and said the weddin' had to be in *his* house; and there's where it was, in that big white house over yander with the hip roof. Yes, sir."

"Oh," said the commercial traveler, with a cynical smile, "he staid down here to keep out of the army. He was a lucky fellow."

"Well, I reckon he was lucky not to get killed," said the landlord, laughing. "He fought with the Yankees, and they do say that Little Compton was a rattler."

The commercial traveler gave a long, low whistle expressive of his profound astonishment. And yet, under all the circumstances, there was nothing to create astonishment. The lively little man had a history.

Among the genial and popular citizens of Hillsborough, in the days before the war, none were more genial or more popular than Little Compton. He was popular with all classes, with old and with young, with whites and with blacks. He was sober, discreet, sympathetic, and generous. He was neither handsome nor magnetic. He was awkward and somewhat bashful, but his manners and his conversation had the rare merit of spontaneity. His sallowness was unrelieved by either mustache or whiskers, and his eyes were black and very small, but they glistened with good-humor and sociability. He was somewhat small in stature, and for that reason the young men about Hillsborough had given him the name of Little Compton.

Little Compton's introduction to Hillsborough was not wholly without suggestive incidents. He made his appearance there in 1850, and opened a small grocery store; thereupon, the young men of the town, with nothing better to do than to seek such amusement as they could find in so small a community, promptly proceeded to make him the victim of their pranks and practical jokes. Little Compton's forbearance was wonderful. He laughed heartily when he found his modest signboard hanging over an adjacent bar-room, and smiled good-humoredly when he found the sidewalk



in front of his door barricaded with barrels and dry-goods boxes. An impatient man would have looked on these things as in the nature of indignities, but Little Compton was not an impatient man.

This went on at odd intervals, until at last the fun-loving young men began to appreciate Little Compton's admirable temper, and then for a season they played their jokes on other citizens, leaving Little Compton entirely unmolested. These young men were boisterous, but good-natured, and they had their own ideas of what constituted fair play. They were ready to fight or to have fun, but in neither case would they willingly take what they considered a mean advantage of a man.

By degrees they warmed to Little Compton. His gentleness won upon them; his patient good-humor attracted them. Without taking account of the matter, the most of them became his friends. This was demonstrated one day when one of the Pulliam boys from Jasper county made some slurring remark about "the little Yankee." As Pulliam was somewhat in his cups, no attention was paid to his remark; whereupon he followed it up with others of a more seriously abusive character. Little Compton was waiting on a customer, but Pulliam was standing in front of his door, and he could not fail to hear the abuse. Young Jack Walthall was sitting in a chair near the door, whittling a piece of white pine. He put his knife in his pocket, and, whistling softly, looked at Little Compton curiously. Then he walked to where Pulliam was standing.

"If I were you, Pulliam," he said, "and wanted to abuse anybody, I'd pick out a bigger man than that."

"I don't see anybody," said Pulliam.

"Well, d—— you!" exclaimed Walthall, "if you are that blind, I'll open your eyes for you!"

Whereupon he knocked Pulliam down. At this Little Compton ran out excitedly, and it was the impression of the spectators that he intended to attack the man who had been abusing him; but, instead of that, he knelt over the prostrate bully, wiped the blood from his eyes, and finally succeeded in getting him to his feet. Then Little Compton assisted him into the store, placed him in a chair, and proceeded to bandage his wounded eye. Walthall, looking on with an air of supreme indifference, uttered an exclamation of astonishment and sauntered carelessly away.

Sauntering back an hour or so afterward, he found that Pulliam was still in Little Compton's store. He would have passed on, but Little Compton called to him. He went in, prepared to be attacked, for he knew Pulliam to be one of the most dangerous men in that

region and the most revengeful. But, instead of making an attack, Pulliam offered his hand.

"Let's call it square, Jack. Your mother and my father are blood cousins, and I don't want any bad feelings to grow out of this racket. I've apologized to Mr. Compton here, and now I'm ready to apologize to you."

Walthall looked at Pulliam and at his proffered hand, and then looked at Little Compton. The latter was smiling pleasantly. This appeared to be satisfactory, and Walthall seized his kinsman's hand and exclaimed:

"Well, by George, Miles Pulliam! if you've apologized to Little Compton, then it's my turn to apologize to you. Maybe I was too quick with my hands, but that chap there is such a d—— clever little rascal that it works me up to see anybody pester him."

"Why, Jack," said Compton, his little eyes glistening, "I'm not such a scrap as you make out. It's just your temper, Jack; your temper runs clean away with your judgment."

"My temper! Why, good Lord, man! don't I just sit right down and let folks run over me whenever they want to? Would I have done anything if Miles Pulliam had abused me?"

"Why, the gilded Queen of Sheba!" exclaimed Miles Pulliam, laughing loudly, in spite of his bruises; "only last sale-day you mighty nigh jolted the life out of Bill-Tom Saunders with the big end of a hickory stick."

"That's so," said Walthall, reflectively; "but did I follow him up to do it? Wasn't he dogging after me all day and strutting around bragging about what he was going to do? Didn't I play the little stray lamb till he rubbed his fist in my face?"

The others laughed. They knew that Jack Walthall wasn't at all lamb-like in his disposition. He was tall and strong and handsome, with pale, classic features, jet-black curling hair, and beautiful white hands that never knew what labor was. He was something of a dandy, in Hillsborough, but in a large, manly, generous way. With his perfect manners, stately and stiff, or genial and engaging, as occasion might demand, Mr. Walthall was just such a romantic figure as one reads about in books, or as one expects to see step from behind the wings of the stage with a guitar or a long dagger. Indeed, he was the veritable original of Cyrille Brandon, the hero of Miss Amelia Baxter's elegant novel entitled "The Haunted Manor; or, Souvenirs of the Sunny Southland." If those who are fortunate enough to possess a copy of this graphic book, which was printed in Charleston for the author, will turn to the description of Cyrille Brandon, they will get a much better idea of Mr. Walthall than they can hope to get in this brief and imperfect chronicle. It is true, the picture there drawn

is somewhat exaggerated to suit the purposes of fictive art, but it shows perfectly the serious impression Mr. Walthall made on the ladies who were his contemporaries.

It is only fair to say, however, that the real Mr. Walthall was altogether different from the ideal Cyrille Brandon of Miss Baxter's powerfully written book. He was by no means ignorant of the impression he made on the fair sex, and he was somewhat proud of it, but he had no romantic ideas of his own. He was, in fact, a very practical young man. When the Walthall estate, composed of thousands of acres of land and several hundred healthy, well-fed negroes, was divided up, he chose to take his portion in money, and this he loaned out at a fair interest to those who were in need of ready cash. This gave him large leisure, and, as was the custom among the young men of leisure, he gambled a little when the humor was on him, having the judgment and the nerve to make the game of poker exceedingly interesting to those who sat with him at table.

No one could ever explain why the handsome and gallant Jack Walthall should go so far as to stand between his own cousin and Little Compton. Indeed, no one tried to explain it. The fact was accepted for what it was worth, and it was a great deal to Little Compton in a social and business way. After the row which has just been described, Mr. Walthall was usually to be found at Compton's store,—in the summer sitting in front of the door under the grateful shade of the China-trees, and in the winter sitting by the comfortable fire that Compton kept burning in his back room. As Mr. Walthall was the recognized leader of the young men, Little Compton's store soon became the headquarters for all of them. They met there and they made themselves at home there, introducing their affable host to many queer antics and capers peculiar to the youth of that day and time, and to the social organism of which that youth was the outcome.

That Little Compton enjoyed their company is unquestionable, but it is doubtful if he entered heartily into the plans of their escapades, which they freely discussed around his hearth. Perhaps it was because he had outlived the folly of youth. Though his face was smooth and round and his eye bright, Little Compton bore the marks of maturity and experience. He used to laugh and say that he was born in New Jersey, and died there when he was young. What significance this statement possessed no one ever knew—probably no one in Hillsborough cared to know. The people of that town had their own notions and their own opinions. They were not unduly inquisitive, save when their inquisitiveness seemed to take

a political shape, and then it was somewhat aggressive.

There were a great many things in Hillsborough likely to puzzle a stranger. Little Compton observed that the young men, no matter how young they might be, were absorbed in politics. They had the political history of the country at their tongues' ends, and the discussions they carried on were interminable. This interest extended to all classes; the planters discussed politics with their overseers, and lawyers, merchants, tradesmen, and gentlemen of elegant leisure discussed politics with each other. School-boys knew all about the Missouri Compromise, the fugitive-slave law, and States rights. Sometimes the arguments used were more substantial than mere words, but this was only when some old feud was back of the discussion. There was one question, as Little Compton discovered, in regard to which there was no discussion; that question was slavery. It loomed up everywhere and in everything, and was the basis of all the arguments; and yet it was not discussed,—there was no room for discussion. There was but one idea, and that was that slavery must be defended at all hazards and against all enemies. That was the temper of the time, and Little Compton was not long in discovering that of all dangerous issues slavery was the most dangerous.

The young men in their free and easy way told him the story of a wayfarer who once came through that region preaching abolitionism to the negroes. The negroes themselves betrayed him, and he was promptly taken in charge. His body was found afterward hanging in the woods, and he was buried at the expense of the county. Even his name had been forgotten, and his grave was all but obliterated. All these things made an impression on Little Compton's mind. The tragedy itself was recalled by one of the pranks of the young men that was conceived and carried out under his eyes. It happened after he had become well used to the ways of Hillsborough. There came a stranger to the town whose queer acts excited the suspicions of a naturally suspicious community. Professedly he was a colporteur, but, instead of trying to dispose of books and tracts, of which he had a visible supply, he devoted himself to arguing with the village politicians under the shade of the trees. It was observed, also, that he would frequently note down observations in a memorandum-book. Just about that time the controversy between the slave-holders and the abolitionists was at its height. John Brown had made his raid on Harper's Ferry, and there was a good deal of excitement throughout the South. It was rumored that Brown had emissaries

traveling from State to State preparing the negroes for insurrection, and every community, even Hillsborough, was on the alert,—watching, waiting, suspecting.

The time assuredly was not auspicious for the stranger with the ready memorandum-book. Sitting in front of Compton's store, he fell into conversation one day with Uncle Abner Lazenberry, a patriarch who lived in the country, and who had a habit of coming to Hillsborough at least once a week to "talk with the boys." Uncle Abner belonged to the poorer class of planters; that is to say, he had a small farm and not more than half a dozen negroes. But he was decidedly popular, and his conversation—somewhat caustic a times—was thoroughly enjoyed by the younger generation. On this occasion he had been talking to Jack Walthall, when the stranger drew a chair within hearing distance.

"You take all your men," Uncle Abner was saying—"take all un 'em, but gimme Hennery Clay. Them abolitioners, they may come an' git all six er my niggers, if they'll jess but lemme keep the ginnywine ole Whig docterin'. That's me up an' down—that's wher' your Uncle Abner Lazenberry stan's, boys." By this time the stranger had taken out his inevitable note-book, and Uncle Abner went on: "Yes, siree! You may jess mark me down that away. 'Come,' sez I, 'an' take all my niggers an' the ole gray mar,' sez I, 'but lemme keep my Whig docterin',' sez I. Lord, I've seed sights wi' them niggers. They hain't no manner account. They won't work, an' I'm ablige to feed 'em, else they'd whirl in an' steal from the neighbors. Hit's about broke me for to maintain 'em in the'r laziness. Bless your soul, little childern! I'm in a turrible fix—a turrible fix. I'm that bankrupted that when I come to town, ef I fine a thrip in my britches-pocket for to buy me a dram I'm the happiest mortal in the county. Yes, siree! hit's got down to that."

Here Uncle Abner Lazenberry paused and eyed the stranger shrewdly, to whom, presently, he addressed himself in a very insinuating tone:

"What mought be your name, mister?"

"Oh," said the stranger, taken somewhat aback by the suddenness of the question, "my name might be Jones, but it happens to be Davies."

Uncle Abner Lazenberry stared at Davies a moment as if amazed, and then exclaimed:

"Jesso! Well, dog my cats ef times hain't a-changin' an' a-changin' tell bimeby the natchul world an' all the hummysp'eres 'll make the'r disappearance een'-uppermost. Yit, whiles they'er changin' an' a-disappearin', I hope they'll leave me my ole Whig docterin',

an' my name, which the fust an' last un it is Abner Lazenberry. An' more'n that," the old man went on, with severe emphasis,—"an' more'n that, they hain't never been a day sence the creation of the world an' the hummysp'eres when my name mought er been anything else under the shinin' sun but Abner Lazenberry; an' ef the time's done come when any mortal name mought er been anything but what hit reely is, then we jess better turn the nation an' the federation over to demockocracy an' giner'l damnation. Now that's me, right pine-plank."

By way of emphasizing his remarks Uncle Abner brought the end of his hickory cane down upon the ground with a tremendous thump. The stranger reddened a little at the unexpected criticism, and was evidently ill at ease, but he remarked politely:

"This is just a saying I've picked up somewhere in my travels. My name is Davies, and I am traveling through the country selling a few choice books and picking up information as I go."

"I know a mighty heap of Davieses," said Uncle Abner, "but I disremember of anybody name Davies."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Davies, "the name is not uncommon in my part of the country. I am from Vermont."

"Well, well!" said Uncle Abner, tapping the ground thoughtfully with his cane. "A mighty fur ways Vermont is, tooby shore. In my day an' time I've seed as many as three men folks from Vermont, an' one un 'em, he wuz a wheelwright, an' one wuz a tin-peddler, an' the yuther one wuz a clock-maker. But that wuz a long time ago. How is the abolitioners gittin' on up that away, an' when in the name er patience is they a-comin' arter my niggers? Lord! if them niggers wuz free, I wouldn't have to slave for 'em."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Davies, "I take little or no interest in those things. I have to make a humble living, and I leave political questions to the politicians."

The conversation was carried on at some length, the younger men joining in occasionally to ask questions, and nothing could have been friendlier than their attitude toward Mr. Davies. They treated him with the greatest consideration. His manner and speech were those of an educated man, and he seemed to make himself thoroughly agreeable. But that night, as Mr. Jack Walthall was about to go to bed, his body-servant, a negro named Jake, began to question him about the abolitionists.

"What do you know about abolitionists?" Mr. Walthall asked with some degree of severity.

"Nothin' 'tall, Marse Jack, 'cep'in' w'at dish

yer new w'ite man down dar at de tavern say."

"And what did he say?" Mr. Walthall inquired.

"I ax 'im, I say, 'Marse Boss, is dese yer bobolitionists got horns en huffs?' en he 'low, he did, dat dey ain't no bobolitionists, kaze dey er babolitionists, an' dey ain't got needer horns ner huffs."

"What else did he say?"

Jake laughed. It was a hearty and humorous laugh.

"Well, sir," he replied, "dat man des preached. He sholy did. He ax me ef de niggers 'roun' yer wouldn't all like ter be free, en I tole 'im I don't speck dey would, kaze all de free niggers w'at I ever seed is de mos' no-'countes' niggers in de lan'."

Mr. Walthall dismissed the negro somewhat curtly. He had prepared to retire for the night, but apparently thought better of it, for he resumed his coat and vest and went out into the cool moonlight. He walked around the public square, and finally perched himself on the stile that led over the court-house inclosure. He sat there a long time. Little Compton passed by, escorting Miss Lizzie Fairleigh, the schoolmistress, home from some sociable gathering, and finally the lights in the village went out one by one—all save the one that shone in the window of the room occupied by Mr. Davies. Watching this window somewhat closely, Mr. Jack Walthall observed that there was movement in the room. Shadows played on the white window-curtains—human shadows passing to and fro. The curtains, quivering in the night wind, distorted these shadows and made confusion of them, but the wind died away for a moment, and, outlined on the curtains, the patient watcher saw a silhouette of Jake, his body-servant. Mr. Walthall beheld the spectacle with amazement. It never occurred to him that the picture he saw was part—the beginning, indeed—of a tremendous panorama which would shortly engage the attention of the civilized world, but he gazed at it with a feeling of vague uneasiness.

The next morning Little Compton was somewhat surprised at the absence of the young men who were in the habit of gathering in front of his store. Even Mr. Jack Walthall, who could be depended on to tilt his chair against the China-tree and sit there for an hour or more after breakfast, failed to put in an appearance. After putting his store to rights and posting up some accounts left over from the day before, Little Compton came out on the sidewalk and walked up and down in front of the door. He was in excellent humor, and as he walked he hummed a tune. He did not lack for companionship, for his cat, Tommy Tink-

tums, an extraordinarily large one, followed him back and forth, rubbing against him and running between his legs; but somehow he felt lonely. The town was very quiet. It was quiet at all times, but on this particular morning it seemed to Little Compton that there was less stir than usual. There was no sign of life anywhere around the public square save at Perdue's Corner. Shading his eyes with his hand, Little Compton observed a group of citizens apparently engaged in a very interesting discussion. Among them he recognized the tall form of Mr. Jack Walthall and the somewhat ponderous presence of Major Jimmy Bass. Little Compton watched the group because he had nothing better to do. He saw Major Jimmy Bass bring the end of his cane down upon the ground with a tremendous thump, and gesticulate like a man laboring under strong excitement, but this was nothing out of the ordinary, for Major Jimmy had been known to get excited over the most trivial discussion; on one occasion, indeed, he had even mounted a dry-goods box, and, as the boys expressed it, "cussed out the town."

Still watching the group, Little Compton saw Mr. Jack Walthall take Buck Ransome by the arm and walk across the public square in the direction of the court-house. They were followed by Mr. Alvin Cozart, Major Jimmy Bass, and young Rowan Wornum. They went to the court-house stile and formed a little group, while Mr. Walthall appeared to be explaining something, pointing frequently in the direction of the tavern. In a little while they returned to those they had left at Perdue's Corner, where they were presently joined by a number of other citizens. Once Little Compton thought he would lock his door and join them, but by the time he had made up his mind the group had dispersed.

A little later on Compton's curiosity was more than satisfied. One of the young men, Buck Ransome, came into Compton's store, bringing a queer-looking bundle. Unwrapping it, Mr. Ransome brought to view two large pillows. Whistling a gay tune, he ran his keen knife into one of these, and felt of the feathers. His manner was that of an expert. The examination seemed to satisfy him, for he rolled the pillows into a bundle again and deposited them in the back part of the store.

"You'd be a nice housekeeper, Buck, if you did all your pillows that way," said Compton.

"Why, bless your great big soul, Comp," said Mr. Ransome, striking an attitude, "I'm the finest in the land."

Just then Mr. Alvin Cozart came in, bearing a small bucket, which he handled very carefully. Little Compton thought he detected the odor of tar.





"IS DESE YER BOBOLITIONISTS GOT HORNS EN HUFFS?"

"Stick her in the back room there," said Mr. Ransome; "she'll keep."

Compton was somewhat mystified by these proceedings, but everything was made clear when, an hour later, the young men of the town, reënforced by Major Jimmy Bass, marched into his store, bringing with them Mr. Davies, the Vermont colporteur who had been flourishing his note-book in the faces of the inhabitants. Jake, Mr. Walthall's body-servant, was prominent in the crowd by reason of his color and his frightened appearance. The colporteur was very pale, but he seemed to be cool. As the last one filed in, Mr. Walthall stepped to the front door and shut and locked it. Compton was too amazed to say anything. The faces before him, always so full of humor and fun, were serious enough now. As the key turned in the lock the colporteur found his voice.

"Gentlemen!" he exclaimed with some show of indignation, "what is the meaning of this? What would you do?"

"You know mighty well, sir, what we ought to do," cried Major Bass. "We ought to hang you, you impudent scoundrel! A-comin' down

here a-pesterin' an' a-meddlin' with tother people's business."

"Why, gentlemen," said Davies, "I'm a peaceable citizen; I trouble nobody. I am simply traveling through the country selling books to those who are able to buy, and giving them away to those who are not."

"Mr. Davies," said Mr. Jack Walthall, leaning gracefully against the counter, "what kind of books are you selling?"

"Religious books, sir."

"Jake!" exclaimed Mr. Walthall somewhat sharply, so sharply, indeed, that the negro jumped as though he had been shot. "Jake! stand out there. Hold up your head, sir! Mr. Davies, how many religious books did you sell to that nigger there last night?"

"I sold him none, sir; I—"

"How many did you try to sell him?"

"I made no attempt to sell him any books; I knew he couldn't read. I merely asked him to give me some information."

Major Jimmy Bass scowled dreadfully, but Mr. Jack Walthall smiled pleasantly, and turned to the negro.

"Jake! do you know this man?"





"W'AT AIL' YOU ALL W'ITE FOLKS NOW?"

"I seed 'im, Marse Jack; I des seed 'im; dat's all I know 'bout 'im."

"What were you doing sasshaying around in his room last night?"

Jake scratched his head, dropped his eyes, and shuffled about on the floor with his feet. All eyes were turned on him. He made so long a pause that Alvin Cozart remarked in his drawling tone:

"Jack, hadn't we better take this nigger over to the calaboose?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Walthall, pleasantly. "If I have to take him over there I'll not bring him back in a hurry."

"I wuz des up in his room kaze he tole me fer ter come back en see 'im. Name er God, Marse Jack, w'at ail' you all w'ite folks now?"

"What did he say to you?" asked Mr. Walthall.

"He ax me w'at make de niggers stay in

slave'y," said the frightened negro; "he ax me w'at de reason dey don't git free deyse'f."

"He was warm after information," Mr. Walthall suggested.

"Call it what you please," said the Vermont colporteur. "I asked him those questions and more." He was pale, but he no longer acted like a man troubled with fear.

"Oh, we know that, mister," said Buck Ransome. "We know what you come for, and we know what you're goin' away for. We'll excuse you if you'll excuse us, and then there'll be no hard feelin's—that is, not many; none to growl about. Jake, hand me that bundle there on the barrel, and fetch that tar-bucket. You've got the makin' of a mighty fine bird in you, mister," Ransome went on, addressing the colporteur; "all you lack's the feathers, and we've got oodles of 'em right here. Now, will you shuck them duds?"

For the first time the fact dawned on Little Compton's mind that the young men were about to administer a coat of tar and feathers to the stranger from Vermont, and he immediately began to protest.

"Why, Jack," said he, "what has the man done?"

"Well," replied Mr. Walthall, "you heard what the nigger said. We can't afford to have these abolitionists preaching insurrection right in our back yards. We just can't afford it, that's the long and short of it. Maybe you don't understand it; maybe you don't feel as we do; but that's the way the matter stands. We are in a sort of a corner, and we are compelled to protect ourselves."

"I don't believe in no tar and feathers for this chap," remarked Major Jimmy Bass, assuming a judicial air. "He'll just go out here to the town branch and wash 'em off, and then he'll go on through the plantations raising h— among the niggers. That'll be the upshot of it—now, you mark my words. He ought to be hung."

"Now, boys," said Little Compton, still protesting, "what is the use? This man hasn't done any real harm. He might preach insurrection around here for a thousand years, and the niggers wouldn't listen to him. Now, you know that yourselves. Turn the poor devil loose, and let him get out of town. Why, haven't you got any confidence in the niggers you've raised yourselves?"

"My dear sir," said Rowan Wornum, in his most insinuating tone, "we've got all the confidence in the world in the niggers, but we can't afford to take any risks. Why, my dear sir," he went on, "if we let this chap go, it won't be six months before the whole country 'll be full of this kind. Look at that Harper's Ferry business."

"Well," said Compton somewhat hotly, "look at it. What harm has been done? Has there been any nigger insurrection?"

Jack Walthall laughed good-naturedly. "Little Compton is a quick talker, boys. Let's give the man the benefit of all the arguments."

"Great God! You don't mean to let this d— rascal go, do you, Jack?" exclaimed Major Jimmy Bass.

"No, no, sweet uncle; but I've got a nicer dose than tar and feathers."

The result was that the stranger's face and hands were given a coat of lampblack, his arms were tied to his body, and a large placard was fastened to his back. The placard bore this inscription:

ABOLITIONIST!  
PASS HIM ON,  
BOYS.

Mr. Davies was a pitiful-looking object after the young men had plastered his face and hands with lampblack and oil, and yet his appearance bore a certain queer relation to the humorous exhibitions one sees on the negro minstrel stage. Particularly was this the case when he smiled at Compton.

"By George, boys!" exclaimed Mr. Buck Ransome, "this chap could play Old Bob Ridley at the circus."

When everything was arranged to suit them, the young men formed a procession and marched the blackened stranger from Little Compton's door into the public street. Little Compton seemed to be very much interested in the proceeding. It was remarked afterward that he seemed to be very much agitated, and that he took a position very near the placarded abolitionist. The procession, as it moved up the street, attracted considerable attention. Rumors that an abolitionist was to be dealt with had apparently been circulated, and a majority of the male inhabitants of the town were out to view the spectacle. The procession passed entirely around the public square, of which the court-house was the center, and then across the square to the park-like inclosure that surrounded the temple of justice.

As the young men and their prisoner crossed this open space, Major Jimmy Bass, fat as he was, grew so hilarious that he straddled his cane, as children do broomsticks, and pretended that he had as much as he could do to hold his fiery wooden steed. He waddled and pranced out in front of the abolitionist, and turned and faced him, whereat his steed showed the most violent symptoms of running away. The young men roared with laughter, and the spectators roared with them, and even the abolitionist laughed. All laughed but Little Compton. The procession was marched to the court-house inclosure, and there the prisoner was made to stand on the sale-block so that all might have a fair view of him. He was kept there until the stage was ready to go, and then he was given a seat on that swaying vehicle and forwarded to Rockville, where, presumably, the "boys" placed him on the train and "passed him on" to the "boys" in other towns.

For months thereafter there was peace in Hillsborough, so far as the abolitionists were concerned, and then came the secession movement. A majority of the citizens of the little town were strong Union men, but the secession movement seemed to take even the oldest off their feet, and by the time the Republican President was inaugurated, the Union sentiment that had marked Hillsborough had practically disappeared. In South Carolina companies of minute-men had been formed, and the

entire white male population was wearing blue cockades. With some modifications, these symptoms were reproduced in Hillsborough. The modifications were that a few of the old men still stood up for the Union and that some of the young men, though they wore the blue cockade, did not align themselves with the minute-men.

Little Compton took no part in these proceedings. He was discreetly quiet. He tended his store and smoked his pipe and watched events. One morning he was aroused from his slumbers by a tremendous crash—a crash that rattled the windows of his store and shook its very walls. He lay quiet awhile, thinking that a small earthquake had been turned loose on the town. Then the crash was repeated, and he knew that Hillsborough was firing a salute from its little six-pounder, a relic of the Revolution that had often served the purpose of celebrating the nation's birthday in a noisily becoming manner.

Little Compton arose and dressed himself, and prepared to put his store in order. Issuing forth into the street, he saw that the town was in considerable commotion. A citizen who had been in attendance on the convention at Milledgeville had arrived during the night bringing the information that the ordinance of secession had been adopted and that Georgia was now a sovereign and independent government. The original secessionists were in high feather, and their hilarious enthusiasm had its effect on all save a few of the Union men.

Early as it was, Little Compton saw two flags floating from an improvised flagstaff on top of the court-house. One was the flag of the State, with its pillars, its sentinel, and its legend of "Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation." The design of the other was entirely new to Little Compton. It was a pine-tree on a field of white, with a rattlesnake coiled at its roots, and the inscription, "DON'T TREAD ON ME!" A few hours later Uncle Abner Lazeberry made his appearance in front of Compton's store. He had just hitched his horse to the rack near the court-house.

"Merciful heavens!" he exclaimed, wiping his red face with a red handkerchief, "is the Ole Boy done gone an' turned hisself loose?



LITTLE COMPTON.

I hearn the racket, an' I sez to the ole woman, sez I, 'I'll fling the saddle on the gray mar' an' canter to town an' see what in the dingnation the matter is. An' ef the worl's about to fetch a lurch, I'll git me another dram an' die happy,' sez I. Whar's Jack Walthall? He can tell his Uncle Abner all about it."

"Well, sir," said Little Compton, "the State has seceded, and the boys are celebrating."

"I know'd it," cried the old man angrily. "My min' tole me so." Then he turned and looked at the flags flying from the top of the court-house. "Is them rags the things they er gwine to fly out'n the Union with?" he exclaimed scornfully. "Why, bless your soul an' body, hit'll take bigger wings than them! Well, sir, I'm sick; I am that away. I wuz born in the Union, an' I'd like mighty well to die thar. Ain't it mine? ain't it our'n? Jess as shore as you're born, thar's trouble ahead—big trouble. You're from the North, ain't you?" Uncle Abner asked, looking curiously at Little Compton.

"Yes, sir, I am," Compton replied; "that is, I am from New Jersey, but they say New Jersey is out of the Union."

Uncle Abner did not respond to Compton's smile. He continued to gaze at him significantly.

"Well," the old man remarked somewhat bluntly, "you better go back where you come

from. You ain't got nothin' in the roun' worl' to do with all this hellabaloo. When the pinch comes, as come it must, I'm jess gwine to swap a nigger for a sack er flour an' settle down; but you had better go back where you come from."

Little Compton knew the old man was friendly, but his words, so solemnly and significantly uttered, made a deep impression. The words recalled to Compton's mind the spectacle of the man from Vermont who had been paraded through the streets of Hillsborough, with his face blackened and a placard on his back. The little Jerseyman also recalled other incidents, some of them trifling enough, but all of them together going to show the hot temper of the people around him, and for a day or two he brooded rather seriously over the situation. He knew that the times were critical.

For several weeks the excitement in Hillsborough, as elsewhere in the South, continued to run high. The blood of the people was at fever heat. The air was full of the portents and premonitions of war. Drums were beating, flags were flying, and military companies were parading. Jack Walthall had raised a company, and it had gone into camp in an old field near the town. The tents shone snowy white in the sun, the uniforms of the men were bright and gay, and the boys thought this was war. But, instead of that, they were merely enjoying a holiday. The ladies of the town sent them wagon loads of provisions every day, and the occasion was a veritable picnic—a picnic that some of the young men remembered a year or two later when they were trudging, ragged, barefooted, and hungry, through the snow and slush of a Virginia winter.

But, with all their drilling and parading in the peaceful camp at Hillsborough, the young men had many idle hours, and they devoted these to various forms of amusements. On one occasion, after they had exhausted their ingenuity in search of entertainment, one of them, Lieutenant Buck Ransome, suggested that it might be interesting to get up a joke on Little Compton.

"But how?" asked Lieutenant Cozart.

"Why, the easiest in the world," said Lieutenant Ransome. "Write him a note, and tell him that the time has come for an English-speaking people to take sides, and fling in a kind of side-wiper about New Jersey."

Captain Jack Walthall, leaning comfortably against a huge box that was supposed to bear some relation to a camp-chest, blew a cloud of smoke through his sensitive nostrils and laughed. "Why, stuff, boys!" he exclaimed somewhat impatiently, "you can't scare Little Compton. He's got grit and it's the right kind of grit. Why, I'll tell you what's a fact,—the

sand in that man's gizzard would make enough mortar to build a fort."

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," said Lieutenant Ransome. "We'll sling him a line or two, and if it don't stir him up, all right; but if it does, we'll have some tall fun."

Whereupon, Lieutenant Ransome fished around in the chest and drew forth pen and ink and paper. With some aid from his brother officers he managed to compose the following:

"LITTLE MR. COMPTON—Dear Sir: The time has arrived when every man should show his colors. Those who are not for us are against us. Your best friends, when asked where you stand, do not know what to say. If you are for the North in this struggle, your place is at the North. If you are for the South, your place is with those who are preparing to defend the rights and liberties of the South. A word to the wise is sufficient. You will hear from me again in due time.

"NEMESIS."

This was duly sealed and dropped in the Hillsborough post-office, and Little Compton received it the same afternoon. He smiled as he broke the seal, but ceased to smile when he read the note. It happened to fit a certain vague feeling of uneasiness that possessed him. He laid it down on his desk, walked up and down behind his counter, and then returned and read it again. The sprawling words seemed to possess a fascination for him. He read them again and again, and turned them over and over in his mind. It was characteristic of his simple nature that he never once attributed the origin of the note to the humor of the young men with whom he was so familiar. He regarded it seriously. Looking up from the note, he could see in the corner of his store the brush and pot that had been used as arguments on the Vermont abolitionist. He vividly recalled the time when that unfortunate person was brought up before the self-constituted tribunal that assembled in his store.

Little Compton thought he had gauged accurately the temper of the people about him, and he had, but his modesty prevented him from accurately gauging, or even thinking about, the impression he had made on them. The note troubled him a good deal more than he would at first confess to himself. He seated himself on a low box behind his counter to think it over, resting his face in his hands. A little boy who wanted to buy a thrip's worth of candy went slowly out again after trying in vain to attract the attention of the hitherto prompt and friendly store-keeper. Tommy Tinkums, the cat, seeing that his master was sitting down, came forward with the expectation of being told to perform his famous "bouncing" trick, a feat that was at once the wonder and delight of the youngsters around Hillsborough. But Tommy Tinkums was not commanded to bounce, and so he contented himself with wash-

ing his face, pausing every now and then to watch his master with half-closed eyes.

While sitting thus reflecting, it suddenly occurred to Little Compton that he had had very few customers during the past several days, and it seemed to him, as he continued to think the matter over, that the people, especially the young men, had been less cordial lately than they had ever been before. It never occurred to him that the threatened war and the excitement of the period occupied their entire attention. He simply remembered that the young men who had made his modest little store their headquarters met there no more. Little Compton sat behind his counter a long time thinking. The sun went down and the dusk fell and the night came on and found him there.

After a while he lit a candle, spread the communication out on his desk, and read it again. To his mind there was no mistaking its meaning. It meant that he must either fight against the Union or array against himself all the bitter and aggressive suspicion of the period. He sighed heavily, closed his store, and went out into the darkness. He made his way to the residence of Major Jimmy Bass, where Miss Lizzie Fairleigh boarded. The major himself was sitting on the veranda, and he welcomed Little Compton with effusive hospitality — a hospitality that possessed an old-fashioned flavor.

"I'm mighty glad you come — yes, sir, I am. It looks like the whole world's out at the camps, and it makes me feel sorter lonesome. Yes, sir; it does that. If I wasn't so plump I'd be out there too. It's a mighty good place to be about this time of the year. I tell you what, sir, them boys is got the devil in 'em. Yes, sir; there ain't no two ways about that. When they turn themselves loose, somebody or something will git hurt. Now, you mark what I tell you. It's a tough lot — a mighty tough lot. Lord! wouldn't I hate to be a Yankee and fall in their hands! I'd be glad if I had time for to say my prayers. Yes, sir; I would that."

Thus spoke the cheerful Major Bass, and every word he said seemed to rhyme with Little Compton's own thoughts and to confirm the fears that had been aroused by the note. After he had listened to the major awhile Little Compton asked for Miss Fairleigh.

"Oho!" said the major. Then he called to a negro who happened to be passing through the hall, "Jesse, tell Miss Lizzie that Mr. Compton is in the parlor." Then he turned to Compton. "I tell you what, sir, that gal looks mighty puny. She's from the North, and I reckon she's homesick. And then there's all this talk about war. She knows our boys'll eat the Yankees plum up, and I don't blame her for being sorter downhearted. I wish you'd

try to cheer her up. She's a good gal if there ever was one on the face of the earth."

Little Compton went into the parlor, where he was presently joined by Miss Fairleigh. They talked a long time together, but what they said no one ever knew. They conversed in low tones, and once or twice the hospitable major, sitting on the veranda, detected himself trying to hear what they said. He could see them from where he sat, and he observed that both appeared to be profoundly dejected. Not once did they laugh, or, so far as the major could see, even smile. Occasionally Little Compton arose and walked the length of the parlor, but Miss Fairleigh sat with bowed head. It may have been a trick of the lamp, but it seemed to the major that they were both very pale.

Finally, Little Compton rose to go. The major observed with a chuckle that he held Miss Fairleigh's hand a little longer than was strictly necessary under the circumstances. He held it so long, indeed, that Miss Fairleigh half averted her face, but the major noted that she was still pale. "We shall have a wedding in this house before the war opens," he thought to himself, and his mind was dwelling on such a contingency when Little Compton came out on the veranda.

"Don't tear yourself away in the heat of the day," said Major Bass, jocularly.

"I must go," replied Compton. "Good-bye!" He seized the major's hand and wrung it.

"Good-night," said the major, "and God bless you!"

The next day was Sunday. But on Monday it was observed that Compton's store was closed. Nothing was said and little thought of it. People's minds were busy with other matters. The drums were beating, the flags flying and the citizen soldiery parading. It was a noisy and exciting time, and a larger store than Little Compton's might have remained closed for several days without attracting attention. But one day, when the young men from the camp were in the village, it occurred to them to inquire what effect the anonymous note had had on Little Compton. Whereupon they went in a body to his store, but the door was closed, and they found it had been closed a week or more. They also discovered that Compton had disappeared.

This had a very peculiar effect upon Captain Jack Walthall. He took off his uniform, put on his citizen's clothes, and proceeded to investigate Compton's disappearance. He sought in vain for a clew. He interested others to such an extent that a great many people in Hillsborough forgot all about the military situation. But there was no trace of Little Compton. His store was entered from a rear window,



and everything found to be intact. Nothing had been removed. The jars of striped candy that had proved so attractive to the youngsters of Hillsborough stood in long rows on the shelves, flanked by the thousand and one notions that make up the stock of a country grocery store. Little Compton's disappearance was a mysterious one, and under ordinary circumstances would have created intense excitement in the community, but at that particular time the most sensational event would have seemed tame and commonplace alongside the preparations for war.

Owing probably to a lack of the faculty of organization at Richmond—a lack which, if we are to believe the various historians who have tried to describe and account for some of the results of that period, was the cause of many bitter controversies, and of many disastrous failures in the field—a month or more passed away before the Hillsborough company received orders to go to the front. Fort Sumter had been fired on, troops from all parts of the South had gathered in Virginia, and the war was beginning in earnest. Captain Jack Walthall, of the Hillsborough Guards, chafed at the delay that kept his men resting on their arms, so to speak, but he had ample opportunity, meanwhile, to wonder what had become of Little Compton. In his leisure moments he often found himself sitting on the dry-goods boxes in the neighborhood of Little Compton's store. Sitting thus one day, he was approached by his body-servant. Jake had his hat in his hand and showed by his manner that he had something to say. He shuffled around, looked first one way and then another, and scratched his head.

"Marse Jack," he began.

"Well, what is it?" said the other, somewhat sharply.

"Marse Jack, I hope ter de Lord you ain't gwine ter git mad wid me; yit I mos' knows you is, kaze I oughter done tole you a long time ago."

"You ought to have told me what?"

"'Bout my drivin' yo' hoss en buggy over ter Rockville dat time—dat time what I ain't never tole yo' bout. But I 'uz mos' 'blige' ter do it. I 'low ter myse'f, I did, dat I oughter come tell you right den, but I 'uz skeer'd you mought git mad, en den you wuz out dar at de camps, 'long wid dem millumterry folks."

"What have you got to tell?"

"Well, Marse Jack, des 'bout takin' yo' hoss en buggy. Marse Compton 'lowed you wouldn't keer, en w'en he say dat, I des went en hitch up de hoss en kyar'd 'im over ter Rockville."

"What under heaven did you want to go to Rockville for?"

"Who? me, Marse Jack? 'Twa'n't me wanter go. Hit 'uz Marse Compton."

"Little Compton?" exclaimed Walthall.

"Yes, sir—dat ve'y same man."

"What did you carry Little Compton to Rockville for?"

"Fo' de Lord, Marse Jack; I dunno w'at Marse Compton wanter go fer. I des know'd I 'uz doin' wrong, but he tuck'n 'low' dat hit'd be all right wid you, kaze you bin knowin' him so monst'us well. En den he up'n ax me not to tell you twell he done plum out'n yearin'."

"Didn't he say anything? Didn't he tell you where he was going? Didn't he send any word back?"

This seemed to remind Jake of something. He clapped his hand to his head and exclaimed:

"Well, de Lord he'p my soul! Ef I ain't de beatenest nigger on de top side er de yeth! Marse Compton gun me a letter, en I tuck'n shove it un' de buggy seat, en it's right dar yit ef somebody ain't tored it up."

By certain well-known signs Jake knew that his Marse Jack was very mad, and he was hurrying out. But Walthall called him.

"Come here, sir!" The tone made Jake tremble. "Do you stand up there, sir, and tell me all this, and think I am going to put up with it?"

"I'm gwine after dat note, Marse Jack, des ez hard ez ever I kin."

Jake managed to find the note after some little search, and carried it to Jack Walthall. It was crumpled and soiled. It had evidently seen rough service under the buggy seat. Walthall took it from the negro, turned it over and looked at it. It was sealed, and addressed to Miss Lizzie Fairleigh.

Jack Walthall arrayed himself in his best and made his way to Major Jimmy Bass's, where he inquired for Miss Fairleigh. That young lady promptly made her appearance. She was pale and seemed to be troubled. Walthall explained his errand and handed her the note. He thought her hand trembled, but he may have been mistaken, as he afterward confessed. She read it, and handed it to Captain Walthall with a vague little smile that would have told him volumes if he had been able to read the feminine mind.

Major Jimmy Bass was a wiser man than Walthall, and he remarked long afterward that he knew by the way the poor girl looked that she was in trouble, and it is not to be denied—at least, it is not to be denied in Hillsborough, where he was known and respected—that Major Bass's impressions were as important as the average man's convictions. This is what Captain Jack Walthall read:

"DEAR MISS FAIRLEIGH: When you see this I shall be on my way home. My eyes have recently been opened to the fact that there is to be a war for and

against the Union. I have strong friendships here, but I feel that I owe a duty to the old flag. When I bade you good-bye last night, it was good-bye forever. I had hoped — I had desired — to say more than I did; but perhaps it is better so. Perhaps it is better that I should carry with me a fond dream of what might have been, than to have been told by you that such a dream could never come true. I had intended to give you the highest evidence of my respect and esteem that man can give to woman, but I have been overruled by fate or circumstance. I shall love you as long as I live. One thing more: should you ever find yourself in need of the services of a friend,—a friend in whom you may place the most implicit confidence,—send for Mr. Jack Walthall. Say to him that Little Compton commended you to his care and attention, and give him my love."

Walthall drew a long breath and threw his head back as he finished reading this. Whatever emotion he may have felt he managed to conceal, but there was a little color in his usually pale face, and his dark eyes shone with a new light.

"This is a very unfortunate mistake," he exclaimed. "What is to be done?"

Miss Fairleigh smiled.

"There is no mistake, Mr. Walthall," she replied. "Mr. Compton is a Northern man, and he has gone to join the Northern army. I think he is right."

"Well," said Walthall, "he will do what he thinks is right, but I wish he was here to-night."

"Oh, so do I!" exclaimed Miss Fairleigh, and then she blushed; seeing which, Mr. Jack Walthall drew his own conclusions.

"If I could get through the lines," she went on, "I would go home." Whereupon Walthall offered her all the assistance in his power, and offered to escort her to the Potomac. But before arrangements for the journey could be made there came the news of the first battle of Manassas, and the conflict was begun in earnest; so earnest, indeed, that it changed the course of a great many lives, and gave even a new direction to American history.

Miss Fairleigh's friends in Hillsborough would not permit her to risk the journey through the lines, and Captain Walthall's company was ordered to the front, where the young men composing it entered headlong into the hurly-burly that goes by the name of war.

There was one little episode growing out of Jack Walthall's visit to Miss Fairleigh that ought to be told. When that young gentleman bade her good evening, and passed out of the parlor, Miss Fairleigh placed her hands to her face and fell to weeping, as women will.

Major Bass, sitting on the veranda, had been an interested spectator of the conference in the parlor, but it was in the nature of a pantomime. He could hear nothing that was said, but he could see that Miss Fairleigh

and Walthall were both laboring under some strong excitement. When, therefore, he saw Walthall pass hurriedly out, leaving Miss Fairleigh in tears in the parlor, it occurred to him that, as the head of the household and the natural protector of the women under his roof, he was bound to take some action. He called Jesse, the negro house-servant, who was on duty in the dining-room.

"Jess! Jess! Oh, Jess!" There was an insinuating sweetness in his voice, as it echoed through the hall. Jesse, doubtless recognizing the velvety quality of the tone, made his appearance promptly. "Jess," said the major, softly, "I wish you'd please fetch me my shot-gun. Make 'aste, Jess, and don't make no furse."

Jesse went after the shot-gun, and the major waddled into the parlor. He cleared his throat at the door, and Miss Fairleigh looked up.

"Miss Lizzie, did Jack Walthall insult you here in my house?"

"Insult me, sir! Why, he's the noblest gentleman alive."

The major drew a deep breath of relief, and smiled.

"Well, I'm mighty glad to hear you say so!" he exclaimed. "I couldn't tell, to save my life, what put it into my mind. Why, I might 'a' know'd that Jack Walthall ain't that kind of a chap. Lord! I reckon I must be getting old and weak-minded. Don't cry no more, honey. Go right along and go to bed." As he turned to go out of the parlor he was confronted by Jesse with the shot-gun. "Oh, go put her up, Jess," he said apologetically; "go put her up, boy. I wanted to blaze away at a dog out there trying to scratch under the palings; but the dog's done gone. Go put her up, Jess."

When Jess carried the gun back, he remarked casually to his mistress:

"Miss Sa'h, you better keep yo' eye on Marse Maje. He talkin' mighty funny, en he doin' mighty quare."

Thereafter, for many a long day, the genial major sat in his cool veranda and thought of Jack Walthall and the boys in Virginia. Sometimes between dozes he would make his way to Perdue's Corner, and discuss the various campaigns. How many desperate campaigns were fought on that Corner! All the older citizens, who found it convenient or necessary to stay at home, had in them the instinct and emotions of great commanders. They knew how defeat could be wrung from victory, and how success could be made more overwhelming. At Perdue's Corner Washington City was taken not less than a dozen times a week, and occasionally both New York and Boston were captured and sacked.



MAJOR JIMMY BASS "SURROUNDING" THE ENEMY.

Of all the generals who fought their battles at the Corner, Major Jimmy Bass was the most energetic, the most daring, and the most skillful. As a strategist he had no superior. He had a way of illustrating the feasibility of his plans by drawing them in the sand with his cane. Fat as he was, the major had a way of "surrounding" the enemy so that no avenue was left for his escape. At Perdue's Corner he captured Scott, and McClellan, and Joe Hooker, and John Pope, and held their entire forces as prisoners of war.

In spite of all this, however, the war went on. Sometimes word would come that one of the Hillsborough boys had been shot to death. Now and then one would come home with an arm or a leg missing, so that, before many months had passed, even the generals conducting their campaigns at Perdue's Corner managed to discover that war was a very serious business.

It happened that one day in July Captain Jack Walthall and his men, together with quite an imposing array of comrades, were called upon to breast the sultry thunder of Gettysburg. They bore themselves like men. They went forward with a shout and a rush, facing the deadly slaughter of the guns. They ran up the hill and to the rock wall. With others, Captain Walthall leaped over the wall. They were met by a murderous fire that mowed down the men like grass. The line in the rear wavered, fell back, and went forward again. Captain Walthall heard his name called in his front, and then some one cried, "Don't shoot!" and Little Compton, his face blackened with powder, and his eyes glistening with excitement, rushed into Walthall's arms. The order not to shoot — if it was an order — came too late. There was another volley. As the Confederates rushed forward, the Federal line retreated a little way; and Walthall found himself surrounded by the small remnant of his men. The Confederates made one more effort to advance, but it was useless. The line was borne back, and finally retreated; but when it went down the slope, Walthall and Lieutenant Ransome had Little Compton between them. He was a prisoner. Just how it all happened, no one of the three could describe, but Little Compton was carried into the Confederate lines. He was wounded in the shoulder and in the arm, and the ball that shattered his arm shattered Walthall's arm.

They were carried to the field hospital, where Walthall insisted that Little Compton's wounds should be looked after first. The result was that Walthall lost his left arm and Compton his right, and then, when by some special interposition of Providence they escaped gangrene and other results of imperfect

surgery and bad nursing, they went to Richmond, where Walthall's money and influence secured them comfortable quarters.

Hillsborough had heard of all this in a vague way, — indeed, a rumor of it had been printed in the Rockville *Vade Mecum*, — but the generals and commanders in consultation at Perdue's Corner were astonished one day when the stage-coach set down at the door of the tavern a tall, one-armed gentleman in gray, and a short, one-armed gentleman in blue.

"By the livin' Lord!" exclaimed Major Jimmy Bass, "if that ain't Jack Walthall! And you may put out my two eyes if that ain't Little Compton! Why, shucks, boys!" he exclaimed, as he waddled across the street, "I'd 'a' know'd you anywheres. I'm a little short-sighted, and I'm mighty nigh took off wi' the dropsy, but I'd 'a' know'd you anywheres."

There were handshakings and congratulations from everybody in the town. The clerks and merchants deserted their stores to greet the new-comers, and there seemed to be a general jubilee. For weeks Captain Jack Walthall was compelled to tell his Gettysburg story over and over again, frequently to the same hearers, and, curiously enough, there was never a murmur of dissent when he told how Little Compton had insisted on wearing his Federal uniform.

"Great Jiminy Craminy!" Major Jimmy Bass would exclaim; "don't we all know Little Compton like a book? And ain't he got a right to wear his own duds?"

Rockville, like every other railroad town in the South at that period, had become the site of a Confederate hospital, and sometimes the hangers-on and convalescents paid brief visits of inspection to the neighboring villages. On one occasion a little squad of them made their appearance on the streets of Hillsborough, and made a good-natured attempt to fraternize with the honest citizens who gathered daily at Perdue's Corner. While they were thus engaged, Little Compton, arrayed in his blue uniform, passed down the street. The visitors made some inquiries, and Major Bass gave them a very sympathetic history of Little Compton. Evidently they failed to appreciate the situation, for one of them, a tall Mississippian, stretched himself and remarked to his companions:

"Boys, when we go, we'll just about lift that feller and take him along. He belongs in Andersonville — that's where he belongs."

Major Bass looked at the tall Mississippian and smiled.

"I reckon you must 'a' been mighty sick over yander," said the major, indicating Rockville.

"Well, yes," said the Mississippian; "I've had a pretty tough time."



"And you ain't strong yet," the Major went on.

"Well, I'm able to get about right lively," said the other.

"Strong enough to go to war?"

"Oh, well, not — not just yet."

"Well, then," said the major, in his bluntest tone, "you better be mighty keeful of yourself in this town. If you ain't strong enough to go to war, you better let Little Compton alone."

The tall Mississippian and his friends took the hint, and Little Compton continued to wear his blue uniform unmolested. About this time Atlanta fell, and there were vague rumors in the air, chiefly among the negroes, that Sherman's army would march down and capture Hillsborough, which, by the assembly of generals at Perdue's Corner, was regarded as a strategic point. These vague rumors proved to be correct; and by the time the first frosts fell, Perdue's Corner had reason to believe that General Sherman was marching down on Hillsborough. Dire rumors of fire, rapine, and pillage preceded the approach of the Federal army, and it may well be supposed that these rumors spread consternation in the air. Major Bass professed to believe that General Sherman would be "surrounded" and captured before his troops reached middle Georgia, but the three columns, miles apart, continued their march unopposed.

It was observed that during this period of doubt, anxiety, and terror Little Compton was on the alert. He appeared to be nervous and restless. His conduct was so peculiar that some of the more suspicious citizens of the region predicted that he had been playing the part of a spy, and that he was merely waiting for the advent of Sherman's army in order to point out where his acquaintances had concealed their treasures.

One fine morning a company of Federal troopers rode into Hillsborough. They were met by Little Compton, who had borrowed one of Jack Walthall's horses for just such an occasion. The cavalcade paused in the public square, and, after a somewhat prolonged consultation with Little Compton, rode on in the direction of Rockville. During the day small parties of foragers made their appearance. Little Compton had some trouble with these, but, by hurrying hither and thither, he managed to prevent any depredations. He even succeeded in convincing the majority of them that they owed some sort of respect to that small town. There was one obstinate fellow, however, who seemed determined to prosecute his search for valuables. He was a German who evidently did not understand English.

In the confusion Little Compton lost sight

of the German, though he had determined to keep an eye on him. It was not long before he heard of him again, for one of the Walthall negroes came running across the public square, showing by voice and gesture that he was very much alarmed.

"Marse Compton! Marse Compton!" he cried, "you better run up ter Marse Jack's, kaze one er dem mens is gwine in dar whar ole Miss is, en ef he do dat, he gwine ter git hurted!"

Little Compton hurried to the Walthall place, and he was just in time to see Jack rushing the German down the wide flight of steps that led to the veranda. What might have happened no one can say; what did happen may be briefly told. The German, his face inflamed with passion, had seized his gun, which had been left outside, and was aiming at Jack Walthall, who stood on the steps, cool and erect. An exclamation of mingled horror and indignation from Little Compton attracted the German's attention and caused him to turn his head. This delay probably saved Jack Walthall's life, for the German, thinking that a comrade was coming to his aid, leveled his gun again and fired. But Little Compton had seized the weapon near the muzzle and wrested it around. The bullet, instead of reaching its target, tore its way through Compton's empty sleeve. In another instant the German was covered by Compton's revolver. The hand that held it was steady, and the eyes that glanced along its shining barrel fairly blazed. The German dropped his gun. All trace of passion disappeared from his face; and presently, seeing that the crisis had passed, so far as he was concerned, he wheeled in his tracks, gravely saluted Little Compton, and made off at a double-quick.

"You mustn't think hard of the boys, Jack, on account of that chap. They understand the whole business, and they are going to take care of this town."

And they did. The army came marching along presently, and the stragglers found Hillsborough patrolled by a detachment of cavalry. Walthall and Little Compton stood on the wide steps and reviewed this imposing array as it passed before them. The tall Confederate, in his uniform of gray, rested his one hand affectionately on the shoulder of the stout little man in blue, and on the bosom of each was pinned an empty sleeve. Unconsciously, they made an impressive picture. The Commander, grim, gray, and resolute, observed it with sparkling eyes. The spectacle was so unusual — so utterly opposed to the logic of events — that he stopped with his staff long enough to hear Little Compton tell his story. He was a grizzled, aggressive



man, this Commander, but his face lighted up wonderfully at the recital.

"Well, you know this sort of thing doesn't end the war, boys," he said, as he shook hands with Walthall and Little Compton; "but I shall sleep better to-night."

Perhaps he did. Perhaps he dreamed that what he had seen and heard was prophetic of the days to come, when peace and fraternity should seize upon the land, and bring unity, happiness, and prosperity to the people.

*Joel Chandler Harris.*



### "FOR I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."

**S**HALL the mole, from his night underground, call the beasts from the day-glare to flee;  
Shall the owl charge the birds: "I am wise. Go to! Seek the shadows with me!"  
Shall a man bind his eyes and exclaim: "It is vain that men weary to see?"

Let him walk in the gloom, whoso will. Peace be with him! But whence is his right  
To assert that the world is in darkness, because he has turned from the light?  
Or to seek to o'ershadow my day with the pall of his self-chosen night?

I have listened, like David's great son, to the voice of the beast and the bird;  
To the voice of the trees and the grass,—yea, a voice from the stones I have heard;  
And the sun and the moon, and the stars in their courses, reëcho the word!

And one word speak the bird and the beast, and the hyssop that springs in the wall,  
And the cedar that lifts its proud head upon Lebanon, stately and tall,  
And the rocks, and the sea, and the stars:—and "Know!" is the message of all.

For the answer has ever been nigh unto him who would question and learn;—  
How to bring the stars near to his gaze:—in what orbits the planets must turn;—  
Why the apple must fall from the bough;—what the fuel that sun-fires burn.

Whence came life? In the rocks is it writ, and no Finger hath graven it there?  
Whence came light? Did its motions arise without bidding? Will science declare  
That the law ruling all hath upsprung from Nomind, that abideth Nowhere?

"Yea, I know!" cried the true man of old. And whosoe'er wills it may know.  
"My Redeemer existeth!" I seek for a sign of his presence, and lo,  
As he spoke to the light, and it was,—so he speaks to my soul, and I know!

*Solomon Solis-Cohen.*

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.\*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

### THE TERRITORIAL EXPERIMENT.



N. B. JUDD,  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. ROCHER.

LINCOLN AND TRUMBULL.

THE repeal of the Missouri Compromise at Douglas's instigation, and the consequent loss of the Democratic majority in Congress, have been described. To follow closely the chain of events, we must now examine its effect upon the political fortunes of that powerful leader in his own State of Illinois. In this the reader will be materially aided by a preliminary glance at some of the characteristics and sentiments of the people of that State.

The extreme length of Illinois from north to south is three hundred and eighty-five miles; in geographical situation it extends from the latitude of Massachusetts and New York to that of Kentucky and Virginia. The great westward stream of emigration in the United States has generally followed the parallels of latitude. The pioneers planted their new homes as nearly as might be in a climate like the one they had left. In process of time, therefore, northern Illinois became peopled with settlers from northern or free States, bringing their antislavery traditions and feelings; southern Illinois, with those from southern or slave States, who were as naturally proslavery. The Virginians and Kentuckians

readily became converts to the thrift and order of free society; but as a class they never gave up or conquered their intense hatred of antislavery convictions based on merely moral grounds, and which they comprehensively and somewhat indiscriminately stigmatized as "abolitionism." Impelled by this hatred the lawless elements of the community were often guilty of persecution and violence in minor forms, and in 1837, as already related, it prompted the murder of Lovejoy in the city of Alton by a mob, for persisting in his right to publish his antislavery convictions. This is its gravest crime. But a narrow spirit of intolerance extending even down to the Rebellion kept on the statute books a series of acts prohibiting the settlement of free blacks in the State.

It was upon this field of radically diverse sentiment that in the year 1854 Douglas's sudden project of repeal fell like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. A Democratic governor had been chosen two years before; a Democratic Legislature, called together to consider merely local and economic questions, was sitting in extra session at Springfield. There was doubt and consternation over the new issue. The governor and other prudent partisans avoided a public committal. But the silence could not be long maintained. Douglas was a despotic party leader, and President Pierce had made the Nebraska bill an administration question. Above all, in Illinois, as elsewhere, the people at once took up the discussion, and reluctant politicians were compelled to avow themselves. The Nebraska bill with its repealing clause had been before the country some three weeks and was yet pending in Congress when a member of the Illinois Legislature introduced resolutions indorsing it. Three Democratic State senators, two from northern and one from central Illinois, had the courage to rise and oppose the resolutions in vigorous and startling speeches. They were N. B. Judd of Chicago, B. C. Cook of La Salle, and John M. Palmer of Macoupin. This was an unusual party phenomenon and had its share in hastening the general agitation throughout the State. Only two or three other members took

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B. C. COOK.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GARDNER.

part in the discussion; the Democrats avoided the issue; the Whigs hoped to profit by the dissension. There was the usual rush of amendments and of parliamentary strategy, and the indorsing resolutions which finally passed in both Houses in ambiguous language and by diminished vote were therefore shorn of much of their political significance.

Party organization was strong in Illinois, and for the greater part, as the popular discussion proceeded, the Democrats sustained and the Whigs opposed the new measure. In the northern counties, where the antislavery sentiment was general, there were a few successful efforts to disband the old parties and create a combined opposition under the new name of Republicans. This, it was soon apparent, would make serious inroads on the existing Democratic majority. But an alarming counter-movement in the central counties, which formed the Whig stronghold, soon began to show itself. Douglas's violent denunciation of "abolitionists" and "abolitionism" appealed with singular power to Whigs from slave States. The party was without a national leader; Clay had died two years before, and Douglas made skillful quotations from the great statesman's speeches to bolster up his new propagandism. In Congress only a little handful of Southern Whigs opposed the repeal, and even these did not dare place their opposition on antislavery grounds. And especially the familiar voice and example of the neighboring Missouri Whigs were given unhesitatingly to the support of the Douglas scheme. Under these combined influences one or two erratic but rather prominent Whigs in central Illinois declared their adherence to Nebraskism, and raised the hope

that the Democrats would regain in the center and south all they might lose in the northern half of the State.

One additional circumstance had its effect on public opinion. As has been stated, in the opposition to Douglas's repeal the few avowed abolitionists and the many pronounced Free-soilers, displaying unwonted activity, came suddenly into the foreground to rouse and organize public opinion, making it seem for the moment that they had really assumed leadership and control in politics. This class of men had long been held up to public odium. Some of them had, indeed, on previous occasions used intemperate and offensive language; but more generally they were denounced upon a gross misrepresentation of their utterance and purpose. It so happened that they were mostly of Democratic antecedents, which gave them great influence among antislavery Democrats, but made their advice and argument exceedingly distasteful in strong Whig counties and communities. The fact that they now became more prudent, conciliatory, and practical in their speeches and platforms did not immediately remove existing prejudice against them. A few of these appeared in Illinois. Cassius M. Clay published a letter in which he advocated the fusion of anti-Nebraska voters upon "Benton, Seward, Hale, or any other good citizen," and afterwards made a series of speeches in Illinois. When he came to Springfield, the Democratic officers in charge refused him the



CASSIUS M. CLAY.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

use of the rotunda of the State House, a circumstance, however, which only served to draw him a larger audience in a neighboring grove. Later in the summer Giddings and Chase of Ohio made a political tour through the State, and at Springfield the future Secretary and Chief-Justice addressed an unsympathetic audience of a few hundreds in the dingy little courthouse, almost unheralded, save by the epithets of the Democratic newspapers. A few local speakers of this class, of superior address and force, now also began to signalize themselves by a new-born zeal and an attractive eloquence. Conspicuous among these was Owen Lovejoy of northern Illinois, brother of the man who for opinion's sake had been so shamefully murdered at Alton.

While thus in the northern half of Illinois the public condemnation of Douglas's repeal was immediate and sweeping, the formation of opposition to it was tentative and slow in the central and southern counties, where among Whigs of southern birth it proceeded rather upon party feeling than upon moral conviction. The new question struck through party lines in such a manner as to confuse and perplex the masses. But the issue would not be postponed. This was the year for electing Congressmen, and the succession of events rather than the leadership of politicians gradually shaped the campaign.

After a most exciting parliamentary struggle the repeal was carried through Congress in May. Encouraged by this successful domination over Representatives and Senators, Douglas prepared to force its unquestioned acceptance by the people. "I hear men now say," said he, "that they are willing to acquiesce in it. . . . It is not sufficient that they shall not seek to disturb Nebraska and Kansas; but they must acquiesce also in the principle."\* In the slave States this was an easy task. The most prominent Democrat who had voted against the Nebraska bill was Thomas H. Benton. The election in Missouri was held in August, and Benton was easily beaten by a Whig who was as fierce for repeal as Douglas himself. In the free States the case was altogether different. In Illinois the Democrats gradually, but at last with a degree of boldness, shouldered the dangerous dogma. The main body of the party rallied under Douglas, excepting a serious defection in the north; on the other hand, the Whigs in a body declared against him, but were weakened by a scattering desertion in the center and south. Meanwhile both retained their distinctive party names and organizations.

Congress adjourned early in August, but

\* Douglas's speech before the Union Democratic Club of New York, June 3d, 1854. New York "Herald," June 5th, 1854.

Douglas delayed his return to Illinois. The first of September had come, when it was announced he would return to his home in Chicago. This was an antislavery city, and the



THOMAS H. BENTON.

current of popular condemnation and exasperation was running strongly against him. Public meetings of his own former party friends had denounced him. Street rowdies had burned him in effigy. The opposition papers charged him with skulking and being afraid to meet his constituents. On the afternoon of his coming many flags in the city and on the shipping in the river and harbor were hung at half-mast. At sunset sundry city bells were tolled for an hour to signify the public mourning at his downfall. When he mounted the platform at night to address a crowd of some five thousand listeners he was surrounded by a little knot of personal friends, but the audience before him was evidently cold if not actively hostile.

He began his speech, defending his course as well as he could. He claimed that the slavery question was forever settled by his great principle of popular sovereignty, which took it out of Congress and gave it to the people of the territories to decide as they pleased. The crowd heard him in sullen silence for three-quarters of an hour, when their patience gave out, and they began to ply him with questions. He endured their fire of interrogatory for a little while till he lost his own temper. Excited outcry followed angry repartee. Thrust and rejoinder were mingled

with cheers and hisses. The mayor, who presided, tried to calm the assemblage, but the passions of the crowd would brook no control. Douglas, of short, sturdy build and imperious and controversial nature, stood his ground courageously, with flushed and lowering countenance hurling defiance at his interrupters, calling them a mob, and shaking his fist in their faces; in reply the crowd groaned, hooted, yelled, and made the din of Pandemonium. The tumultuous proceeding continued until half-past ten o'clock at night, when the baffled orator was finally but very reluctantly persuaded by his friends to give up the contest and leave the stand. It was trumpeted abroad by the Democratic newspapers that "in the order-loving, law-abiding abolition-ridden city of Chicago, Illinois's great statesman and representative in the United States Senate was cried down and refused the privilege of speaking";\* and as usual the indecent intolerance produced its natural reaction.

But now a new actor came forward on the political stage in central Illinois; or rather, an old favorite reappeared. This was Abraham Lincoln. Since his return to Springfield from his single term of service in Congress, 1847 to 1849, though by no means entirely withdrawn from politics, his active work had been greatly diminished. His congressional life had largely increased the horizon of his observation. Perhaps it had also extended the bounds of his ambition. He had doubtless discovered many of his own defects, and not unlikely had diligently sought to remedy them. The period following had for him been years of work, study, and reflection. His profession of law had become a deeper science

\* "State Register," Sept. 4th, 1854.



LYMAN TRUMBULL.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



OWEN LOVEJOY.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF HIS WIFE.

and a higher responsibility. His practice, receiving his undivided attention, brought him more important and more remunerative cases. Losing nothing of his genial humor, his character took on the dignity of a graver manhood. He was still the center and the idol of every social group he encountered, whether on the street or in the parlor. Serene and buoyant of temper, cordial and winning of language, charitable and tolerant of opinion, his very presence diffused a glow of confidence and kindness. Wherever he went he left an ever-widening ripple of smiles, jests, and laughter. His radiant good fellowship was beloved and sought alike by political opponents and partisan friends. His sturdy and delicate integrity, recognized far and wide, had long since won him the blunt but hearty sobriquet of "Honest Old Abe." But it became noticeable that of late years he was less among the crowd and more in the solitude of his office or his study, and that he seemed ever in haste to leave the eager circle he was entertaining.

It was in the midsummer of 1854 that we find him reappearing upon the stump in central Illinois. The rural population always welcomed his oratory, made up of ready wit, apt illustration, simple statement, forcible logic. His diction was familiar to the ear, his stories were racy of the soil. He never lacked for invitations to address the public. His first speeches on the new and all-absorbing topic were made in the neighboring towns, and in the counties adjoining his own. Towards the end of August the candidates for Congress in that district were, in Western phrase, "on the track." Yates, afterwards one of the famous "war governors," sought a reelection as a



Whig. Harris as a Douglas-Democrat strove to supplant him. Local politics became active, and Lincoln was sent for in all directions to address the people. When he went, however, he distinctly announced that he did not purpose to take up his time with this personal and congressional controversy. His intention was to discuss the principles of the Nebraska bill.

Once launched upon this theme, men were surprised to find him imbued with a new and unwonted seriousness. They heard from his lips fewer anecdotes and more history. Careless listeners who came to laugh at his jokes sat spell-bound by the strong current of his reasoning and the flashes of his earnest eloquence, and were lifted up by the range and tenor of his argument into a fresher and purer political atmosphere. The new discussion was fraught with deeper questions than the improvement of the Sangamon, protective tariffs, or the origin of the Mexican war. Down through incidents of legislation, through history of government, even underlying cardinal maxims of political philosophy, it touched the very bed-rock of primary human rights. Such a subject furnished material for the inborn gifts of the speaker, his intuitive logic, his impulsive patriotism, his pure and poetical conception of legal and moral justice.

Douglas, since his popular rebuff at Chicago on September 1st, had begun, after a few days of delay and rest, a tour of speech-making southward through the State. At these meetings he had at least a respectful hearing, and as he neared central Illinois the reception accorded him became more enthusiastic. The chief interest of the campaign finally centered in a sort of political tournament which took place at the capital, Springfield, during the first week of October; the State Agricultural Fair having called together great crowds, and among them the principal politicians of Illinois. This was Lincoln's home, in a strong Whig county, and in a part of the State where that party had hitherto found its most compact and trustworthy forces. As yet Lincoln had made but a single speech here on the Nebraska question. Of the Federal appointments under the Nebraska bill, Douglas secured two for Illinois, one of which, the office of surveyor-general, he had caused to be given to John Calhoun, the same man who, in the pioneer days twenty years before, was county surveyor in Sangamon and had employed Abraham Lincoln as his deputy. He was also the same who three years later received the sobriquet of "John Candlebox Calhoun," having acquired unenviable notoriety from his reputed connection with the "Cincinnati Directory" and "Can-

dlebox" election frauds in Kansas, and with the famous Lecompton Constitution. Calhoun was still in Illinois doing campaign work in propagating the Nebraska faith. He was recognized as a man of considerable professional and political talent, and had made a speech in Springfield to which Lincoln had replied. It was, however, merely a casual and local affair and was not described or reported by the newspapers.

The meetings at the State Fair were of a different character. The audiences were composed of leading active men from nearly all the counties of the State. Though the discussion of party questions had been going on all the summer with more or less briskness, yet such was the general confusion in politics that many honest and intelligent voters and even leaders were still undecided in their opinions. The fair continued nearly a whole week. Douglas made a speech on the first day, Tuesday, October 3d. Lincoln replied to him on the following day, October 4th. Douglas made a rejoinder, and on that night and the succeeding day and night a running fire of debate ensued, in which John Calhoun, Judge Trumbull, Judge Sidney Breese, Colonel E. D. Taylor, and perhaps others took part.

Douglas's speech was doubtless intended by him and expected by his friends to be the principal and the conclusive argument of the occasion. But by this time the Whig party of the central counties, though shaken by the disturbing features of the Nebraska question, had nevertheless re-formed its lines, and assumed the offensive to which its preponderant numbers entitled it, and resolved not to surrender either its name or organization. In Sangamon county, its strongest men, Abraham Lincoln and Stephen T. Logan, were made candidates for the Legislature. The term of Douglas's colleague in the United States Senate, General James Shields, was about to expire, and the new Legislature would choose his successor. To the war of party principles was therefore added the incentive of a brilliant official prize. The Whigs were keenly alive to this chance and its influence upon their possible ascendancy in the State.

Lincoln's Whig friends had therefore seen his reappearance in active discussion with unfeigned pleasure. Of old they knew his peculiar hold and influence upon the people and his party. His few speeches in the adjoining counties had once more shown them his maturing intellect, his expanding power in debate. Acting upon himself, this renewed practice on the stump crystallized his thoughts and brought method to his argument. The opposition newspapers had accused him of

"mousing about the libraries in the State House." The charge was true. Where others were content to take statements at second hand, he preferred to verify citations as well as to find new ones. His treatment of his theme was therefore not only bold but original.

By a sort of common consent he was looked to, to answer Douglas's speech. This was no light task, and no one knew it better than Lincoln. Douglas's real ability was, and remains, unquestioned. In many qualities of intellect he was truly the "Little Giant" which popular fancy nicknamed him. It was no mere chance that raised the Vermont cabinet-maker's apprentice from a penniless stranger in Illinois in 1833 to a formidable competitor for supreme leadership in the great Democratic party of the nation in 1852. When after the lapse of a quarter of a century we measure him with the veteran chiefs whom he aspired to supplant, we see the substantial basis of his confidence and ambition. His great error of statesmanship aside, he stands forth more than the peer of associates who underrated his power and looked askance at his pretensions. In the six years of perilous party conflict which followed, every conspicuous party rival disappeared in obscurity, disgrace, or rebellion. Battling while others feasted, sowing where others reaped, abandoned by his allies and persecuted by his friends, Douglas alone emerged from the fight with loyal faith and unshaken courage, bringing with him through treachery, defeat, and disaster the unflinching allegiance and enthusiastic admiration of nearly three-fifths of the rank and file of the once victorious army of Democratic voters. He had not only proved himself its most trustworthy guide and most gallant chief, but as a final crown of merit he led his still powerful contingent of followers to a patriotic defense of the Constitution and government which some of his unworthy compeers put into such mortal jeopardy.

We find him here at the beginning of this severe conflict in the full flush of hope and ambition. He was winning in personal manner, brilliant in debate, aggressive in party strategy. To this he added an adroitness in evasion and false logic perhaps never equaled, and in his defense of the Nebraska measure this questionable but convenient gift was ever his main reliance. Besides, his long official career gave to his utterances the stamp and glitter of oracular statesmanship. But while Lincoln knew all Douglas's strong points he was no less familiar with his weak ones. They had come to central Illinois about the same time, and had in a measure grown up together. Socially they were on friendly terms;

politically they had been opponents for twenty years. At the bar, in the Legislature, and on the stump they had often met and measured strength. Each therefore knew the temper of the other's steel no less than every joint in his armor.

It was a peculiarity of the early West — perhaps it pertains to all primitive communities — that the people retained a certain fragment of the chivalric sentiment, a remnant of the instinct of hero-worship. As the ruder athletic sports faded out, as shooting-matches, wrestling-matches, horse-races, and kindred games fell into disuse, political debate became, in a certain degree, their substitute. But the principle of championship, while it yielded high honor and consideration to the victor, imposed upon him the corresponding obligation to recognize every opponent and accept every challenge. To refuse any contest, to plead any privilege, would be instant loss of prestige. This supreme moment in Lincoln's career, this fateful turning of the political tide, found him fully prepared for the new battle, equipped by reflection and research to permit himself to be pitted against the champion of Democracy — against the very author of the raging storm of parties; and it displays his rare self-confidence and consciousness of high ability to venture to attack such an antagonist at such a time.

Douglas made his speech, according to notice, on the first day of the fair, Tuesday October 3d. "I will mention," said he in his opening remarks, "that it is understood by some gentlemen that Mr. Lincoln, of this city, is expected to answer me. If this is the understanding, I wish that Mr. Lincoln would step forward and let us arrange some plan upon which to carry out this discussion." Mr. Lincoln was not there at the moment, and the arrangement could not then be made. Unpropitious weather had brought the meeting to the Representative's Hall in the State House, which was densely packed. The next day found the same hall filled as before to hear Mr. Lincoln. Douglas occupied a seat just in front of him and in his rejoinder he explained that "my friend Mr. Lincoln expressly invited me to stay and hear him speak to-day, as he heard me yesterday, and to answer and defend myself as best I could. I here thank him for his courteous offer." The occasion greatly equalized the relative standing of the champions. The familiar surroundings, the presence and hearty encouragement of his friends, put Lincoln in his best vein. His bubbling humor, his perfect temper, and above all the overwhelming current of his historical arraignment extorted the admiration of even his political enemies. "His speech was four hours

in length," wrote one of these, "and was conceived and expressed in a most happy and pleasant style, and was received with abundant applause. At times he made statements which brought Senator Douglas to his feet, and then good-humored passages of wit created much interest and enthusiasm." All reports plainly indicate that Douglas was astonished and disconcerted at this unexpected display of oratorical power, and that he struggled vainly through a two hours' rejoinder to break the force of Lincoln's victory in the debate. Lincoln had hitherto been the foremost man in his district. That single effort made him the leader in his State.

The fame of this success brought Lincoln urgent calls from all the places where Douglas was advertised or expected to make a speech. Accordingly, twelve days afterwards, October 16th, they once more met in debate, at Peoria. Lincoln, as before, gave Douglas the opening and closing speech, explaining that he was willing to yield this advantage in order to secure a hearing from the Democratic portion of his listeners. The audience was a large one, but not so representative in its character as that at Springfield. The occasion is made memorable, however, by the fact that when Lincoln returned home he wrote out and published his speech. We have therefore the exact and revised text of his argument, and are able to estimate its character and value. Marking as it does with unmistakable precision a step in the second period of his intellectual development, it deserves the careful attention of the student of his life.

After the lapse of a quarter of a century the critical reader still finds it a model of brevity, directness, terse diction, exact and lucid historical statement, and full of logical propositions so short and so strong as to resemble mathematical axioms. Above all it is pervaded by an elevation of thought and aim that lifts it out of the commonplace of mere party controversy. Comparing it with his later speeches, we find it to contain not only the argument of the hour, but the premonition of the broader issues into which the new struggle was destined soon to expand.

The main, broad current of his reasoning was to vindicate and restore the policy of the fathers of the country in the restriction of slavery; but running through this like a thread of gold was the demonstration of the essential injustice and immorality of the system.

"This declared indifference," said he, "but, as I must think, covert zeal for the spread of slavery, I cannot but hate. I hate it because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself. I hate it because it deprives

\* Correspondence "Missouri Republican," October 6th, 1854.

our republican example of its just influence in the world; enables the enemies of free institutions with plausibility to taunt us as hypocrites; causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity; and especially because it forces so many really good men among ourselves into an open war with the very fundamental principles of civil liberty, criticising the Declaration of Independence and insisting that there is no right principle of action but self-interest.

"The doctrine of self-government is right,—absolutely and eternally right,—but it has no just application as here attempted. Or perhaps I should rather say that whether it has such just application, depends upon whether a negro is not, or is, a man. If he is not a man, in that case he who is a man may as a matter of self-government do just what he pleases with him. But if the negro is a man, is it not to that extent a total destruction of self-government to say that he too shall not govern himself? When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—that is despotism.

"What I do say is, that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.

"The master not only governs the slave without his consent, but he governs him by a set of rules altogether different from those which he prescribes for himself. Allow all the governed an equal voice in the government; that, and that only, is self-government.

"Slavery is founded in the selfishness of man's nature—opposition to it in his love of justice. These principles are an eternal antagonism; and when brought into collision so fiercely as slavery extension brings them, shocks and throes and convulsions must ceaselessly follow. Repeal the Missouri Compromise—repeal all compromise—repeal the Declaration of Independence—repeal all past history—still you cannot repeal human nature.

"I particularly object to the new position which the avowed principle of this Nebraska law gives to slavery in the body politic. I object to it because it assumes that there can be moral right in the enslaving of one man by another. I object to it as a dangerous dalliance for a free people,—a sad evidence that feeling prosperity, we forget right,—that liberty as a principle we have ceased to revere.

"Little by little, but steadily as man's march to the grave, we have been giving up the old for the new faith. Near eighty years ago we began by declaring that all men are created equal; but now from that beginning we have run down to the other declaration that for some men to enslave others is a 'sacred right of self-government.' These principles cannot stand together. They are as opposite as God and mammon.

"Our Republican robe is soiled and trailed in the dust. Let us purify it. Let us turn and wash it white, in the spirit if not the blood of the Revolution. Let us turn slavery from its claims of 'moral right' back upon its existing legal rights, and its arguments of 'necessity.' Let us return it to the position our fathers gave it, and there let it rest in peace. Let us readopt the Declaration of Independence, and the practices and policy which harmonize with it. Let North and South—let all Americans—let all lovers of liberty everywhere—join in the great and good work. If we do this, we shall not only have saved the Union, but we shall have so saved it, so as to make and to keep it forever worthy of the saving. We shall have so saved it that the succeeding millions of free, happy people, the world over, shall rise up and call us blessed to the latest generations."

The election which occurred November 7th resulted disastrously for Douglas. It was soon found that the Legislature on joint ballot would probably give a majority for Senator against Shields, the incumbent, or any other Democrat who had supported the Nebraska bill. Who might become his successor was more problematical. The opposition majority was made up of anti-Nebraska Democrats, of what were then called "abolitionists" (Lovejoy had been elected among these), and finally of Whigs, who numbered by far the largest portion. But these elements, except on one single issue, were somewhat irreconcilable. In this condition of uncertainty a host of candidates sprang up. There was scarcely a member of Congress from Illinois—indeed, scarcely a prominent man in the State of any party—who did not conceive the flattering dream that he himself might become the lucky medium of compromise and harmony.

Among the Whigs, though there were other aspirants, Lincoln, whose speeches had contributed so much to win the election, was the natural and most prominent candidate. According to Western custom, he addressed a short note to most of the Whig members elect and to other influential members of the party asking their support. Generally the replies were not only affirmative but cordial and even enthusiastic. But a dilemma now arose. Lincoln had been chosen one of the members from Sangamon county by some six hundred and fifty majority. The Constitution of Illinois contained a clause disqualifying members of the Legislature and certain other designated officials from being elected to the Senate. Good lawyers generally believed this provision repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, and that the qualifications of Senators and Representatives therein prescribed could be neither increased nor diminished by a State. But the opposition had only a majority of one or two. If Lincoln resigned his membership in the Legislature this might destroy the majority. If he refused to resign, such refusal might carry some member to the Democrats.

At last, upon full deliberation, Lincoln resigned his seat, relying upon the six or seven hundred majority in Sangamon county to elect another Whig. It was a delusive trust. A reaction in the Whig ranks against "abolitionism" suddenly set in. A listless apathy succeeded the intense excitement and strain of

the summer's canvass. Local rivalries forced the selection of an unpopular candidate. Shrewdly noting all these signs the Democrats of Sangamon now organized what is known in Western politics as a "still-hunt." They made a feint of allowing the special election to go by default. They made no nomination. They permitted an independent Democrat, known under the sobriquet of "Steamboat Smith," to parade his own name. Up to the very day of election they gave no public sign, although they had in the utmost secrecy instructed and drilled their precinct squads. On the morning of election the working Democrats appeared at every poll, distributing tickets bearing the name of a single candidate not before mentioned by any one. They were busy all day long spurring up the lagging and indifferent, and bringing the aged, the infirm, and the distant voters in vehicles. Their ruse succeeded. The Whigs were taken completely by surprise, and in a remarkably small total vote, McDaniels, Democrat, was chosen by some sixty majority. The Whigs in other parts of the State were furious at the unlooked-for result, and the incident served greatly to complicate the senatorial canvass.

Nevertheless it turned out that even after this loss the opposition to Douglas would have a majority on joint ballot. But how unite this opposition made up of Whigs, of Democrats, and of so-called abolitionists? It was just at that moment in the impending revolution of parties when everything was doubt, distrust, uncertainty. Only these abolitionists, ever aggressive on all slavery issues, were ready to lead off in new combinations, but nobody was willing to encounter the odium of acting with them. They, too, were present at the State Fair, and heard Lincoln reply to Douglas. At the close of that reply, and just before Douglas's rejoinder, Lovejoy had announced to the audience that a Republican State Convention would be immediately held in the Senate Chamber, extending an invitation to delegates to join in it. But the appeal fell upon unwilling ears. Scarcely a corporal's guard left the discussion. The Senate Chamber presented a discouraging array of empty benches. Only some twenty-six delegates were there to represent the great State of Illinois. Nothing daunted, they made their speeches and read their platform to each other.\* Particularly, however, in their addresses they praised Lincoln's great speech

\* Their resolutions were radical for that day but not so extreme as was generally feared. On the slavery question they declared their purpose: to restore Kansas and Nebraska to the position of free territories; that as the Constitution of the United States vests in the States and not in Congress the power to legislate for the rendition of fugitives from labor, to repeal and entirely abrogate the fugitive slave law; to restrict

slavery to those States in which it exists; to prohibit the admission of any more slave States; to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; to exclude slavery from all territories over which the General Government has exclusive jurisdiction, and finally to resist the acquirement of any more territories unless slavery shall have been therein forever prohibited.



which they had just heard, notwithstanding his declarations differed so essentially from their new-made creed. "Ichabod raved," said the Democratic organ in derision, "and Lovejoy swelled, and all indorsed the sentiments of that speech." Not content with this, without consent or consultation, they placed Lincoln's name in the list of their State Central Committee.

Matters remained in this attitude until their chairman called a meeting and notified Lincoln to attend. In reply he sent the following letter of inquiry:

"While I have pen in hand allow me to say that I have been perplexed some to understand why my name was placed on that committee. I was not consulted on the subject, nor was I apprised of the appointment until I discovered it by accident two or three weeks afterwards. I suppose my opposition to the principle of slavery is as strong as that of any member of the Republican party; but I had also supposed that the extent to which I feel authorized to carry that opposition practically was not at all satisfactory to that party. The leading men who organized that party were present on the 4th of October at the discussion between Douglas and myself at Springfield and had full opportunity to not misunderstand my position. Do I misunderstand them?"

Whether this letter was ever replied to is uncertain, though improbable. No doubt it led to conferences during the meeting of the Legislature, early in the year 1855, when the senatorial question came on for decision. It has been suggested that Lincoln made dishonorable concessions of principle to get the votes of Lovejoy and his friends. The statement is too absurd to merit serious contradiction. The real fact is that Mr. Giddings, then in Congress, wrote to Lovejoy and others to support Lincoln. Various causes delayed the event, but finally, on February 8th, 1855, the Legislature went into joint ballot. A number of candidates were put in nomination, but the contest narrowed itself down to three. Abraham Lincoln was supported by the Whigs and Free-soilers; James Shields by the Douglas-Democrats. As between these two, Lincoln would have easily succeeded, had not five anti-Nebraska Democrats refused under any circumstances to vote for him or any other Whig,†

\* Lincoln to Codding, Nov. 27th, 1854. MS.

† "All that remained of the anti-Nebraska force, excepting Judd, Cook, Palmer, Baker, and Allen of Madison, and two or three of the secret Matteson men, would go into caucus, and I could get the nomination of that caucus. But the three Senators and one of the two Representatives above named 'could never vote for a Whig,' and this incensed some twenty Whigs to 'think' they would never vote for the man of the five."—[Lincoln to Hon. E. B. Washburne, February 9th, 1855. MS.]

‡ "In the mean time our friends, with a view of detaining our expected bolters, had been turning from me to Trumbull till he had risen to thirty-five and I had been reduced to fifteen. These would never desert me

and steadily voted during six ballots for Lyman Trumbull: The first vote stood: Lincoln, forty-five; Shields, forty-one; Trumbull, five; scattering, eight. Two or three Whigs had thrown away their votes on this first ballot, and though they now returned and adhered to him, the demoralizing example was imitated by various members of the coalition. On the sixth ballot the vote stood: Lincoln, thirty-six; Shields, forty-one; Trumbull, eight; scattering, thirteen.

At this stage of the proceedings the Douglas-Democrats executed a change of front, and, dropping Shields, threw nearly their full strength, forty-four votes, for Governor Joel A. Matteson. The maneuver was not unexpected, for though the governor and the party newspapers had hitherto vehemently asserted he was no candidate, the political signs plainly contradicted such statement. Matteson had assumed a quasi-independent position; kept himself non-committal on Nebraska, and opposed Douglas's scheme of tonnage duties to improve Western rivers and harbors. Like the great majority of Western men he had risen from humble beginnings, and from being a gold-hunter, emigrant, farmer, contractor, and speculator had become governor. In office he had devoted himself specially to the economical and material questions of Illinois, and in this rôle had a certain popularity with all classes and parties.

The substitution of his name proved a shrewd and promising device. The ninth ballot gave him forty-seven votes. The opposition under the excitement of non-partisan appeals began to break up. Of the remaining votes Lincoln received fifteen, Trumbull thirty-five, scattering one. In this critical moment Lincoln exhibited a generosity and a sagacity above the range of the mere politician's vision. He urged upon his Whig friends and supporters to drop his own name and join without hesitation or conditions in the election of Trumbull.‡ This was putting their fidelity to a bitter trial. Upon every issue but the Nebraska bill Trumbull still avowed himself an uncompromising Democrat. The faction

except by my direction; but I became satisfied that if we could prevent Matteson's election one or two ballots more, we could not possibly do so a single ballot after my friends should begin to return to me from Trumbull. So I determined to strike at once; and accordingly advised my remaining friends to go for him, which they did, and elected him on that, the tenth ballot. Such is the way the thing was done. I think you would have done the same under the circumstances, though Judge Davis, who came down this morning, declares he never would have consented to the forty-seven [opposition] men being controlled by the five. I regret my defeat moderately, but am not nervous about it."—[Lincoln to Washburne, February 9th, 1855. MS.]



of five had been stubborn to defiance and disaster. They would compel the mountain to go to Mahomet. It seemed an unconditional surrender of the Whig party. But such was Lincoln's influence upon his adherents that at his request they made the sweeping sacrifice, though with the lingering sorrow of men at the burial of a near and dear friend. The proceedings had wasted away a long afternoon of most tedious suspense. Evening had come; the gas was lighted in the hall, the galleries were filled with beautiful and eager women, the lobbies were packed with restless and nervously anxious men. All had forgotten the lapse of hours, their fatigue and their hunger, in the absorption of the fluctuating contest. The roll-call of the tenth ballot still showed fifteen votes for Lincoln, thirty-six for Trumbull, forty-seven for Matteson. Amid an excitement which was becoming painful, and in a silence where spectators scarcely breathed, Judge Stephen T. Logan, Lincoln's nearest and warmest friend, arose and announced the purpose of the remaining Whigs to decide the contest, whereupon the entire fifteen changed their votes to Trumbull. This gave him the necessary number of fifty-one, and elected him a Senator of the United States.

At that early day an election to the United States Senate must have seemed to Lincoln a most brilliant political prize, the highest, perhaps, to which he then had any hopes of ever attaining. To school himself to its loss with becoming resignation, to wait hopefully during four years for another opportunity, to engage in the dangerous and difficult task of persuading his friends to leave their old and join a new political party only yet dimly foreshadowed, to study the chances of maintaining his party leadership, furnished sufficient occupation for the leisure afforded by the necessities of his law practice. It is interesting to know that he did more; that amid the consideration of mere personal interests, he was vigilantly pursuing a study of the higher phases of the great moral and political struggle on which the nation was just entering. A letter of his written to a friend in Kentucky in the following year shows us that he had nearly reached a maturity of conviction on the nature of the slavery conflict — his belief that the nation could not permanently endure half slave and half free — which he did not publicly express until the beginning of his famous senatorial campaign of 1858:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., August 15, 1855.

"HON. GEO. ROBERTSON, Lexington, Ky.

"MY DEAR SIR: The volume you left for me has been received. I am really grateful for the honor of your kind remembrance, as well as for the book. The partial reading I have already given it has afforded

me much of both pleasure and instruction. It was new to me that the exact question which led to the Missouri Compromise had arisen before it arose in regard to Missouri, and that you had taken so prominent a part in it. Your short but able and patriotic speech on that occasion has not been improved upon since by those holding the same views; and, with all the lights you then had, the views you took appear to me as very reasonable.

"You are not a friend of slavery in the abstract. In that speech you spoke of 'the peaceful extinction of slavery' and used other expressions indicating your belief that the thing was, at some time, to have an end. Since then we have had thirty-six years of experience; and this experience has demonstrated, I think, that there is no peaceful extinction of slavery in prospect for us. The signal failure of Henry Clay and other good and great men, in 1849, to effect anything in favor of gradual emancipation in Kentucky, together with a thousand other signs, extinguishes that hope utterly. On the question of liberty, as a principle, we are not what we have been. When we were the political slaves of King George, and wanted to be free, we called the maxim that 'all men are created equal' a self-evident truth; but now when we have grown fat, and have lost all dread of being slaves ourselves, we have become so greedy to be *masters* that we call the same maxim 'a self-evident lie.' The Fourth of July has not quite dwindled away; it is still a great day for burning *fire-crackers*!

"That spirit which desired the peaceful extinction of slavery has itself become extinct with the *occasion* and the *men* of the Revolution. Under the impulse of that occasion, nearly half the States adopted systems of emancipation at once; and it is a significant fact that not a single State has done the like since. So far as peaceful, voluntary emancipation is concerned, the condition of the negro slave in America, scarcely less terrible to the contemplation of a free mind, is now so fixed and hopeless of change for the better as that of the lost souls of the finally impenitent. The Autocrat of all the Russias will resign his crown and proclaim his subjects free republicans, sooner than will our American masters voluntarily give up their slaves.

"Our political problem now is, 'Can we as a nation continue together *permanently* — *forever* — half slaves, and half free?' The problem is too mighty for me. May God in his mercy superintend the solution. Your much obliged friend, and humble servant,

"A. LINCOLN."

The reader has doubtless already noted in his mind the curious historical coincidence which so soon followed the foregoing speculative affirmation. On the day before Lincoln's first inauguration as President of the United States, the "Autocrat of all the Russias," Alexander II., by imperial decree emancipated his serfs; while six weeks after the inauguration, the "American masters," headed by Jefferson Davis, began the greatest war of modern times, to perpetuate and spread the institution of slavery.

#### THE BORDER RUFFIANS.

THE passage of the Nebraska bill and the hurried extinction of the Indian title opened nearly fifteen million acres of public lands to settlement and purchase. The whole of this vast area was yet practically tenantless. In

all of Kansas there were only three military posts, eight or ten missions or schools attached to Indian reservations, and some scores of roving hunters and traders or squatters in the vicinity of a few well-known camping stations on the two principal emigrant and trading routes, one leading southward to New Mexico, the other northward toward Oregon. But such had been the interest created by the political excitement, and so favorable were the newspaper reports of the location, soil, and climate of the new country, that a few months sufficed to change Kansas from a closed and prohibited Indian reserve to the emigrant's land of promise.

Douglas's oracular "stump speech" in the Nebraska bill transferred the struggle for slavery extension from Congress to the newly organized territories. "Come on, then, gentlemen of the slave States," said Seward in a Senate discussion; "since there is no escaping your challenge, I accept it in behalf of Freedom. We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to the side that is stronger in numbers as it is in right." With fifteen millions in the North against ten millions in the South, the result could not be in doubt.

Feeling secure in the evident advantage, the North, in general, trusted implicitly to the ordinary and natural movement of emigration. To the rule, however, there were a few exceptions. Some members of Congress, incensed at the tactics of the Nebraska leaders, formed a Kansas Aid Society in Washington City and contributed money to assist emigrants.\* Beyond this initiatory step they do not seem to have had any personal participation in it, and its office and working operations were soon transferred to New York. Sundry similar organizations were also formed by private individuals. The most notable of these was a Boston company chartered in March, named "The Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company." The charter was soon abandoned, and the company reorganized June 13th, under private articles of association;† and in this condition it became virtually the working agency of philanthropic citizens of New England, headed by Hon. Eli Thayer. There were several auxiliary societies and a few independent associations.‡ But from what then and afterwards came to light, it appears that Mr. Thayer's society was the only one whose operations reached any degree of success deserving historical notice. This company gave publicity, through newspaper advertisements and pamphlets, of its willingness to organize emigrants into companies, to send them to Kansas in charge

of trustworthy agents, and to obtain transportation for them at reduced rates. It also sent the machinery for a few saw-mills, and the types and presses for two or three newspapers, and erected a hotel or boarding-house to accommodate new-comers. It purchased and held only the land necessary to locate these business enterprises. It engaged in no speculation, paid no fare of any emigrants, and expressly disavowed the requirement of any oath or pledge of political sentiment or conduct. All these transactions were open, honest, and lawful, carefully avoiding even the implication of moral or political wrong.

Under the auspices of this society a pioneer company of about thirty persons arrived in Kansas in July, 1854, and founded the town of Lawrence.§ Other parties followed from time to time, sending out offshoots, but mainly increasing the parent settlement, until next to Fort Leavenworth, the principal military post, Lawrence became the leading town of the territory. The erection of the society hotel, the society saw-mills, and the establishment of a newspaper also gave it leadership in business and politics as well as population. This humane and praiseworthy enterprise has been gravely charged with the origin and responsibility of the political disorders which followed in Kansas. Nothing could be further from the truth. Before it had assisted five hundred persons to their new homes, the territory had by regular and individual immigration, mainly from the Western States, acquired a population of 8501 souls, as disclosed by the official census taken after the first summer's arrivals, and before those of the second had begun. It needs only this mere statement to refute the political slander so industriously repeated in high places against the Lawrence immigrants.

Deeper causes than the philanthropy or zeal of a few Boston enthusiasts were actively at work. The balance of power between the free and the slave States had been destroyed by the admission of California. To restore that balance the South had consummated the repeal of the Missouri Compromise as a first and indispensable step. The second equally indispensable step was to seize the political control of the new territory.

Kansas lay directly west of the State of Missouri. For a frontier State, the pro-slavery sentiment of Missouri was very pronounced and ultra, especially along the Kansas border. The establishment of slavery in this new region had formed the subject of public and local discussion before the Nebraska bill, and Senator Atchison had promised his western Missouri constituents to labor for such a result.

\* Testimony of Hon. Daniel Mace.

† Hale's "Kansas and Nebraska," p. 229.

‡ "Tribune" Almanac, 1856, p. 28.

§ Phillips's "Conquest of Kansas," p. 27.

From the time the unlooked-for course of Senator Douglas made it a practical possibility, Atchison was all zeal and devotion to this object, which he declared was almost as dear to him as his hope of heaven. When it finally became a question to be decided perhaps by a single frontier election, his zeal and work in that behalf were many times multiplied.

Current reports and subsequent developments leave no doubt that this Senator, being then acting Vice-President of the United States,\* immediately after the August adjournment of Congress hurried away to his home in Platte county, Missouri, and from that favorable situation personally organized a vast conspiracy, running through nearly all the counties of his State adjoining the Kansas border, to decide the slavery question for Kansas by Missouri votes. Secret societies under various names, such as "Blue Lodges," "Friends Society," "Social Band," "Sons of the South," were organized and affiliated, with all the necessary machinery of oaths, grips, signs, passwords, and badges. The plan and object of the movement were in general kept well concealed. Such publicity as could not be avoided served rather to fan the excitement, strengthen the hesitating, and frown down all dissent and opposition. Long before the time for action arrived, the idea that Kansas must be a slave State had grown into a fixed and determined public sentiment.

The fact is not singular if we remember the peculiar situation of that locality. It was before the great expansion of railroads, and western Missouri could only be conveniently approached by the single commercial link of steamboat travel on the turbid and dangerous Missouri River. Covering the rich alluvial lands along that majestic but erratic stream lay the heavy slave counties of the State, wealthy from the valuable slave products of hemp and tobacco. Slave tenure and slavery traditions in Missouri dated back a full century, to the remote days when the American Bottom opposite St. Louis was one of the chief bread and meat producing settlements of New France, sending supplies northward to Mackinaw, southward to New Orleans, and eastward to Fort Duquesne. When in 1763 "the Illinois" country passed by treaty under the British flag, the old French colonists, with their slaves, almost in a body crossed the Mississippi into then Spanish territory, and with fresh additions from New Orleans founded St. Louis and its outlying settlements; and these, growing with a steady thrift, extended themselves up the Missouri River. Slavery was thus iden-

tified with the whole history and also with the apparent prosperity of the State; and it had in recent times made many of these Western counties rich. The free State of Iowa lay a hundred miles to the north, and the free State of Illinois two hundred to the east; a wall of Indian tribes guarded the west. Should all this security be suddenly swept away, and their runaways find a free route to Canada by simply crossing the county line? Should the price of their personal "chattels" suddenly fall one-half for want of a new market? With nearly fifteen million acres of fresh land to choose from for the present outlay of a trifling preëmption fee, should not the poor white compel his single "black boy" to follow him a few miles west, and hoe his tobacco for him on the new fat bottom-lands of the Kaw River? Even such off-hand reasoning was probably confined to the more intelligent. For the greater part these ignorant but stubborn and strong-willed frontiersmen were moved by a bitter hatred of "abolitionism," because the word had now been used for half a century by partisans high and low,—Governors, Senators, Presidents,—as a term of opprobrium and a synonym of crime. With these as fathers of the faith and the Vice-President of the United States as an apostle to preach a new crusade, is it astonishing that there was no lack of listeners, converts, and volunteers? Senator Atchison spoke in no ambiguous words.

"When you reside in one day's journey of the territory," said he, "and when your peace, your quiet, and your property depend upon your action, you can without an exertion send five hundred of your young men who will vote in favor of your institutions. Should each county in the State of Missouri only do its duty, the question will be decided quietly and peaceably at the ballot-box. If we are defeated, then Missouri and the other Southern States will have shown themselves recreant to their interests and will deserve their fate."†

Western water transportation found its natural terminus where the Kaw or Kansas river empties itself into the Missouri. From this circumstance that locality had for years been the starting-point for the overland caravans or wagon-trains. Fort Leavenworth was the point of rendezvous for those going to California and Oregon; Independence the place of outfit for those destined to Santa Fe. Grouped about these two points were half a dozen heavy slaveholding counties of Missouri,—Platte, Clay, Ray, Jackson, Lafayette, Saline, and others. Platte county, the home of Senator Atchison, was their western outpost, and lay like an outspread fan in the great bend

\* By virtue of his office as President *pro tempore* of the United States Senate. The Vice-Presidency was vacant; Mr. King, chosen with President Pierce, had died.

† Speech in Platte county. Phillips's "Conquest of Kansas," p. 43.

of the Missouri, commanding from thirty to fifty miles of river front. Nearly all of Kansas attainable by the usual water transportation and travel lay immediately opposite. A glance at the map will show how easily local sentiment could influence or dominate commerce and travel on the Missouri River. In this connection the character of the population must be taken into account.

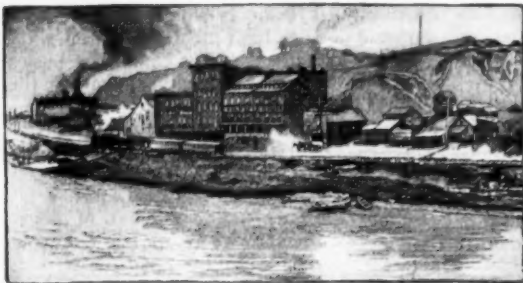
The spirit of intolerance which once pervaded all slaveholding communities, in whatever State of the Union, was here rampant to an unusual degree. The rural inhabitants were marked by the strong characteristics of the frontier,—fondness of adventure, recklessness of exposure or danger to life, a boastful assertion of personal right, privilege, or prowess, a daily and hourly familiarity with the use of fire-arms. These again were heightened by two special influences,—the presence of Indian tribes whose reservations lay just across the border, and the advent and preparation of each summer's emigration across the great plains. The "Argonauts of '49" were not all gamblers and cut-throats of border song and story. Generally, however, they were men of decision and will, all mere drift-wood in the great current of gold-seekers being soon washed ashore and left behind. Until they finished their last dinner at the Planter's House in St. Louis, the fledgelings of cities, the lawyers, doctors, merchants, and speculators, were in or of civilization. Perhaps they even resisted the contamination of cards and drink, profanity and revolver salutations, while the gilded and tinsel Missouri River steamboat bore them for three days against its muddy current and boiling eddies to meet their company and their outfit. But once landed at Independence or Leavenworth, they were of the frontier, of the wilderness, of the desert. Here they donned their garments of red flannel and coarse cloth or buckskin, thrust the legs of their trousers inside the tops of their heavy boots, and wore their bowie-knife or revolver in their outside belt. From this departure all were subject to the inexorable equality of the camp. Eating, sleeping, standing guard, tugging at the wheel or defending life and property,—there was no rank between captain or cook, employer or employed, savant or ignoramus, but the distribution of duty and the assignment of responsibility. Toil and exposure, hunger and thirst, wind and storm, danger in camp quarrel or Indian ambush, were the familiar and ordinary vicissitudes of a three months' journey in a caravan of the plains. To the common hazards of the frontier was thus added the recklessness of a doubtful, often a desperate, throw in the game of life.

All this movement created business for these

Missouri River towns. Their few inhabitants drove a brisk trade in shirts and blankets, guns and powder, hard-bread and bacon, wagons and live stock. Petty commerce busied itself with the art of gain rather than with the labor of reform. Indian and emigrant traders did not too closely scan their sources of profit. The precepts of the divine and the penalties of the human law sat lightly upon them. As yet many of these frontier towns were small hamlets, without even a pretext of police regulations. Passion, therefore, ran comparatively a free course, and the personal redress of private wrongs was only held in check by the broad and acknowledged right of self-defense. Since 1849 and 1850, when the gold fever was at its height, emigration across the plains had slackened, and the eagerness for a revival of this local traffic undoubtedly exerted its influence in procuring the opening of the territories in 1854. The noise and excitement created by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act awakened the hope of frontier traders and speculators, who now greedily watched all the budding opportunities of gain. Under such circumstances these opportunities to the shrewd, to the bold, and especially to the unscrupulous, are many. Cheap lands, unlimited town lots, eligible trading sites, the multitude of franchises and privileges within the control of a territorial legislature, the offices to be distributed under party favoritism, offer an abundant lure to enterprise and far more to craft. It was to such a population and under such a condition of things that Senator Atchison went to his home in Platte county in the summer of 1854 to preach his pro-slavery crusade against Kansas. His personal convictions, his party faith, his senatorial reflection, and his financial fortunes, were all involved in the scheme. With the help of the Stringfellows and other zealous co-workers, the town of Atchison was founded and named in his honor, and the "Squatter Sovereign" newspaper established, which displayed his name as a candidate for the Presidency. The good-will of the Administration was manifested by making one of the editors postmaster at the new town.

President Pierce appointed as Governor of Kansas territory Andrew H. Reeder, a member of his own party, from the free State of Pennsylvania. He had neither prominent reputation nor conspicuous ability, though under trying circumstances he afterwards showed diligence, judgment, integrity, and more than ordinary firmness and independence. It is to be presumed that his fitness in a partisan light had been thoroughly scrutinized by both President and Senate. Upon the vital point the investigation was deemed conclusive. "He was appointed," the "Washington Union" naively





THE GILLIS HOUSE; LANDING-PLACE AND HEADQUARTERS OF THE EMIGRANT AID COMPANY ON THE MISSOURI RIVER, ON THE SITE OF KANSAS CITY.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.



stated when the matter was first called in question, "under the strongest assurance that he was strictly and honestly a national man. We are able to state further, on very reliable authority, that whilst Governor Reeder was in Washington, at the time of his appointment, he conversed with Southern gentlemen on the subject of slavery, and assured them that he had no more scruples in buying a slave than a horse, and regretted that he had not money to purchase a number to carry with him to Kansas." With him were appointed three Federal judges, a secretary, a marshal, and an attorney for the territory, all doubtless considered equally trustworthy on the slavery question. The organic act invested

the governor with very comprehensive powers to initiate the organization of the new territory. Until the first legislature should be duly constituted, he had authority to fix election days, define election districts, direct the mode of returns, take a census, locate the temporary seat of government, declare vacancies, order new elections to fill them, beside other usual and permanent powers of an executive.

Arriving at Leavenworth in October, 1854, Governor Reeder was not long in discovering the designs of the Missourians. He was urged to order the immediate election of a territorial legislature.\* The conspirators had already spent some months in organizing their "Blue Lodges," and now desired to be promptly put in possession of the political power of the territory. But the Governor had too much manliness to become the mere pliant tool they wished to make him. He resented their dictatorship; made a tour of inspection through the new settlements; and acting on his own proper judgment, on his return issued a proclamation for a simple election of a delegate to Congress. At the appearance of this proclamation Platte county took the alarm, and held a meeting on the Kansas side of the river, to intimidate him with violent speeches and a significant memorial. The governor retorted in a letter that the meeting was composed of Missourians, and that he should resist outside interference from friend,



ELI THAYER (1860).

\*Reports of Committee H. R. 1st and 2d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. II. Reeder Deposition, "Howard Report," pp. 933-935.





PREEMPTION HOUSE BUILT ON THE TOWN SITE OF LAWRENCE IN 1834.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

foe, or faction.\* Pocketing this rebuff as best they might, Senator Atchison and his "Blue Lodges" nevertheless held fast to their purpose. Paper proclamation and lectures on abstract rights counted but little against the practical measures they had matured. November 29th, the day of election for delegate, finally arrived, and with it a formidable invasion of Missouri voters at more than half the polling places appointed in the governor's proclamation.

In frontier life it was an every-day experience to make excursions for business or pleasure, singly or in parties, requiring two or three consecutive days, perhaps a night or two of camping out, and for which saddle-horses and farm-wagons furnished ready transportation; and nothing was more common than concerted neighborhood efforts for improvement, protection, or amusement. On such occasions neighborly sentiment and comity required every man to drop his axe, or unhitch from the plow in the furrow, to further the real or imaginary weal of the community. In urgent instances non-compliance was fatal

\* Reeder to Gwiner and others, Nov. 21, 1854; copied into "National Era," Jan. 4, 1855.

to the peace and comfort and sometimes to the personal safety of the settler. The movement described above had been in active preparation for weeks, controlled by strong and secret combinations, and many unwilling participants were doubtless swept into it by an excited public opinion they dared not resist.

A day or two before the election the whole Missouri border was astir. Horses were saddled, teams harnessed, wagons loaded with tents, forage, and provisions, bowie-knives buckled on, revolvers and rifles loaded, and flags and inscriptions flung to the breeze by the more demonstrative and daring. Crossing the river-ferries from the upper counties, and passing unobstructed over the State line by the prairie-roads and trails from the lower, many of them camped that night at the nearest polls, while others pushed on fifty or a hundred miles to the sparsely settled election districts of the interior. As they passed along, the more scrupulous went through the empty form of an imaginary settlement, by nailing a card to a tree, driving a stake into the ground, or inscribing their names in a claim register, prepared in haste by the invading party. The more indifferent satisfied themselves with a mere mental resolve to become a settler. The utterly reckless silenced all scruples in profanity and drunkenness. On election morning the few real squatters of Kansas, endowed with Douglas's delusive boon of "popular sovereignty," witnessed with mixed indignation and terror acts of summary usurpation. Judges of election were dispossessed and set aside by intimidation or stratagem, and pro-slavery judges substituted without the slightest regard to regularity or law; judges' and voters' oaths were declared unnec-



PREEMPTION HOUSE BUILT BY W. B. LYKINS, LAWRENCE, 1834.—FROM PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.  
IN MARCH, 1855, THIS HOUSE WAS THE POLLING-PLACE AT THE ELECTION OF THE FIRST TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE, WHEN A THOUSAND ARMED MISSOURIANS VOTED.



FERRYING MISSOURI VOTERS TO THE KANSAS SHORE.

essary, or explained away upon newly-invented phrases and absurd subtleties. "Where there's a will, there's a way," in wrong and crime, as well as in honest purpose and deed; and by more dishonest devices than history can stop fully to record the ballot-boxes were filled, through invasion, false swearing, riot, and usurpation, with ballots for Whitfield, the pro-slavery candidate for delegate to Congress, at nine out of the seventeen polling places — showing, upon a careful scrutiny afterward made by a committee of Congress, an aggregate of 1729 illegal votes, and only 1114 legal ones. This mockery of an election completed, the valiant Knights of the Blue Lodge, the fraternal members of the Social Band, the philanthropic groups of the Friends Society, and the chivalric Sons of the South mounted their horses and wagons, and with cheers, and salvos from revolver and rifle, returned to their axe and plow, society lodge and bar-room haunt, to exult in a victory for Missouri and slavery over the "Abolition hordes and nigger thieves of the Emigrant Aid Society." The "Border Ruffians" of Missouri had written their preliminary chapter in the annals of Kansas. The published statements of the

Emigrant Aid Society show that up to the date of election it had sent only a few hundred men, women, and children to the territory. Why such a prodigious effort was deemed necessary to control the votes and influence of this paltry handful of "paupers who had sold themselves to Eli Thayer and Co." was never explained.

#### THE BOGUS LAWS.

AS THE event turned out, the invasion of border ruffians to decide the first election in Kansas had been entirely unnecessary. Even without counting the illegal votes, the pro-slavery candidate for delegate was chosen by a plurality. He had held the office of Indian Agent, and his acquaintance, experience, and the principal fact that he was the favorite of the conspirators gave him an easy victory. Governor Reeder issued his certificate of election without delay, and Whitfield hurried away to Washington to enjoy his new honors, taking his seat in the House of Representatives within three weeks after his election. Atchison, however, did not follow his example. Congress met on the first Monday of December, and the ser-

vices of the Acting Vice-President were needed in the Senate Chamber. But of such importance did he deem the success of the conspiracy in which he was the leader, that a few weeks before the session he wrote a short letter to the Senate, giving notice of his probable absence and advising the appointment of a new presiding officer.

As a necessary preliminary to organizing the government of the territory, Governor Reeder, under the authority of the organic

"popular sovereignty." But his short experience with Atchison's Border Ruffians had already rudely shaken his partisanship. The events of the November election exposed the designs of the pro-slavery conspiracy beyond all doubt or concealment, and no course was left him but to become either its ally or its enemy. In behalf of justice, as well as to preserve what he still fondly cherished as a vital party principle, he determined by every



ANDREW H. REEDER.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. KRECHT.

act, proceeded to take a census of its inhabitants.\* This work, carried on and completed in the months of January and February, 1855, disclosed a total population of 8601 souls, of whom 2905 were voters. With this enumeration as a definite guide, the governor made an apportionment, established election districts, and, appointing the necessary officers to conduct it, fixed upon the 30th of March, 1855, as the day for electing the territorial legislature. Governor Reeder had come to Kansas an ardent Democrat, a firm friend of the Pierce administration, and an enthusiastic disciple of the new Democratic dogma of

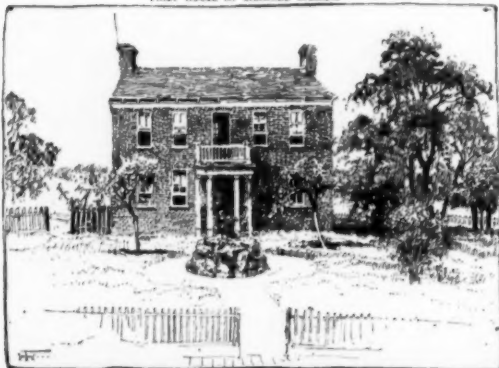
means in his power to secure a fair election.

Party lines in the territory had become sharply defined upon the single issue of "free State" and "slave State." In his appointment of election officers, census-takers, justices of the peace, and constables, he was careful to make his selections from both factions as fairly as possible, excepting that, as a greater and necessary safeguard against another invasion, he designated in the several election districts along the Missouri border two "free-State" men and one pro-slavery man to act as judges at each poll. † He prescribed distinct and rigid rules for the conduct of the election; ordering

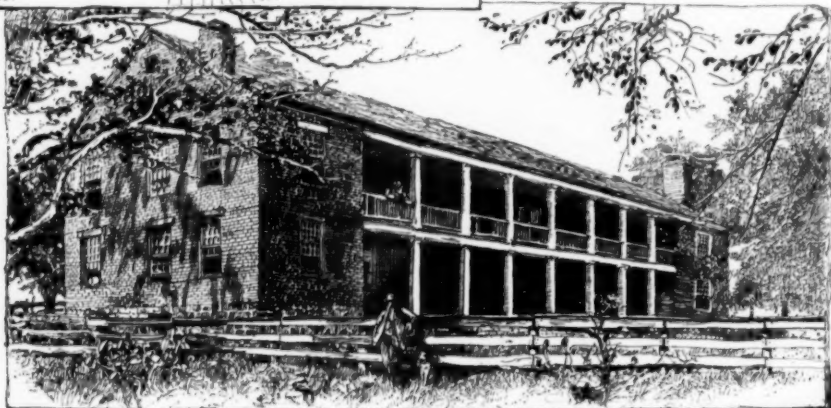
\* Reeder Testimony, "Howard Report," p. 934.

† Reeder Instructions, "Howard Report," pp. 107, 935.

FIRST HOUSE AT SHAWNEE MISSION.



strong to control the election; and by these misrepresentations the whole border was wrought up into the fervor of a pro-slavery crusade. When the 30th of March, election day, finally arrived, the conspiracy had once more mustered its organized army of invasion, and five thousand Missouri Border Ruffians, in different camps, bands, and squads, held practical possession of nearly every election district in the territory.\* Riot, violence, intimidation, destruction of ballot-boxes, expulsion and substitution of judges, neglect or refusal



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR REEDER AND STAFF, 1855.

among other things that the judges should be sworn, that constables should attend and preserve order, and that voters must be actual inhabitants to the exclusion of any other home.

All his precautions came to nought. This election of a territorial legislature, which, as then popularly believed, might determine by the enactment of laws whether Kansas should become a free or a slave State, was precisely the coveted opportunity for which the Border Ruffian conspiracy had been organized. Its interference in the November election served as a practical experiment to demonstrate its efficiency and to perfect its plans. The alleged doings of the Emigrant Aid Societies furnished a convenient and plausible pretext; wild and extravagant assertions were now circulated as to the plans and numbers of the Eastern emigrants; it was industriously reported that they were coming twenty thousand



OLD SCHOOL BUILDING OCCUPIED BY FIRST TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE.

to administer the prescribed oaths, *viva voce* voting, repeated voting on one side, and obstruction and dispersion of voters on the other, were common incidents; no one dared to resist the assertions or acts of the invaders, since they were armed and equipped and commanded in frontier if not in military fashion, in many cases by men whose names then or afterwards were prominent or notorious. Of the votes cast, 1410 were upon a subse-

\* "Howard Report," pp. 9 to 44.

quent examination found to have been legal, while 4908 were illegal.\* Of the total number, 5427 votes were given to the pro-slavery and only 791 to the free-State candidates. At such an election the candidates of the conspiracy claimed to have been chosen a legislature for the territory of Kansas. Upon a careful collation of evidence the investigating committee of Congress was of the opinion that the vote would have returned a free-State legislature if the election had been confined to the actual settlers;† as conducted, however, it showed a nominal majority for every pro-slavery candidate but one.

Governor Reeder had feared a repetition of the November frauds; but it is evident that he had no conception of so extensive an invasion. It is probable, too, that information of its full enormity did not immediately reach him. Meanwhile the five days prescribed in his proclamation for receiving notices of contest elapsed. The governor had removed his executive office to Shawnee Mission. At this place, and at the neighboring town of Westport, Missouri, only four miles distant, a majority of the persons claiming to have been elected now assembled and became clamorous for their certificates.‡ A committee of their number presented a formal written demand for the same; they strenuously denied his right to question the legality of the election, and threats against the governor's life in case of his refusal to issue them became alarmingly frequent. Their regular consultations, their open denunciations, and their hints at violence, while they did not entirely overawe the governor, so far produced their intended effect upon him that he assembled a band of



REV. THOMAS JOHNSON (1860, AGED 59).  
FROM AN AMBROTYPE IN POSSESSION OF HIS SON, A. MORRIS JOHNSON.

his personal friends for his own protection. On the 6th of April, one week after election, the governor announced his decision upon the returns. On one side of the room were himself and his armed adherents; on the other side the would-be members in superior numbers, with their pistols and bowie-knives equally ready. Under this virtual duress the governor issued certificates of election to all but about one-third of the claimants; and the returns in these cases he rejected, not because of alleged force or fraud, but on account of palpable defects in the papers.§

This issue of certificates under a virtual

\* Ibid, p. 30.

† Ibid, p. 34.

‡ Reeder's testimony, "Howard Report," pp. 935-9; also Stringfellow's testimony, p. 355.

§ Namely, because of a *viu* *voce* vote certified instead of a ballot, and because the prescribed oath and the words 'lawful resident voters' had been openly erased from the printed forms. In six districts the governor ordered a supplementary election, which was duly held on the 22d of May following. When that day arrived, the Border Ruffians, proclaiming the election to be illegal, by their default allowed free-State men to be chosen in all the districts except that of

Leavenworth, where the invasion and tactics of the March election were repeated now for the third time and the same candidates voted for. "Howard Report," pp. 35-36. Indeed, the Border Ruffian habit of voting in Kansas had become chronic, and did not cease for some years, and sometimes developed the grimmest humors. In the autumn of that same year an election for county-seat took place in Leavenworth county by the accidental failure of the legislature to designate one. Leavenworth city aspired to this honor and polled six hundred votes to obtain it; but it had an enterprising rival in Kickapoo city, ten miles up the river, and another, Delaware city, eight miles down stream. Both





FOUNDATION OF THE OLD TERRITORIAL CAPITAL, LECOMPTON—LANE UNIVERSITY IN THE BACKGROUND. (SEE PAGE 880.)

compulsion was a fatal error in Governor Reeder's action. It endowed the notoriously illegal legislature with a technical authority, and a few weeks later, when he went to Washington City to invoke the help of the Pierce administration against the usurpation, it enabled Attorney-General Cushing (if current report was true) to taunt him with the reply, "You state that this legislature is the creature of force and fraud; which shall we believe—your official certificate under seal, or your subsequent declarations to us in private conversation?"

The question of the certificates disposed of, the next point of interest was to determine at what place the legislature should assemble. Under the organic act the governor had authority to appoint the first meeting, and it soon became known that his mind was fixed upon the embryo town of Pawnee, adjoining the military post of Fort Riley, situated on Kansas River, a hundred and ten miles from

were paper towns—"cottonwood towns," in border slang—of great expectations; and both having more unscrupulous enterprise than voters, appealed to Platte county to "come over." This was an appeal Platte county could never resist, and accordingly a chartered ferry-boat brought voters all election day from the Missouri side, until the Kickapoo tally-lists scored eight hundred and fifty. Delaware city, however, was not to be thus easily crushed. She too not only had her chartered ferry-boat, but kept her polls open for three days in succession, and not until her boxes contained nine hundred ballots (of which only fifty were

the Missouri line. Against this exile, however, Stringfellow and his Border Ruffian law-makers protested in an energetic memorial, asking to be called together at the Shawnee Mission, supplemented by the private threat that even if they convened at Pawnee, they would adjourn and come back the day after.\* If the governor harbored any remaining doubt that this bogus legislature intended to assume and maintain the mastery, it speedily vanished. Their hostility grew open and defiant; they classed him as a free-State man, an "abolitionist," and it became only too evident that he would gradually be shorn of power and degraded from the position of territorial executive to that of a mere puppet. Having nothing to gain by further concession, he adhered to his original plan, issued his proclamation† convening the legislature at Pawnee on the first Monday in July, and immediately started for Washington to make a direct appeal to President Pierce.

probably legal) did the steam whistle scream victory! When the "returning board" had sufficiently weighed this complicated electoral contest, it gravely decided that keeping the polls open for three days was "an unheard-of irregularity." (Holloway's "History of Kansas," pp. 192-4). This was exquisite irony; but a local court on appeal seriously giving a final verdict for Delaware, the transaction became a perennial burlesque on "Squatter Sovereignty."

\* "Squatter Sovereignty," June 5th, 1855.

† April 16th, 1855.

How Governor Reeder failed in this last hope of redress and support, how he found the Kansas conspiracy as strong at Washington as on the Missouri border, will appear further along. On the second of July the governor and the legislature met at the town of Pawnee, where he had convoked them—a magnificent prairie site, but containing as yet only three buildings, one to hold sessions in, and two to furnish food and lodging. The governor's friends declared the accommodations ample; the Missourians on the contrary made affidavit that they were compelled to camp out and cook their own rations. The actual facts had little to do with the predetermination of the members. Stringfellow had written in his paper, the "Squatter Sovereign," three weeks before, "We hope no one will be silly enough to suppose the governor has power to compel us to stay at Pawnee during the entire session. We will, of course, have to 'trot' out at the bidding of his Excellency,—but we will trot him back next day at our bidding."\*

The prediction was literally fulfilled. Both branches organized without delay, the House choosing John H. Stringfellow its Speaker. Before the governor's message was delivered on the following day, the House had already passed, under suspended rules, "An act to remove the seat of government temporarily to the Shawnee Manual Labor School,"† which act the council as promptly concurred in.‡ The governor vetoed the bill, but it was at once passed over his veto.§ By the end of the week the legislature had departed from the budding capital, to return no more. ||

The governor was perforce obliged to follow his migratory Solons, who adhered to their purpose despite his public or private protests, and who reassembled at Shawnee Mission, or more correctly the Shawnee Manual Labor School, on the 16th of July. Shawnee Mission was one of our many national experiments in civilizing Indian tribes. This philanthropic institution, nourished by the Federal treasury, was presided over by the Rev. Thomas Johnson. The town of Westport, which could boast of a post-office, lay only four miles to the eastward, on the Missouri side of the State line, and was a noted pro-slavery stronghold. There were several large brick buildings at the

Mission capable of accommodating the legislature with halls and lodging rooms; its nearness to an established post-office and its contiguity to Missouri pro-slavery sentiment were elements probably not lost sight of. Mr. Johnson, who had formerly been a Missouri slaveholder, was at the March election chosen a member of the Territorial Council, which in due time made him its presiding officer; and the bogus legislature at Shawnee Mission was therefore in a certain sense under its own "vine and fig-tree."

The two branches of the legislature, the Council with the Rev. Thomas Johnson as President, and the House with Stringfellow of the "Squatter Sovereign" as Speaker, now turned their attention seriously to the pro-slavery work before them. The conspirators were shrewd enough to realize their victory. "To have intimated one year ago," said the Speaker in his address of thanks, "that such a result would be wrought out, one would have been thought a visionary; to have predicted that to-day a legislature would assemble, almost unanimously pro-slavery, and with myself for Speaker, I would have been thought mad."¶ The programme had already been announced in the "Squatter Sovereign" some weeks before. "The South must and will prevail. If the Southern people but half do their duty, in less than nine months from this day Kansas will have formed a constitution and be knocking at the door for admission. . . . In the session of the United States Senate in 1856, two Senators from the slaveholding State of Kansas will take their seats, and abolitionism will be forever driven from our halls of legislation."\*\* Against this triumphant attitude Governor Reeder was despondent and powerless. The language of his message†† plainly betrayed the political dilemma in which he found himself caught. He strove as best he might to couple together the prevailing cant of office-holders against "the destructive spirit of abolitionism" and a comparatively mild rebuke of the Missouri usurpation.‡‡

Nevertheless, the governor stood reasonably firm. He persisted in declaring that the legislature could pass no valid laws at any other place than Pawnee, and returned the first bill sent him with a veto message to that effect. To this the legislature replied by passing the bill over his veto, and in addition formally

\* "Squatter Sovereign," June 5th, 1855.

† "Kansas Territory House Journal," 1855, p. 12.

‡ "Journal of Council," p. 12.

§ "Kansas House Journal," 1855, p. 29.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 30.

¶ "Squatter Sovereign," July 17th, 1855.

\*\* *Ibid.*, June 19th, 1855.

†† "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855, p. 12.

‡‡ Its phraseology was adroit enough to call forth a sneering compliment from Speaker Stringfellow, who

wrote to the "Squatter Sovereign": "On Tuesday the governor sent in his message, which you will find is very well calculated to have its effect with the Pennsylvania Democracy. If he was trustworthy I would be disposed to compliment the most of it, but knowing how corrupt the author is, and that it is only designed for political effect in Pennsylvania, he not expecting to remain long with us, I will pass it by."—"Squatter Sovereign," July 17th, 1855.

raising a joint committee "to draw up a memorial to the President of the United States respectfully demanding the removal of A. H. Reeder from the office of governor";\* and, as if this indignity were not enough, holding a joint session for publicly signing it. The memorial was promptly dispatched to Washington by special messenger; but on the way this envoy read the news of the governor's dismissal by the President.

This event appeared definitely to sweep away the last obstacle in the path of the conspirators. The office of acting governor now devolved upon the Secretary of the Territory, Daniel Woodson, a man who shared their views and was allied in their schemes. With him to approve their enactments, the parliamentary machinery of the "bogus" legislature was complete and effective. They had at the very beginning summarily ousted the free-State members chosen at the supplementary election of May 22d, and seated the pro-slavery claimants of March 30th; and the only two remaining free-State members resigned in utter disgust and despair, and to avoid giving countenance to the flagrant usurpation by their presence. No one was left even to enter a protest.

This, then, was the perfect flower of Douglas's vaunted experiment of "popular sovereignty,"—a result they professed fully to appreciate. "Hitherto," said the Judiciary Committee of the House in a long and grandiloquent report,† "Congress have retained to themselves the power to mold and shape all the territorial governments according to their own peculiar notions, and to restrict within very limited and contracted bounds both the natural as well as the political rights of the bold and daring pioneer and the noble, hard-fisted squatter." But by this course, the argument of the committee continued, "the pillars which uphold this glorious union of States were shaken until the whole world was threatened with a political earthquake," and "the principle that the people are capable of self-government would have been forever swallowed up by anarchy and confusion," had not the Kansas-Nebraska bill "delegated to the people of these territories the right to frame and establish their own form of government."

What might not be expected of law-makers who begin with so ambitious an exordium, and who lay the corner-stone of their edifice upon the solid rock of political principle? The anti-climax of performance which followed this philosophical promise would be laughably absurd, indeed, were it not marked by the cunning of a well-matured political plot. Their first step was to recommend the repeal of "all laws whatsoever, which may have been considered to have been in force" in this territory on the 1st day of July, 1855, thus forever quieting any doubt "as to what is and what is not law in this territory";‡ secondly, to substitute a code about which there should be no question, by the equally ingenious expedient of copying and adopting the Revised Statutes of Missouri.§

These enactments were made in due form; but the "bogus" legislature did not seem content to let its fame rest on this single monument of self-government. Casting their eyes once more upon the broad expanse of American politics, the Judiciary Committee reported:

"The question of slavery is one that convulses the whole country, from the boisterous Atlantic to the shores of the mild Pacific. This state of things has been brought about by the fanaticism of the North and East, while up to this time the people of the South, and those of the North who desire the perpetuation of this Union and are devoted to the laws, have been entirely conservative. But the time is coming—yea, it has already arrived—for the latter to take a bold and decided stand that the Union and law may not be trampled in the dust,"|| etc., etc.

The "Revised Statutes of Missouri," recommended in bulk, and adopted with hasty clerical modifications,¶ already contained the usual slave-code peculiar to Southern States. But in the plans and hopes of the conspirators, this of itself was insufficient. In order to "take a bold stand that the Union and law might not be trampled in the dust," they with great painstaking devised and passed "an act to punish offenses against slave property."\*\*

It prescribed the penalty of death, not merely for the grave crime of inciting or aiding an insurrection of slaves, free negroes, or mulattoes, or circulating printed matter for such an object, but also the same extreme punishment for the comparatively mild offense of enticing or decoying away a slave

\* "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855. Appendix, p. 10.

† Report Judiciary Com., "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855. Appendix, p. 14.

‡ Report Judiciary Com., "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855. Appendix, p. 18.

§ Report Judiciary Com., "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855. Appendix, p. 18.

|| Report Judiciary Com., "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855. Appendix, p. 14.

¶ To guard more effectually against clerical errors, the legislature enacted: "Sec. 1. Wherever the word 'State' occurs in any act of the present legislative assembly, or any law of this territory, in such construction as to indicate the locality of the operation of such act or laws, the same shall in every instance be taken and understood to mean 'territory,' and shall apply to the territory of Kansas."—"Statutes of Kansas," 1855, p. 718.]

\*\* "Statutes Territory of Kansas," 1855, p. 715.

or assisting him to escape; for harboring or concealing a fugitive slave, ten years' imprisonment; for resisting an officer arresting a fugitive slave, two years' imprisonment.

If such inflictions as the foregoing might perhaps be tolerated upon the plea that a barbarous institution required barbarous safeguards, what ought to be said of the last three sections of the act which, in contempt of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, annulled the freedom of speech and the freedom of the press, and invaded even the private sanctity of individual conscience?

To write, print, or circulate "any statements, arguments, opinions, sentiment, doctrine, advice, or innuendo, calculated to produce a disorderly, dangerous, or rebellious disaffection among the slaves of the territory, or to induce such slaves to escape from the service of their masters, or to resist their authority," was pronounced a felony and punishable by five years' imprisonment. To deny the right of holding slaves in the territory, by speaking, writing, printing, or circulating books or papers, was likewise made a felony, punishable by two years' imprisonment. Finally it was enacted that "no person who is conscientiously opposed to holding slaves, or who does not admit the right to hold slaves in this territory, shall sit as a juror on the trial of any prosecution for any violation of any of the sections of this act." Also, all officers were, in addition to their usual oath, required to swear to support and sustain the Kansas-Nebraska Act and the Fugitive-Slave Law.\*

The spirit which produced these despotic laws also governed the methods devised to enforce them. The legislature proceeded to elect the principal officers of each county, who in turn were empowered by the laws to appoint the subordinate officials. All administration, therefore, emanated from that body, reflected its will, and followed its behest. Finally, the usual skeleton organization of a territorial militia was devised, whose general officers were in due time appointed by the acting governor from prominent and serviceable pro-slavery members of the Legislature.†

Having made their present domination secure, they did not omit to provide as well as lay in their power to perpetuate their political ascendancy in the territory. They ingeniously prolonged the tenure of their various appointees, and to render their success at future elections easy and certain they provided that candidates to be eligible, and judges of election, and voters when challenged, must swear

to support the Fugitive-Slave Law.‡ This they knew would virtually disfranchise many conscientious antislavery men; while, on the other hand, they enacted that each inhabitant who had paid his territorial tax should be a qualified voter for all elective officers. Under so lax a provision Missouri invaders could in the future, as they had done in the past, easily give an apparent majority at the ballot-box for all their necessary agents and ulterior schemes.

In a technical sense the establishment of slavery in Kansas was complete. There were by the census of the previous February already some two hundred slaves in the territory. Under the sanction of these laws, and before they could by any possibility be repealed, some thousands might be expected, especially by such an organized and united effort as the South could make to maintain the vantage ground already gained. Once there, the aggressiveness of the institution might be relied on to protect itself, since all experience had shown that under similar conditions it was almost ineradicable.

After so much patriotic endeavor on the part of these Border Ruffian legislators "that the Union and law may not be trampled in the dust," it cannot perhaps be wondered at that they began to look around for their personal rewards. These they readily found in the rich harvest of local monopolies and franchises which lay scattered in profusion on this virgin field of legislation, ready to be seized and appropriated without dispute by the first occupants. There were charters for railroads, insurance companies, toll-bridges, ferries, coal mines, plank roads, and numberless privileges and honors of present or prospective value out of which, together with the county, district and military offices, the ambitious members might give and take with generous liberality. One-sixth of the printed laws of the first session attest their modest attention to this incidental squatter's dowry.§ One of the many favorable opportunities in this category was the establishment of the permanent territorial capital, authorized by the organic act, where the liberal Federal appropriation for public buildings should be expended. For this purpose, competition from the older towns yielding gracefully after the first ballot, an entirely new site on the open prairie overlooking the Kansas River some miles west of Lawrence was agreed upon. The proceedings do not show any unseemly scramble over the selection, and no tangible record remains of the whispered distribution of corner lots and

\* Ibid, 1855, p. 516.

† "Kansas Territory Journal of Council," 1855, p. 248.

‡ "Statutes Territory of Kansas," 1855, p. 332.

§ Colfax, Speech in H. R. June 21st, 1856.



contracts. It is only the name which rises into historical notice.

One of the actors in the political drama of Kansas was Samuel Dexter Lecompte, Chief Justice of the territory. He had been appointed from the border State of Maryland, and is represented to have been a diligent student, a respectable lawyer, a prominent Democratic politician, and possessed of the personal instincts and demeanor of a gentleman. Moved by a pro-slavery sympathy none the less objectionable than that it may have been sincere, Judge Lecompte lent his high authority to the interests of the conspiracy against Kansas. He had already rendered the bogus legislature the important service of publishing an extra-judicial opinion, sustaining their adjournment from Pawnee to Shawnee Mission.\* Probably because they valued his official championship and recognized in him a powerful ally in politics, they made him a member of several of their private corporations, and gave him the conspicuous honor of naming their newly-founded capital Lecompton. But the intended distinction was transitory. Before the lapse of a single decade, the town for which he stood sponsor was no longer the capital of Kansas.

#### THE TOPEKA CONSTITUTION.

THE bogus legislature adjourned late on the night of the 30th of August, 1855. They had elaborately built up their legal despotism, commissioned trusty adherents to administer it, and provided their principal and undoubted partisans with military authority to see that it was duly executed. Going still a step further, they proposed so to mold and control public opinion as to prevent the organization of any party or faction to oppose their plans. In view of the coming Presidential campaign, it was the fashion in the States for Democrats to style themselves "National Democrats"; and a few newspapers and speakers in Kansas had adopted the prevailing political name. To stifle any such movement, both houses of the legislature on the last night of their session adopted a concurrent resolution declaring that the proposition to organize a National Democratic party, having already misled some of their friends, would divide pro-slavery Whigs from Democrats and weaken their party one-half; that it was the duty of the pro-slavery, Union-loving men of Kansas "to know but one issue, slavery; and that any party making or attempting to make any other should be held as an ally of abolitionism and disunion."†

\* "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855. Appendix, p. 3.

Had the conspiracy been content to prosecute its designs through moderate measures, it would have inevitably fastened slavery upon Kansas. The organization of the invasion in western Missouri, carried on under pre-acknowledged leadership, in populous counties, among established homes, amid well-matured confidence growing out of long personal and political relationship, would have been easy even without the powerful bond of secret association. On the other hand, the union of the actual inhabitants of Kansas, scattered in sparse settlements, personal strangers to each other, coming from widely separated States, and comprising radically different manners, sentiments, and traditions, and burdened with the prime and unyielding necessity of protecting themselves and their families against cold and hunger, was in the very nature of the case slow and difficult. But the course of the Border Ruffians created a powerful and determined opposition, which now became united in support of what is known to history as the Topeka Constitution; or, in other words, the free-State party of Kansas.

It is a noteworthy historic incident that this free-State movement originated in Democratic circles, under Democratic auspices. The Republican party did not yet exist. The opponents of the Kansas-Nebraska Act were demoralized and scattered among the Whigs, Know-Nothings, and Free-soilers in the States, and had no national affiliation, although they had won overwhelming triumphs in a majority of the Congressional districts in the fall elections of 1854. It so happened that nearly if not quite all the free-State leaders originally went to Kansas as friends of President Pierce, and as believers in the dogma of "popular sovereignty."

Now that this usurping legislature had met, contemptuously expelled the free-State members, defied the governor's veto, set up its ingeniously contrived legal despotism, and commissioned its partisan followers to execute and administer it, the situation became sufficiently grave to demand defensive action. The real settlers were Democrats, it was true; they had voted for Pierce, shouted for the platform of '52, applauded the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and emigrated to the territory to enjoy the new political gospel of popular sovereignty. But the practical Democratic beatitudes of Kansas were not calculated to strengthen the saints or confirm them in the faith. A Democratic invasion had elected a Democratic legislature, which enacted Democratic laws, under whose practical "non-intervention" a

† "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855, p. 380; "Council Journal," 1855, p. 253.



Democratic marshal bringing a writ from a Democratic judge might fasten a ball and chain to their ankles if they should happen to read the Declaration of Independence to a negro, or carry Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia" in their carpet-bags. Neither Kansas Democrats nor Northern State Democrats could tolerate or defend such open outrages upon right and decency.

The official resolution which the bogus legislature now proclaimed as a final political test left no middle ground between those who were for slavery and those who were against slavery—those who were for the bogus laws in all their enormity, and those who were against them. Before this pressure, doubt, hesitation, party bias, and personal jealousy gradually melted away, and all who were not willing to become active co-workers with the conspiracy were forced to combine in self-defense.

It was in the town of Lawrence that the free-State movement naturally found its beginning. The settlers of the Emigrant Aid Society were comparatively few in number; but supported by money, saw-mills, printing-presses, boarding-houses, they became from the very first a compact, self-reliant governing force. A few preliminary meetings, instigated by the disfranchised free-State members of the legislature, brought together a large mass convention. The result of its two days' deliberations was a regularly chosen delegate convention held at Big Springs, a few miles west of Lawrence, on the 5th of September, 1855. All doubt and hesitation on the part of the leaders had by this time vanished. More important than all, perhaps, was the presence and active participation of Ex-Governor Reeder himself, who wrote the resolutions, addressed the convention in a stirring and defiant speech, and received by acclamation their nomination for territorial delegate. The platform adopted repudiated in strong terms the bogus legislature and its tyrannical enactments, and declared "that we will endure and submit to these laws no longer than the best interests of the territory require, as the least of two evils, and will resist them to a bloody issue as soon as we ascertain that peaceable remedies shall fail," etc. It also

recommended the formation of volunteer companies and the procurement of arms. The progressive and radical spirit of the convention is illustrated in its indorsement of the free-State movement, against the report of its own committee. The strongest point, however, made by the convention was a determination, strictly adhered to for more than two years, to take no part in any election under the bogus territorial laws. As a result Whitfield received, without competition, the combined pro-slavery and Border Ruffian vote for delegate on the first of October, a total of 2721 ballots. Measures had meanwhile been perfected by the free-State men to elect delegates to a constitutional convention. On the 9th of October, at a separate election, held by the free-State party alone, under self-prescribed formalities and regulations, these were duly chosen by an aggregate vote of 2710, Ex-Governor Reeder receiving at the same polls 2849 votes for delegate.

By this series of political movements, carried out in quiet and orderly proceedings, the free-State party was not only fully constituted and organized, but was demonstrated to possess a decided majority in the territory. Still following out the policy agreed upon, the delegates chosen met at Topeka on the 23d of October, and with proper deliberation and decorum framed a State Constitution, which was in turn submitted to a vote of the people. Although this election was held near midwinter (Dec. 15th, 1855), and in the midst of serious disturbances of the peace arising from other causes, it received an affirmative vote of 1731, showing a hearty popular indorsement of it. Of the document itself no extended criticism is necessary. It prohibited slavery, but made reasonable provision for existing property-rights in slaves actually in the territory. In no sense a radical, subversive, or "abolition" production, the Topeka Constitution was remarkable only as being the indignant protest of the people of the territory against the Missouri usurpation.\* The new constitution was transmitted to Congress and was formally presented as a petition to the Senate† by General Cass, on March 24, 1856,‡ and to the House some days later.

The Republican Senators in Congress (the

\* Still another election was held by the free-State party on January 15th, 1856, to choose State officers to act under the new organization, at which Charles Robinson received 1296 votes for governor, out of a total of 1706, and Mark W. Delahay for Representative in Congress, 1628. A legislature elected at the same time, met, according to the terms of the newly framed constitution, on the 4th of March, organized, and elected A. H. Reeder and Jas. H. Lane United States Senators.

† "Congressional Globe," 1856, March 24th, p. 698.

‡ Later, on April 7th, General Cass presented to the Senate another petition, purporting to be the Topeka Constitution, which had been handed him by J. H. Lane, president of the convention which framed it and Senator-elect under it ("Cong. Globe," 1856, April 7, p. 826). This paper proved to be a clerk's copy, with erasures and interlineations and signatures in one handwriting, which being questioned as probably spurious, Lane afterward supplied the original draft prepared by the committee and adopted by the convention, though without signatures; also adding his

Republican party had been definitely organized a few weeks before at Pittsburg)\* now urged the immediate reception of the Topeka Constitution and the admission of Kansas as a free State, citing the cases of Michigan, Arkansas, Florida, and California as justifying precedents.† For the present, however, there was no hope of admission to the Union with the Topeka Constitution. The Pierce administration, under the domination of the Southern States, had deposed Governor Reeder. Both in his annual message and again in a special message, the President denounced the Topeka movement as insurrectionary. In the Senate, too, the application was already pre-judged; the Committee on Territories through Douglas himself as chairman, in a long partisan report, dismissed it with the assertion "that it was the movement of a political party instead of the whole body of the people of Kansas, conducted without the sanction of law, and in defiance of the constituted authorities, for the avowed purpose of overthrowing the territorial government established by Congress."‡ In the mouth of a consistent advocate of "popular sovereignty" this argument might have had some force; but it came with a bad grace from Douglas, who in the same report indorsed the bogus legislature and sustained the bogus laws upon purely technical assumptions. Congress was irreconcilably divided in politics. The Democrats had an overwhelming majority in the Senate; the opposition, through the election of Speaker Banks, possessed a working control of the House. Some months later, after prolonged debate, the House passed a bill for the admission of Kansas under the Topeka Constitution; but as the Senate had already rejected it, the movement remained without practical result.§

The staple argument against the Topeka free-State movement, that it was a rebellion

against constitutional authority, though perhaps correct as a mere theory was utterly refuted by the practical facts of the case. The Big Springs resolutions, indeed, counseled resistance to a "bloody issue"; but this was only to be made after "peaceable remedies shall fail." History must credit the free-State leaders with the high renown of pursuing their peaceable remedies and forbearing to exercise their asserted right to resistance with a patience unexampled in American annals. The bogus territorial laws were defied by the newspapers and treated as a dead letter by the mass of the free-State men; as much as possible they stood aloof from the civil officers appointed by and through the bogus legislature, recorded no title papers, began no lawsuits, abstained from elections, and denied themselves privileges which required any open recognition of the alien Missouri statutes. Lane and others refused the test oath, and were excluded from practice as attorneys in the courts; free-State newspapers were thrown out of the mails as incendiary publications; sundry petty persecutions were evaded or submitted to as special circumstances dictated. But throughout their long and persistent non-conformity, for more than two years, they constantly and cheerfully acknowledged the authority of the organic act, and of the laws of Congress, and even counseled and endured every forced submission to the bogus laws. Though they had defiant and turbulent spirits in their own ranks, who often accused them of imbecility and cowardice, they maintained a steady policy of non-resistance, and, under every show of Federal authority in support of the bogus laws, they submitted to obnoxious searches and seizures, to capricious arrest and painful imprisonment, rather than by resistance to place themselves in the attitude of deliberate out-laws.||

They were destined to have no lack of

explanatory affidavit ("Cong. Globe," App., 1856, pp. 378-9), to the effect that the committee had devolved upon him the preparation of the formal copy, but that the original signatures had been mislaid. The official action of the Senate appears to have concerned itself exclusively with the copy presented by General Cass on March 24th. Lane's copies served only as texts for angry debate. As the Topeka Constitution had no legal origin or quality, technical defects were of little consequence, especially in view of the action by the free-State voters of Kansas at their voluntary elections for delegates on October 9th, and to ratify it on December 15th, 1856.

\* February 22d, 1856.

† They based their appeal specially upon the opinion of the Attorney-General in the case of Arkansas, that citizens of territories possess the constitutional right to assemble and petition Congress for the redress of grievances; that the form of the petition is immaterial; and that "as the power of Congress over the whole subject is plenary, they may accept any constitution,

however framed, which in their judgment meets the sense of the people to be affected by it."

‡ Douglas, Senate Report of March 12th, 1856, p. 32.

§ Nevertheless, the efforts of the free-State party under this combination were not wholly barren. The contest between Whitfield and Reeder for a seat in the House as territorial delegate not only provoked searching discussion, but furnished the occasion for sending an investigating committee to Kansas, attended by the contestants in person. This committee with a fearless diligence collected in the territory, as well as from the border counties of Missouri, a mass of sworn testimony amounting to some twelve hundred printed pages, and which exposed the Border Ruffian invasions and the Missouri usurpation in all their monstrous iniquity, and officially revealed to the astounded North, for the first time and nearly two years after its beginning, the full proportions of the conspiracy.

|| See Governor Robinson's message to free-State Legislature, March 4th, 1856. Mrs. Robinson's "Kansas," pp. 352 and 364.

provocation. Since the removal of Reeder, all the Federal officials of the territory were affiliated with the pro-slavery Missouri cabal. Both to secure the permanent establishment of slavery in Kansas, as well as to gratify the personal pride of their triumph, they were determined to make these recusant free-State voters "bow down to the cap of Gessler." Despotism is never more arrogant than in resenting all insults to its personal vanity. As a first and necessary step, the cabal had procured, through its powerful influence at Washington, a proclamation from the President commanding "all persons engaged in unlawful combinations against the constituted authority of the territory of Kansas or of the United States to disperse," etc.\* The language of the proclamation was sufficiently comprehensive to include Border Ruffians and emigrant aid societies, as well as the Topeka movement, and thus presented a show of impartiality; but under dominant political influences the latter was its evident and certain object.

With this proclamation as a sort of official fulcrum, Chief-Justice Lecompte delivered at the May term of his court a most extraordinary charge to the grand jury. He instructed them that the bogus legislature, being an instrument of Congress, and having passed laws, "those laws are of United States authority and making." Persons resisting these laws must be indicted for high treason. If no resistance has been made, but combinations formed for the purpose of resisting them, "then must you still find bills for constructive treason, as the courts have decided that the blow need not be struck, but only the intention be made evident."† Indictments, writs, and the arrest of many prominent free-State leaders followed as a matter of course. All these proceedings, too, seem to have been a part of the conspiracy. Before the indictments were found, and in anticipation of the writs, Robinson, the free-State governor-elect, then on his way to the East, was arrested while traveling on a Missouri River steamboat, at Lexington in that State, detained, and finally sent back to Kansas under the governor's requisition. Upon this frivolous charge of constructive treason he and others were held in military custody nearly four months, and finally, at the end of that period, discharged upon bail, the farce of longer imprisonment having become useless through other events.

Apprehending fully that the Topeka move-

ment was the only really serious obstacle to their success, the pro-slavery cabal, watching its opportunity, matured a still more formidable demonstration to suppress and destroy it. The provisional free-State legislature had, after organizing on the 4th of March, adjourned, to reassemble on the 4th of July, 1856, in order to await in the mean time the result of their application to Congress. As the national holiday approached, it was determined to call together a mass meeting at the same time and place, to give both moral support and personal protection to the members. Civil war, of which further mention will be made in the next chapter, had now been raging for months, and had in its general results gone against the free-State men. Their leaders were imprisoned or scattered, their presses destroyed, their adherents dispirited with defeat. Nevertheless, as the day of meeting approached, the remnant of the legislature and some six to eight hundred citizens gathered at Topeka, though without any definite purpose or pre-arranged plan. Governor Shannon, the second of the Kansas executives, had by this time resigned his office, and Secretary Woodson was again acting governor. Here was a chance to put the free-State movement pointedly under the ban of federal authority which the cabal determined not to neglect. Reciting the President's proclamation of February, Secretary Woodson now issued his own proclamation forbidding all persons claiming legislative power and authority as aforesaid from assembling, organizing, or acting in any legislative capacity whatever. At the hour of noon on the 4th of July several companies of United States dragoons, which were brought into camp near town in anticipation of the event, entered Topeka in military array, under command of Colonel Sumner. A line of battle was formed in the street; cannon were planted, and the machinery of war prepared for instant action. Colonel Sumner, a most careful and conscientious officer and a free-State man at heart, with due formality, with decision and firmness, but at the same time openly expressing the painful nature of his duty, commanded the legislature, then about to assemble, to disperse. The members, not yet organized, immediately obeyed the order, having neither the will nor the means to resist it. There was no tumult, no violence, but little protest even in words. It might have been, instead of a real event, merely a holiday parade enacting a travesty of the Declaration of Independence. There were cheers for Sumner, cheers for Robinson, cheers for liberty, from the free-State men assembled; but the despotic purpose, clothed in forms of law, made a none the less profound impression upon the assem-

\* February 11th, 1856. "Statutes at Large," Vol. XI., p. 791.

† "Governor Geary's Administration," Gihon, p. 77; also compare copies of indictments, Phillips's "Conquest of Kansas," pp. 351-4.

bled citizens, and later, when the newspapers spread the report of the act, upon the indignant public mind of the Northern States of the Union.

From this time onward, other events of paramount historical importance supervene to crowd the Topeka Constitution out of view. In a feeble way the organization still held together for a considerable length of time. About a year later the legislature again went through the forms of assembling, and although Governor Walker was present in Topeka, there were no proclamations, no dragons, no can-

non, because the cabal was for the moment defeated and disconcerted and bent upon other and still more desperate schemes. The Topeka Constitution was never received nor legalized; its officers never became clothed with official authority; its scrip was never redeemed; yet in the fate of Kansas and in the annals of the Union at large it was a vital and pivotal transaction, without which the great conflict between freedom and slavery, though perhaps neither avoided nor delayed, might have assumed altogether different phases of development.



## THE ENCHANTRESS.

**I**N a land beyond the ocean,  
In the ages long ago,  
Lived a lady like a lily,  
With a breast and brow of snow.  
From far countries, kings and princes  
To behold her beauty came;  
And it pleased her that they loved her,  
To whom love was but a name.

Gallant knights with plumes and pennons,  
Pallid beggars at the door —  
On whomever fell her glances  
They were lost forevermore.  
And they died of hopeless passion,  
Or they lived her abject slaves;  
So the air was full of sighing,  
And the hilltops thick with graves.

But one day unto the gateway  
Of her palace came a youth,  
With a length of golden tresses  
And a face as fair as truth.  
Not to pay her beauty homage,  
And to fall beneath its spell,  
Did he come; but he was weary,  
So he rested by the well.

Riding forth that summer morning  
With a merry cavalcade,  
The enchantress saw him sleeping  
By the fountain, in the shade.  
As she passed with tinkling harness,  
She looked down in sweet surprise,  
And he lifted silken lashes  
From his blue and starry eyes.

All that day with knights and maidens,  
Through the forest arches dim,  
Rode she in a happy silence  
And a blissful dream of him.  
And at eve returning, eager  
Leaning forward from her place,  
Sought the gleam of golden tresses  
At the crystal fountain's base.

But its waters sparkled coldly  
In the moonbeams, chill and wan,  
And a nightingale sung near it,  
But the youth — the youth was gone!  
Yet upon his stony pillow  
He had carved in letters deep  
"Love" — his name — and to her chamber  
The enchantress passed to weep.

Nevermore beneath the eagles  
O'er the gateway carved bold,  
Rode she forth to pain or pleasure,  
Rode she forth in heat or cold.  
But she paced the narrow limits  
Of her marble courts by day,  
And upon a restless pillow  
Wept the weary night away.

Travelers passing by the portal  
Used to tell in after years  
Of a wan and white-haired woman  
Wasted with a life of tears.  
Aged crones would wisely whisper:  
"Through the land her praises rung,  
And men called her the enchantress,  
In the days when we were young."

*Minna Irving.*

## THE HUNDREDTH MAN.\*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null,"  
"The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

XV.

IT was deeply exasperating to the soul of J. Weatherby Stull to find that his tact and cunning had been overmatched, and his important secret discovered by that wily-souled old farmer, Enoch Bullripple. To many men this defeat would have been humiliating, but Mr. Stull could not be humiliated; he was simply enraged and filled with a desire for vengeance.

The advantage which Mr. Bullripple had gained over him with regard to the future prospects of John People troubled Mr. Stull not at all. In fact he was glad to make John a partner with a very small interest in the Vatoldi concern, and probably would have done so some day of his own accord. This position secured John's secrecy concerning the identity of the principal owner, for the young man had been made to understand thoroughly that in case of bad faith on his part the business would be brought to a sudden close. Regarding the old man's possession of the secret Mr. Stull felt perfectly safe. Enoch Bullripple had promised him before the agreement with John had been concluded that he would never divulge the fact that Mr. Stull owned Vatoldi's; and when Enoch Bullripple had given his word, Mr. Stull knew that it would be kept. In fact the secret was much safer when Enoch knew it and promised to keep it than when unknown to him and the subject of his prying curiosity.

But his satisfaction in regard to this phase of the affair made no difference in Stull's feelings towards the old scoundrel who, with unparalleled effrontery, had laid his sacrilegious hands upon that thing of inestimable worth, the product of years of thought and experience, the Vatoldi system. In his vandalic operations Enoch had shown such fiendish ingenuity that Mr. Stull felt sure he must for some time have suspected the identity of the man against whose peace of mind his machinations were directed, and that he was thus endeavoring, in some degree, to take a spiteful vengeance on Mr. Stull for that gentleman's acquisition, perfectly legal and proper, of his sister's farm.

That Enoch Bullripple should suffer for his malicious wrong-doing, Mr. Stull was fully determined, and he believed he had tact enough to ruin the old farmer, and yet give him no reason to believe that he had anything to do with it.

With all this arranged and ordered in his very orderly mind, Mr. Stull found himself once more in buoyant and cheerful spirits. He had work before him, and he was glad to do it. With regard to Vatoldi's his action would be prompt and vigorous. The place had been desecrated, and the most radical measures would be necessary to place it again upon its former footing. The boycotters, who had been much disheartened by the changes that had taken place under the Bullripple administration, were encouraged to fresh efforts by the return of John People to his post. They imagined that his absence had been a ruse to make them suppose that the business had passed into other hands, and they determined to show Mr. People that they were not to be deterred by such tricks as that.

But little Mr. Stull cared now for the boycotters. With his faithful manager again at his command, and with Vatoldi's, such as it used to be, absolutely gone and vanished, so that no thought of interference with its orderly system and its prosperity need prevent his making any change he might choose, he decided upon a bold step. He would close up the place, renovate, beautify, and enlarge it, and reopen it as the old Vatoldi's invigorated with fresh youth. All the circumstances of the case were in his favor. It was the season when the patrons he most cared for were out of town. A large adjoining store on which he had for years cast longing eyes was now at his disposal, and, above all, there was no better way to cleanse the establishment from its recent contaminations than to blot it out of existence for a time, and then re-create it in its old form.

Accordingly the firemen-waiters were discharged, the business was closed up, and when some boycotters arrived with a quantity of new circulars printed on bright red paper, they found the shutters up, and the door locked, and a notice posted, which stated that in



consequence of extensive alterations and enlargements the establishment would be closed for some weeks. This put an end to the boycotting business. The body of former waiters, who for some time had been regretting that they had not been willing to stick to their aprons and jackets, had been lately assured by their leader that John People's running away and coming back was a sign of weakness, and that a fresh attack upon him would surely be successful. They now lost all hope. Their strike had brought a great deal of privation upon them. Even supposing their action had been the real cause of the closing of the establishment, it had not been of the least benefit to themselves. Having now nothing to fight against, they determined to go to work as soon as they could; but, before doing so, they took the man who had led them into all their troubles into a lonely back yard, and after giving him a most unanimous beating, they emptied upon him two barrels of ashes, and would have provided him with sackcloth if they had supposed it would add to the gloominess of his reflections.

Through John People, Mr. Stull now arranged with contractors for his intended improvements; and when all the plans had been made, and everything prepared for the beginning of the work, Mr. Stull thought it a suitable time to give John the holiday for which his uncle had stipulated. During the preliminary demolitions of partitions, and tearing up of floors, and carting away of rubbish, the contractors would need no supervision. But when the new work was actually begun, Mr. Stull would wish his managing partner to be on hand to make daily reports, and receive daily instructions.

The usually serene John had been very angry during his brief sojourn in the South, and when he returned he had not hesitated to tell his uncle what he thought of the trick which had been played upon him. But old Enoch had received his nephew's reproaches with such imperturbability, and had taken such immediate and decided steps for the furtherance of the young man's business prosperity, that the latter could not but forgive him. With nothing, therefore, to cast a cloud upon the radiant skies of his holiday, John repaired to the scenes of his boyhood.

Mr. Stull's family usually went into the country as early in the season as any other fashionable people, but this year the domestic economies had been very much interfered with by the Vatoldi disturbances, and the family was still in town. For reasons of his own Mr. Stull determined not to go to a watering-place but to the farm which he owned in the pleasant region of Cherry Bridge. His wife and daugh-

ters were ready to leave town much sooner than he himself desired to go, and they were therefore dispatched in company with their voluminous baggage, to take possession of the apartments that had been prepared for the family in the house of the tenant of the farm, with whom they were to board.

It might have appeared to an ordinary observer, cognizant of Mr. Stull's designs against the financial prosperity of Enoch Bullripple, that it was a rash and imprudent step for Stull, if he wished to remain unknown as the author of the intended injuries to the old farmer, to come into the neighborhood at the time when the injuries were about to be inflicted. But Mr. Stull had his wits about him. He had resolved that under no circumstances would he show in this affair, and when his working operations had been finally decided upon, he found that his occasional presence at Cherry Bridge would be a great aid in the preservation of his secret. This, therefore, was the principal reason for selecting this long-unvisited farm as a suitable place for his summer sojourn.

Mrs. Stull, whose tastes were rather domestic than otherwise, was very willing, after a winter of a somewhat goaded social activity, to retire into an uneventful country life; the two younger girls, both in short dresses, were delighted at the prospect of field rambles and mountain scrambles; and even Miss Matilda thought she might find a good deal to amuse and interest her independent and practical mind at Cherry Bridge.

During the first week of their stay on the farm Mr. Stull's family found their anticipations of pleasure fully realized; but towards the end of that period Miss Matilda was obliged to admit to herself that things were getting a little dull. She had taken all the drives she cared to take with her mother and sisters; she had taken all the walks she cared to take by herself, for her mother never walked, and the two girls always ran; and she began to see that nature had not designed her to be happy under any circumstances in which she had nobody to talk to.

It was in this mood that she sauntered one day across a broad pasture-field through which a narrow path meanderingly ran. With one small and tightly gloved hand she held a bright red parasol over her head, and with the other hand she raised the skirt of her fashionably modeled dress just enough to show her tightly fitting boots. To those who were acquainted with this small but very pretty young woman, everything about her seemed to partake of the characteristics of her gloves and boots. Even her ideas, although they were not very far-reaching, were admirably adapted and shaped to their objects.

Raising her eyes as she daintily trod the narrow path, she saw, approaching her, a young man of rotund and sturdy proportions, an upright carriage, and a strong, energetic, though rather rolling gait. His rounded cheeks were somewhat flushed, perhaps from exercise, and on his brow there was an air of gentle resignation, mingled now with some other feeling which might be embarrassment, uncertain anticipation, or some form of indeterminate anxiety. The moment the eyes of Miss Matilda fell upon this young man she recognized him by the resigned brow which she had frequently noticed while taking refreshments at Vatoldi's.

John had seen Miss Matilda long before she had noticed him. He was not altogether surprised at the vision of this being, who for many months had been so prominent in his thoughts; for he knew the family were coming to their farm, and it was very natural that Miss Matilda should give herself the pleasure of a walk abroad. His soul was rejoiced to look upon her again, but his ideas of propriety and exact social conduct were in a sad tremble. He did not know what he ought to do when he met her. Strictly speaking he was not acquainted with her, although some slight conversation had once taken place between them at the cashier's desk at Vatoldi's. It might be that she would not resent a bow from him, should she but remember that she had spoken with him, notwithstanding a collateral recollection of having very often paid him for her luncheons. Moreover the two were now in the country, upon a narrow path through a field, and under such circumstances it was certainly proper for a man to raise his hat when he passed a lady, no matter whether she recognized him or not. But, more powerful than these motives impelling him to bow to Miss Matilda, was the remembrance that he was now her father's partner. To be sure she did not know this, but he was very conscious of it, and this consciousness had already begun to have a stiffening effect upon his character. Miss Matilda might not deign even to look at him, but a rebuff of this kind would not have the effect upon him it would have had a few weeks before. "Therefore," said John to himself, "I will take off my hat as I pass her." And as this act, look upon it as he might, had in it a gentle flavor of acquaintanceship, it was quite natural his heart should flutter and his cheeks increase their healthful glow.

But, to the great surprise of the young man, Miss Stull stopped before he reached her, and stood, looking pleasantly at him as if she were awaiting his approach. This was indeed the case, for the heart of Miss Matilda was cheered

by the sight of a young man whose appearance was familiar to her, and to whom she had a very fair excuse for speaking.

"Good-morning," she said, when he was near enough.

John, his whole being thoroughly moved by this salutation, stopped, took off his hat, put it on again, ejaculated "Good-morning," and without any volition on his part was about to pass on. But Miss Matilda had no intention of allowing this.

"Are you not the gentleman who attended to the desk at Vatoldi's restaurant?" she said. "I have seen you there so often that I recognized you immediately, although it appears very odd to meet you out here in this far-away country place."

John indistinctly murmured something to the effect that it was rather odd.

"But now I come to think of it," she continued, "you once told me you were born here. In that case of course it isn't odd that you should sometimes come here."

The fact that she remembered the little conversation gave John such a rush of delight to the head that he was incapable of making an immediate remark suitable to the occasion, and stammered out instead some words which seemed to indicate that he thought it was rather odd that he should have been born here.

"Everything must seem very familiar to you," said Miss Matilda, "and things ought to be very familiar to me too, for I used to live here when I was a girl. But, somehow or other, they are not. These fields are not so large as I remember them, and the mountains and woods seem a great deal nearer than they used to be. I wonder if this is the field where that old gentleman who told me in the restaurant that he was your uncle used to keep a savage bull for the sole purpose, as I believed, of frightening children off the grass."

John's tumultuous emotion was now subsiding into an astonished delight at the friendly words and manner of Miss Stull. "Yes, ma'am," said he, "this is the field, but there is no bull here now."

"Oh, I am not in the slightest degree afraid of it," said Miss Matilda, "with some one here to drive him away."

John smiled and glowed, and, emboldened by his pleasure, made an independent remark. "You couldn't have been very much afraid of it, ma'am," he said, "when you came into the field with your red parasol."

"I did think of the bull," said Miss Matilda, twirling the parasol in front of her as she spoke, "and I thought if he should come at me it would be a very good thing to have this red parasol. I should have thrown it right down

in the way he was coming and then, while he was hornimg it, I should have run away."

"That would have been a tip-top thing to do," said John, admiringly. "I don't believe anybody could have done better than that."

"Except keep out of the field altogether," she said. "And now can you tell me which way I ought to go to find a path which will lead me to some place where I can get into the road that runs by my father's farm. You know where that is?"

"Oh, yes," said John, "that was the place I was born on. If you just walk across the grass to the fence corner over there, you will come to bars which can be let down, and then on the other side of the next field is a gate which opens into the road."

"How do you let down bars?" asked Miss Matilda.

"Oh, I'll go over and do it for you," said John.

Miss Matilda smiled and thanked him, and the two walked together over the grass to the fence corner.

"It seems strange," said Miss Stull, "that, being born on a farm, you did not stay there and become a farmer instead of going to the city and keeping a restaurant."

"I didn't have any choice in the matter," said John. And in his heart he thought that he was rejoiced that his mother's home had been snatched from her, and that he had been cast forth upon the world; for, otherwise, he would never have come in contact with the Stulls, and this enrapturing walk across the fields could never have been a reality.

"After all," continued the lady, "it isn't such a very bad arrangement, for I suppose your uncle can raise bulls here and send them down to be used in your restaurant."

John smiled vigorously. "Uncle does sometimes sell us things from the farm, but we never had any call for the kind of meat you speak of. All that we buy is the tenderest and best."

"That is very true," said Miss Matilda, "for I remember that I often used to get there the nicest kinds of lamb chops, and, sometimes, sweetbreads."

Had the heavens opened? Was it possible that the memory of those carefully reserved chops and sweetbreads still lingered in her soul? Could it be that they had made an impression thereon? Dared he to believe that she saw in these delicacies something more than the lamb or the calf could offer? Be the truth what it might, it was enough now to know that she remembered those choice bits which he had so carefully preserved for her in the corner of his ice-box, and which represented the feelings that filled, not a corner, but the whole of his heart.

"If ever again," he said to himself, as he strode proudly beside her, "she doesn't come for two or three days, and any of those cuts are left over, no soul on earth shall eat them but myself!"

The bars were taken down with great alacrity. Then John offered to accompany the lady to the gate, for, as he remarked, it was more than likely that it was fastened up in some way that would make it hard for her to open it. Miss Stull had no desire to lose John's company at that point, and, accepting his offer, the two continued their walk.

When they had passed through a gate, which really did require the hand of a man to open it, John said, pointing to a farm-house which stood some little distance back from the road: "That is the house of my uncle, Mr. Bullripple. My mother lives with him, and I am spending my holiday there. Wouldn't you like to step in and rest? My mother will be very glad to see you, and it is a good mile to your father's farm along this road."

Miss Matilda hesitated a moment. "Do you think your mother could give me a glass of milk?" she said.

"Milk!" exclaimed John, "gallons of it! Rich as cream, and right out of the cool spring-house."

"That sounds nice," said Miss Matilda, "although I don't want gallons. I think I will stop and rest."

With more of a roll, and more of a swell, and more of a vigorous step than he had ever shown before, John crossed the road and threw open the Bullripple gate. Up the short lane shaded by cherry-trees he proudly escorted Miss Stull. The young lady declared she did not care to go into the house, but would rather rest in the shade outside, so John led her to a chair under the great oak-tree where stood the table at which Mr. Stratford frequently wrote his letters.

"I will tell mother you are here," said John, "and you shall have some milk in a moment."

When Mrs. People heard who was sitting under the tree, she knitted her brows. Her opinion of Mr. Stull was one of the strongest reprobation, and, years ago, had been personally stated to him. She had never changed this opinion, nor did she know of any reason why she should like anything belonging to him. If his daughter stopped in her yard and asked for a drink of milk she would give it to her just as she would give it to a needy tramp, but she did not want to go out and see her. Besides she was busy in the kitchen, and was not in a condition to see folks.

"Mother," said John, "I'll go to the spring-house and get a pitcher of milk, and will you

please put some of those big raspberries that were picked to-day into something, and I will take them out to her."

The chin of Mrs. People went up into the air, and she made no answer. She was not accustomed to refuse any request made by her dear boy, but this was going very far. Why should John put himself to so much trouble to refresh old Stull's daughter? She stepped to a window of the kitchen which was in the end of the house and commanded a view of the oak-tree. That girl out there was certainly very pretty, and wore as stylish clothes as ever had been seen in this part of the country. Mrs. People did not affect such things herself, but she knew them when she saw them.

As she stood and gazed on Miss Matilda, a brilliant idea flashed into Mrs. People's mind. "Suppose," she thought, "just suppose that should happen!" and she rubbed together her floury hands. She knew that Miss Stull, as well as her father, frequently came to Vatoldi's, and she supposed it was there John had made the young lady's acquaintance, and nothing could be more natural than that they should like each other. She was truly a pretty little piece of goods; and as for John, a manlier figure and an honester face were never created for the delight of womankind. Yes, indeed, if that should come about, the family would get back more than they had lost; and if old Stull didn't like it, he could lump it. And to know that he lumped it would be a rare joy to Mrs. People.

Quickly now the good woman washed her hands. A handsome glass dish was heaped with bright red raspberries, several slices of her nicest cake were put upon a pretty china plate, a bowl of white sugar was brought out, and when John appeared with the milk she sent him back for a pitcher of cream. And while he was gone she glanced along her pantry shelves, and added some guava jelly to the other refreshments. When John came, he covered a waiter with a large napkin, and with much celerity arranged upon it the articles mentioned, together with the necessary spoons, saucers, napkin, and tumbler, and a glass of water. Throwing a small table-cloth over his left arm John took up the waiter, and stepped briskly into the yard; his mother assuring him that she would go out and speak to the young lady as soon as she had put on something fit to be seen.

Arrived at the tree, the waiter was daintily placed upon the grass, the cloth was swiftly but correctly spread upon the table, and then, with the skill of the head-man at Vatoldi's, John placed dishes, glasses, pitchers, and saucers upon the fine white cloth.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Miss Stull,

when John appeared. "You've brought me a regular meal! But I must say this seems quite natural! Why, I could almost imagine myself at Vatoldi's, and you, or one of your waiters, fixing up everything in such a tempting way!"

And Miss Matilda, not at all loath to enjoy what was set before her, drew off her gloves, and began her repast; while John poured out the milk, served the berries, handed the cream and sugar, proffered the cake, and performed every service with the grace and foresight of an accomplished knight of the restaurant.

Now appeared, at the front door of the house, Mr. Stratford prepared for an afternoon drive. Somewhat surprised at the scene under the oak-tree, he stood and gazed at it with considerable interest. "Are the business instincts of that young man so strong," he thought, "that he has started a restaurant in the yard? He has certainly a very nice-looking customer."

It was plain to a man of observation that John's attentions to the lady who was refreshing herself were much more assiduous than those paid by the ordinary waiter; and Stratford smiled as he noticed the alacrity and readiness with which the young man anticipated and provided for the desires of the lady.

Having put on his gloves, Mr. Stratford walked across an opposite corner of the yard toward a hitching-post where his horse and buggy awaited him. Miss Stull now first noticed him, and immediately inquired of John who was that gentleman. John gave her the necessary information, and, while expressing her surprise that a gentleman like that should be willing to shut himself up here in a farmhouse, she watched Mr. Stratford as he prepared to drive away. She admired his straight and well-proportioned figure; she appreciated to the full the correct and handsome fashion of the clothes he wore; and although his face was somewhat embrowned, it met with her entire approval. Instantly she began to think that this neighborhood, which that morning had seemed to her so dull, might yet prove quite interesting.

Stratford drove away, and almost immediately afterward Mrs. People appeared under the oak-tree, attired in a pink and white striped frock, very much washed and starched. She offered Miss Stull a very friendly greeting which that young lady received with suitable moderation. John placed a chair for his mother, and, the repast having been concluded, he carried away the dishes, the table-cloth, and napkin.

"I'm very much obliged to you for your milk," said Miss Matilda, "and the berries were really delicious." She said nothing about the cake, which Mrs. People had made herself,



and praise of which she anxiously awaited, but proceeded to ask Mrs. People if there were many persons from the cities now staying in this part of the country.

"No," said Mrs. People, generously refraining from any hints in regard to the quality of the cake. "There's Mr. Stratford, who, perhaps, you noticed just goin' away in his buggy. He's been spendin' the summers with us for a good many years, and no President of the United States ever came near him for bein' an out and out gentleman from his hat to his boots. He's goin' now to see Mrs. Justin, who lives about three miles from here, and she might, perhaps, be called city folks too, because she has a house in town, although this one is her real home, bein' where her husband died, and where she comes every year just as certain as the Spring lambs. Besides these, there's no city folks except a gentleman who comes every Saturday to Mrs. Justin's to see a young lady who is stayin' there, who is just about as pretty as any pictur' that ever was painted, though John has said to me two or three times, and when I first heard him speak of it I could n't for the life of me think why he made such a p'int of her looks, that she's not the kind of a girl he fancies, there bein' somethin' too much of her, and an air about her which he calls 'too larky,' havin' seen her once or twice walkin' over the fields, and goin' along in a way which I suppose reminded him of a lark bird; and says he to me: 'Mother,' and I declare I didn't understand what he meant when he first said it—'Mother,' said he, 'the kind of a girl I fancy is more like a wren'; one of these Jenny wrens, ma'am, that build in a box. You don't see 'em in the city, perhaps, but there's plenty of 'em here. And John says he fancies a girl that's more like them, bein' littler than a lark, and more natty and smarter; an' I am sure no one would ever be offended if they could once see a wren settin' on the top of her box, just as neat as a new pin, and always there when wanted, at least I suppose so, though never havin' wanted a wren I can't say for certain, though I know very well that a lark is a different kind of a bird, and not to be depended upon."

About larks and wrens Miss Stull cared nothing at all, and she perceived none of the delicate allusions in Mrs. People's remarks. But she took great interest in Mrs. Justin, and asked many questions about her. The Justins had always kept aloof from the Stulls, and Miss Matilda had never heard the name mentioned. Now, however, she determined that she would make it a point to become acquainted with Mrs. Justin. If the neighborhood was to be made interesting she must know her neighbors.

Miss Matilda soon took her leave, and although John offered to walk with her as far as her father's farm, she declined his services. The road would lead her directly home, she said, and there was ever so much of the afternoon left.

Mrs. People and John accompanied their visitor to the gate, and as she went out she turned to the latter and said with a smile: "If I thought there was any chance of meeting a bull in the road perhaps I might let you go with me."

If John had read her expression he would have seen that it indicated a desire not to drop wholly the acquaintance of one who might yet be useful to her. But he could find no immediate answer to this remark, and merely allowed himself a melancholy smile. But his mother did not hesitate an instant.

"Now, Miss Stull," said she, "just let me tell you this. Old Mr. Barclay, who lives, himself, down at the Bridge, has got a field just at the turn of the road there, where he most commonly pastur's some cattle, and sometimes he does have a bull among 'em, which it may be cross and it may be not, which is not for you nor me to say, Miss Stull, not havin' seen him. And though Mr. Barclay always does keep up his fences, like a good neighbor as he is, he hasn't been along this way for more'n a week—yes, I guess it's a good two weeks—and I've found out in the course of my life that no farm hand is to be depended on in the matter of top rails bein' up, like the master himself. And now, you see, Miss Stull, if there is a bull in that field, and he happens to be a cross one, and some of the top rails has been knocked down, or been left not put up, and none of us not knowin' can say that none of them things isn't, why then it would be a great sight safer, Miss Stull, for you to let my son John walk along with you as far as your father's gate."

Miss Matilda laughed. "Thank you," she said, "but I think I'll take the chances." And she walked briskly away.

#### XVI.

As Mr. Stratford rode away from the Bull-ripple farm, his mind was somewhat occupied by conjectures regarding the young lady who was being served with refreshments under the great oak-tree. He began to fear that Mrs. People had been induced to take other boarders, and this would be in violation of the verbal contract he had made with her. The notion of it troubled him, especially as nothing had been previously said about it, and this would imply a total change in the frank and communicative manner of his landlady.



Resolving to inquire into the matter as soon as he returned to the farm, he put it all behind him long before he arrived at Mrs. Justin's house.

The lady of the mansion was on the piazza, and she was very glad to see him. A return to the friendly intercourse of so many years was delightful to her true soul, as loyal to her friends as to her memories. But her reception of Stratford, warm and cordial as it was, appeared tame and lukewarm when compared to the greeting given him by Gay when that young lady came flying downstairs and out of the front door to meet him. She ran to him with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes and both hands outstretched.

As she looked on at this meeting the spirits of Mrs. Justin fell a degree or two, and her faith in Gay's unalterable devotion to Mr. Crisman wavered for a moment. Never had she seen that young lady so glad to meet her lover. But quickly the assuring reflection came to her that lovers do not show their true feeling before other people, and that Gay's joy at having Mr. Crisman with her was probably shown to him alone. This was all open and free for anybody to see, and meant nothing but that Gay was delighted to meet again this kind friend and teacher. If the girl had suspected for a moment what Stratford had thought about her and Mr. Crisman there would have been no such greeting as this. So the free-hearted openness of Gay's manner to her friend proved the strength of her love for her lover, and the spirits of Mrs. Justin rose to their previous level.

"And now you must tell us," said Gay, "why you have staid away so long. It was awfully kind of you to take Mr. Crisman fishing. He says he hasn't had such a good day for ever so long. Everything would have been simply perfect if you had come back with him to dinner, and we all could have talked over the day's adventures."

At this Stratford smiled, but a touch of pity came into his heart when he thought of what a bad day he might make of that good one of which the young man had spoken so cheerily. But all sentiment of this kind quickly vanished as he looked at Gay and thought of Crisman.

Mr. Stratford would not stay to dinner, but he promised to come and dine on the morrow, when Mr. Crisman would be there. Mrs. Justin and Gay walked with him to his vehicle, and the young girl broke into strong admiration of the horse. Without a thought of anything more than she said, she declared that it must be absolutely delightful to ride behind such an animal as that.

"Wouldn't you like to test it?" said Strat-

ford. "There's plenty of time for a drive of a mile or two."

Gay, with her face full of the most ardent consent, looked at Mrs. Justin, while Stratford remarked that he was sorry that the character of his vehicle did not permit him to ask them both.

Mrs. Justin hesitated, but quickly concluded that any disapprobation of the drive, such a commonplace thing in itself, would show to Stratford that she did not believe what she had written to him in her letter. So she stiffened her mind with the thought of Gay's fidelity, and she said: "Why not take her a little drive? And some other time you must show me the quality of your horse."

"So you always drive as fast as this?" exclaimed Gay, when they were on the public road. "What a magnificent horse! His hind legs work like a steam-engine! It's perfectly splendid to see him let himself down with the skin wrinkling on his back, and his ears up. Why, this is going like the wind!"

"I seldom drive so fast," said Stratford, "but I thought you would like a short spurt of speed, and as we have but little time I want to get you up to the Summit as soon as possible. There will be a fine view from there this evening."

"You can't go too fast for me," said Gay, "and I wish the Summit were twelve miles away instead of two.—What! There already!" she exclaimed presently, when they reached a spot where the road began to dip into the valley beneath. "Why, Mr. Stratford, it's a long, long walk!"

"And a short, short spin on wheels," he replied. "And now, look out there! Isn't that worth coming to see?"

Gay had looked upon this view before, but never at this hour. They were on a different side of the ridge from which, sitting on a rail fence, they had once viewed the sunset; and a far wider extent of country was spread out before them. The opening glories of the western sky were at their backs, but beneath them stretched a far-reaching plain, green here with pastures, yellow there with ripening grain, and these brighter colors relieved by great masses of thick forest which seemed to be retiring in irregular columns towards a distant line of mountains which raised themselves, clear and blue, along the horizon. The great, white clouds which floated in the sky were tinged with a delicate pink by the reflections from the west, and over everything there fell the veil of evening, which at this hour softened, without obscuring, the scene.

"This is altogether new," said Gay, her hand unconsciously resting on her companion's sleeve. "I have never seen it like this."

She said little, but her eyes were feasting; and Stratford sat and looked at her. Presently he got down and opened a gate by the side of the road, and then mounting again to his seat he drove into a field and along a narrow way between rows of corn towards a grassy acclivity which stood higher than the place at which they had first stopped.

"Where are you going?" asked Gay.

"To get a view from a different point," was the answer. "I think you will like it."

She did like it. She actually rose to her feet with a cry of delight. Not far away, and amid the soft beauty of the evening landscape, lay a small and almost luminous sheet of water, shining like a diamond in a rich, dark setting of green banks and overhanging pines.

"A lake!" cried Gay. "A lovely little lake! I never knew there was such a thing in all this country!"

"It is not a lake," said Stratford. "It is nothing but our little Cherry Creek, which makes a broad bend beneath that bank, and shows no more of itself from this point, either coming or going; but it gives a master's touch to the scene; don't you think so?"

"It makes it perfect," said Gay. "Simply perfect."

As she gazed, there came into the mind of Gay something she was about to say, but she checked herself. She remembered that the most beautiful and peculiar views she had seen in this neighborhood had been shown to her by Mr. Stratford. She was about to express her gratitude in words which should show her appreciation of this fact, but there came into her mind another recollection with which some feelings of regret were mingled. She determined, on the spot, that one of the things which it was her duty to do for Mr. Crisman was to induce him to appreciate the loveliness which nature has to show us in a country like this. He not only ought to like them for himself, but he ought to like to see her enjoy them. Of course this could not be expected just now, because, as he had often told her, it did not matter to him where they walked or what he saw, so that she was with him. It was delightful to have Charlie think in this way of her, but she wanted him to love hills and valleys and distant mountains and beautiful skies as much as she did. She intended to lead his mind into a true regard for these things, and she knew she could do it.

As they were returning on the high road, going more slowly than when they came, Gay looked at the horse and then at the reins in Mr. Stratford's hands, and then she looked at him, and plucked up courage to ask, in hesitating words, if he would let her drive a little.

"Of course," said Stratford, handing the reins to her; "do you like driving?"

"I have scarcely ever tried it," exclaimed Gay, "but I know I should like it above all things. I used to ride sometimes with the other girls when I was at college, but I believe I should like driving better."

"It depends upon the horse and the country you are in," replied Stratford. "You must draw the reins a little tighter. Let me show you how to hold them."

Gay's ideas of driving were exceedingly crude, but she was a girl of quick observation, and her little hands grasped the reins in exactly the manner which Mr. Stratford, by word or touch, now indicated. The horse gave his head an approving nod or two as he felt the tightening pressure on his bit, and stepped out well, and the spirit and the life of him seemed to come through the long leathern lines into Gay's hands, and her face was flushed with a new-born pleasure.

"I feel," she cried, as they rolled along, "exactly as if I were doing it all myself."

Stratford laughed, and showed her how to do it better, warning her in good time, before she reached them, of awkward ruts or obtruding stones. Some of these she hit and some she missed, but within her glowed and sparkled the pleasure of the driving, until, with a wholly unnecessary "Whoa!" she drew up at Mrs. Justin's gate.

"I ought to be ashamed to admit it," she exclaimed when, her hands in those of Stratford, she had sprung to the ground, "but I really believe that driving your horse was a greater delight than looking at those lovely views. That oughtn't to be, but it is."

The next day Mr. Stratford came to Mrs. Justin's house to dinner, and his hostess found herself doing something which she had never done before. She was watching her guests, particularly Mr. Crisman. She was curious to know what he would think, if Gay should be as glad to see Mr. Stratford as she had been the day before. There was no reason to expect such strong demonstrations of delight, and none such occurred; but there was a show of hearty good-fellowship, as Stratford and the young lady shook each other by the hand, which produced an impression upon Mr. Crisman. It was plain to Mrs. Justin that he was surprised to see it.

In her observations of Stratford the lady of the house hoped to perceive that what she had said in her letter had had its due effect upon him, and although he might not be willing to acknowledge that he had made a mistake, he would show by his conduct — and Mrs. Justin felt quite able to read her friend's convictions through his conduct — that he had

abandoned the mad plan he had proposed to himself.

But she saw no evidence of any such determination. In fact, Mr. Stratford's conduct gave her more concern than it had ever done before. On previous occasions, when he and Crisman had been together at her house, Stratford had been very careful not to obtrude himself upon the lovers, acting in unison with his hostess to give them every opportunity of enjoying undisturbed the society of each other. But now he seemed to treat Gay as a young lady to whom the conversation of one man was as pleasant as that of another. There was no attempt to interfere with Mr. Crisman's efforts to make himself agreeable to Gay; but, on the other hand, there was no attempt to offer him facilities for doing so. The conversation, therefore, continued to be a general one, even for some time after dinner. The talk turning upon foreign cities, a subject in which Gay was greatly interested, Stratford opened a portfolio of photographs collected by Mrs. Justin in an Italian tour, and began to show to Gay some of the places they had been talking about.

The soul of the young lady was soon completely absorbed in traveling from temple to palace, from olive grove to crumbling ruin, in company with one who had seen them all, and who made her feel as if she were really seeing them herself. While this was going on Mrs. Justin and Crisman continued to converse; but the young man soon became impatient, and, rising, began to walk up and down the room, regarding the couple at the portfolio with evident disapprobation.

The two had come up from Naples, had wandered through portions of Rome, and were in the court-yard of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, when the mind of Gay became troubled. She was greatly enjoying herself, but there seemed to be something wanting; and, looking up, she asked Mr. Crisman if he did not wish to come and look at these photographs and have Mr. Stratford tell him all about them.

"Thank you kindly," said Crisman, "but I don't care for photographs. If I can't see the real thing I'm perfectly willing to let it all go by."

Gay made no answer, but her countenance became a little troubled, and she began to rapidly turn the photographs, merely asking a question here and there. Stratford quickly noticed her mood, and the tour by photography was soon brought quietly to an end, as if they had both grown a little tired of it. Crisman had now gone out on the piazza to see what sort of night it was. Gay followed him to assist him in making his observations,

and Stratford saw no more of the two that evening.

Mrs. Justin felt a little provoked with her friend, and somewhat inclined to scold him, and yet, she said to herself, why should she do so? After asking him to come to her house and be the same friend he had been before, should she now begin to find fault with him for his civilities to her other friends? There was really no occasion to reprove him, and she did not, but she continued to feel dissatisfied with him, all the same. When he took his leave he perceived a little of that dissatisfaction in her manner, but he resolutely took no notice of it. He had decided that enough had been said between him and Mrs. Justin on the subject of Gay and her lover, and his purpose regarding them; and, so far as it lay in his power, he would avoid saying anything more.

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Crisman allowed himself to make some remarks which were decidedly uncomplimentary to Mr. Stratford. He made no attack upon that gentleman, but he delivered himself of some general opinions which were evidently intended to include Mr. Stratford in their application. The tone and purpose of these remarks were very displeasing to Mrs. Justin. It was not unnatural, although she believed it to be without sufficient reason, that Mr. Crisman should feel somewhat annoyed that a man should engross for a time the attention of his lady love, but there was no reason whatever why Mr. Stratford should be so spoken of in the house of his friend. Mrs. Justin's eyes flashed a little, and she was on the point of making a sharp reply, but remembering that Crisman was also her guest, she restrained herself, and found a quick occasion to change the conversation. Gay said nothing, but it was easy enough to see that she understood the full purport of Crisman's words. She would have been glad to burst out with a vehement assertion that if Mr. Crisman intended to include Mr. Stratford among the people he was talking about, he had made a great mistake. But her woman's sense taught her that it would be unwise in her to undertake the defense of Stratford against her lover. She felt it was cowardly to remain silent, but she did so, hoping however, most earnestly, that Mrs. Justin would speak.

Mrs. Justin did speak. Crisman would not allow the conversation to remain changed, and made another unpleasant allusion to Stratford, more pointed than anything he had said before. This was too much for the hostess to endure, even from a guest, and in a few words, a little more prompt in delivery than she intended them to be, she assured Mr. Crisman that she knew many persons who were

extremely willing to impart their information, and very quick to see where such information would be of advantage, but who were neither vain of their knowledge, nor used it as a means of insolently showing their superiority to other people. As an instance of such persons she mentioned Mr. Stratford.

Gay was delighted with this reply, and looked her thanks to Mrs. Justin. The latter noticed them, but received them with slight satisfaction. She was defending her friend for her own sake, not for Gay's.

Crisman smiled. His shot had hit, and the hit had been acknowledged. He was satisfied, and, after remarking that it was all right to stand up for one's friends and that he did not intend to pitch into anybody, he changed the conversation of his own accord, and bore during the rest of the meal the greater part of it himself.

All that afternoon Mr. Stratford was expected by Mrs. Justin and Gay. They hoped he would come, not only because they were always glad to see him, but because they felt that, in a manner, he owed it to himself not to keep in the background when his character had been assailed. To be sure he did not know that anything had been said against him, but Mrs. Justin and Gay knew it, and that was sufficient reason for them to think he should come forward and show himself. But, on the other hand, they both feared his coming. For every reason they greatly desired peace, and they had some cause to suppose that if Mr. Crisman and Stratford were in the house together that day there might not be peace. This was a very unpleasant thought to think; and Gay, on her part, assured herself that there was not the least reason in the world for thinking it; and yet, being a young person with a sensitiveness of perception which she was not yet capable of appreciating, she thought it, all the same. As for Mr. Crisman, he intended, if that very superior gentleman from the Bullripple farm made his appearance at Mrs. Justin's house that day, to give him a cold shoulder, and, if necessary, a sharp elbow. But Mr. Stratford did not come, and although the day proved to be rather a dull one, it was a very placid one.

That afternoon Mr. Stratford took a walk by himself over the fields and hills. He had

intended going to Mrs. Justin's, but he, too, had quick perceptions, and, while he had no idea of relinquishing his purposes, he would not intentionally do anything that might disturb the harmony of Mrs. Justin's home, and he had believed when on the evening before he had seen Crisman walking restlessly up and down the room, that harmony might easily be disturbed.

Over the fields, that afternoon, also, walked Miss Matilda Stull. When she saw from afar a gentleman crossing the same field she recognized immediately that this was the Mr. Stratford who lived at the Bullripple farm. Then said Miss Matilda to herself, "how I do wish that he had lived here when I was a little girl playing about these fields; that his uncle had owned a wicked bull; and that I knew him well enough to stop and talk about it. Of course I don't wish that I had met him at a restaurant where I paid him money for my luncheon, but it would be ever so nice if I had made his acquaintance at some suitable place, and could now stop and talk to him about old times. And if he would walk with me, and show me the way, and let down the bars for me—that would be another sort of thing altogether!"

As Mr. Stratford passed, he raised his hat, and Miss Stull slightly bowed. She knew that when gentlemen and ladies met each other in these out-of-the-way places it was quite proper that they should recognize each other's presence. And now Miss Stull walked on with a quick step. It was only the afternoon before that, standing in a little shop, she had seen Mrs. Justin and Gay drive through the village on their way to the station where they were going to meet Mr. Crisman. And now she had encountered face to face that gentleman who had excited her interest when refreshing herself under the Bullripple oak.

"It is perfectly ridiculous," she said to herself, "that all these people should be in this neighborhood, and I not know them. None of them have called, but I suppose they haven't the slightest idea we are here. Mother don't want to know anybody, and is glad to shut herself up. If father were here it would be different; but I'm not going to wait for him. They've got to call on us, and I shall make it my business to see that they do it."

(To be continued.)

Frank R. Stockton.





## SOME PORTRAITS OF HAWTHORNE.



THE portraits of men who have proved their greatness in literature, art, statecraft, religion, warfare, or in some other field of human action, naturally become subjects of public interest. It has happened recently that in several quarters attention has been directed to portraits of Nathaniel Hawthorne; and some valuable discoveries have been made. Owing to these discoveries, however, more or less confusion has arisen concerning the portraits newly found. In the paragraphs which follow, I shall attempt to dispel this confusion and to record facts in such a way that collectors, or future investigators, may have something accurate to go by. But it may be well to premise that my remarks are not to be read as if they formed what is called a literary essay. The nature of the case compels a simple effort to unravel a certain tangle of facts and inferences; and that unraveling is all that I shall attempt. It will be necessary for me to talk about coats, waistcoats, and cravats; but if it should seem to readers amusing that I do so, because I wish to be accurate and make my meaning clear, that is a matter of little moment to me.

A short time before I wrote the Introductory Notes for a new edition of Hawthorne's Works,\* I received a letter from Mr. George H. Holden, of Providence, which referred to Hawthorne. This resulted in a correspondence and acquaintance. Mr. Holden took a great interest in the various existing portraits of Hawthorne, and especially the original photographs of him. In the "Biographical Sketch" that I attached to the Riverside edition, I made mention of several representations of Hawthorne with which I was familiar.

One of these was a photograph taken in England, formerly owned by Nathaniel Hawthorne's wife and now, as for some years past, in the possession of her daughter, Mrs. Lathrop. This photograph, Miss E. P. Peabody (Mrs. Hawthorne's sister) had frequently told me, was made for John Lothrop Motley. Her belief in this regard, founded apparently upon something which Mr. Motley had told her, was that the historian, wishing to have a graphic likeness of his friend, which should be

taken without premeditation, surprised Hawthorne into being photographed unawares. Accordingly, I detailed the supposed authentic incident in my Biographical Sketch,† as follows:

"His friend, John Lothrop Motley, induced him one day to enter a photographer's establishment, on the plea that he had business of his own there. Hawthorne was given a book to read, while waiting, and when the photographer was ready Motley attracted his friend's attention. Hawthorne looked up with a dawning smile, a bright, expectant glance—holding the book on his knee meanwhile, with a finger in the place,—and instantly a perfect negative was made."

This was the way in which the story had been many times related to me, on what I supposed to be the best authority; and it was natural, therefore, that it should have been repeated, among others, to Mr. Holden, who I believe further questioned Miss Peabody about it, and then published the supposed facts in a letter to the "Salem Gazette." His version, however, introduced some particulars which I did not remember to have heard before; viz., that Motley's excuse for going into the photograph gallery was to examine some proofs of a likeness of himself, and that Hawthorne was photographed while looking after Motley just as the latter was disappearing behind a screen, ostensibly in search of the proofs. Mr. Holden also said that, although Hawthorne remained ignorant of the "surreptitious picture," one of his children saw it, and mentioned it to her father after they had left England. But Hawthorne was incredulous, and fancied that his daughter was mistaken. "After her husband's death," Mr. Holden went on, "Mrs. Hawthorne became acquainted with the facts as above narrated, and at her earnest entreaty the photograph was sent to her."

The anecdote thus put forward in print for the first time—it was published in the "Gazette" before my Biographical Sketch came out—was pronounced by Mr. Julian Hawthorne "a real curiosity in fabrication";‡ and he proceeded to give an extract from a letter written to him by Henry A. Bright, of Liverpool, one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's intimate friends in England. According to Mr. Bright's letter:

"The account of the photograph being taken for Mr. Motley is quite wrong. I went with Hawthorne

† Vol. II., p. 257. "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife: a Biography."

\* The Riverside edition, 1883.

† The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Riverside edition, Vol. XII., p. 561.

‡ Vol. II., p. 257.



to the photographer (Mayall), as he had promised me a photograph of himself. He gave his name, and Mayall came up in a great state of excitement. Hawthorne got very shy, and grasped his umbrella as if it were the last friend left him. This, of course, was taken away from him by the photographer, and a table with a book on it was put in its place. 'Now, sir!' said Mayall, 'please to look *intense!*' He was afterwards told to look smiling (at the portrait of a lady!) I chose the intense one, and afterwards had a copy of it taken for a friend of Hawthorne. I am amused to find (in the current anecdote) that Mr. Motley attracted Hawthorne's attention 'at the critical moment.' This is quite imaginative; for Mayall insisted on my going behind a screen, where your father could not see me. After your father's death the photograph was engraved, and I sent other copies to your mother, Mr. Longfellow, and one or two more. The original (there was only one taken at the time) hangs in my own room."

It would appear, from Mr. Bright's statement, that only one photograph was made in England; and that that one was made for him, under his personal care. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has also published a note sent by Mr. Bright to Nathaniel Hawthorne, dated Thursday, May 18, 1860, which contains the following:

"MY DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE: If to-morrow is sunshiny enough to photograph you, and if you are not otherwise engaged, well, let us get it done! I shall be here (Oxford and Cambridge Club) at twelve, and again at four, if you will look in at either time. . . . I was very glad indeed to see Mr. Motley last night."

The prime value of this evidence is that it fixes the day on which a photograph of Hawthorne was taken for Bright. The day was May 19th, 1860; and Bright's letter to Julian Hawthorne shows that the photograph was the work of Mayall, a photographer then well known in London. The note also incidentally mentions Mr. Motley as being in town. These points must be borne in mind.

Mr. Holden did not rest content with the assurance that the traditional story was a fabrication. He believed in the tradition so far as to set on foot an inquiry. This resulted in his obtaining from Mayall (who is still living) a copy of a photograph of Nathaniel Hawthorne, hitherto unknown to the surviving members of the romancer's family. An interesting circumstance connected with this newly found photograph (an engraving from which was issued as the frontispiece of "Harper's Monthly" for July, 1886) is that—according to Mayall's entry-books—it was taken on May 19, 1860. Now that is the precise date at which Mr. Bright's Hawthorne photograph was made. But the "cabinet size" copy after which the enlarged "Harper" engraving was cut is now before me; it is the copy which Mr. Holden procured from Mayall; and on the back of it appear, in the writing of Mayall's son, these words taken from the original entry-book:

"Photo. of Nathaniel Hawthorne, May 19, 1860, for Mr. Motley, 31 Hertford St., Mayfair, London."

The pose and expression in this photograph, however, are materially different from those of the picture in Mrs. Lathrop's possession, which for a number of years had passed unchallenged as the Motley photograph. Here, then, we encounter a puzzle, the solution of which might at first seem impossible. Mrs. Lathrop's supposed "Lothrop Motley" photograph represents Hawthorne seated in a chair of peculiar shape, with a vacant space on each side. In his right hand he holds a book, with a finger between the leaves; and the book rests upon his left knee, which is crossed above his other knee. The face looks to the left, with a slightly upward glance and the intimation of a smile. A copy of this was used by Schoff in his etching of the head alone, for the second volume of "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife" (p. 150); and the head, with the half-figure, has been reproduced by various photographers, who have sold great numbers of impressions. I do not know how they first obtained their plates for these reproductions. The Mayall picture, engraved for "Harper's Monthly," shows Hawthorne seated beside a table, only the edge of which is visible, with one arm lying easily upon a couple of books. The hand is not disclosed beyond the wrist; but the leaves of the upper book are slightly parted in the middle of the volume, as if a finger had been inserted there, after the manner of Mrs. Lathrop's photograph. The face, however, is turned towards the right, instead of the left; the chin is not lifted, but is depressed; and the eyes do not look upward. They are absorbed in a dreamy, meditative gaze which centers upon some point a little below their level. The right eyebrow, too, is very decidedly raised,—a characteristic peculiarity which is not exhibited in any other portrait of Hawthorne. The difference between these two pictures is, indeed, so striking that they are immediately recognizable as having been printed from two distinct negatives. But it is important to observe that the size of the head in both is the same, and that the coat, waistcoat, broad black cravat, and shirt-collar are the same. The waistcoat, curiously enough, becomes an important *pièce justificative*; the coat is a frock—or what would now be called a "Prince Albert"—of broadcloth, thrown loosely back and exposing the waistcoat, which is made of ribbed material. The texture of this waistcoat is plainly distinguishable in both of the photographs. Briefly, all the external adjuncts—the costume, and the book held with a finger between the leaves—go to prove that the two negatives were made on the

same day. The difference consists only in the fact that the pose is varied and that Mrs. Lathrop's picture gives us Hawthorne sitting in a chair, isolated, while the original of the "Harper" engraving places him at a table.

We must now go back to the fact that Mr. Bright speaks of *two* negatives having been made on May 19th, 1860,—one of them "intense," and the other "smiling." He chose the "intense" one, and says that he afterwards sent a copy to Mrs. Hawthorne. This copy is the one which Mrs. Lathrop now owns; but it is not "intense": on the contrary, it is smiling. The question thus arises, Was the portrait which has been published in "Harper's Monthly" the "intense" picture that Mr. Bright preferred, of the two which were produced under his supervision? We might decide that it was, but for two facts: (1) The "Harper" picture comes from Mayall, unequivocally, as having been made for Mr. Motley. (2) A third English photograph—with the same costume, with one hand lying on a book upon a table, and the eyes looking straight forward (the face almost full)—has been brought to light within a few months. We have, therefore, got three pictures to deal with, instead of two; and it is evident that Mr. Bright either did not know that one of them existed, or else had forgotten all about it.

The third photograph, to which I here allude, is for the first time placed before the public in this number of *THE CENTURY*. Its history is worth detailing. Francis Bennoch, another English friend of Hawthorne's,—a wealthy manufacturer, member of Parliament, and amateur author, who figures frequently in the "English Note-Books" and is still active in British politics,—had long cherished a photographic portrait of Hawthorne, made in 1860, and presented to him by the romancer, which he esteemed the best one extant. Mr. Holden, in the course of his inquiries, heard of this, and wrote to Mr. Bennoch; whereupon he received the particulars which are here to be set down. Some six years ago, or a little more, Mr. Bennoch sat for his portrait to one Piercy of Pall Mall, East, London, who rejoiced in a special and profitable process of portraiture which he had invented. Piercy then expressed a desire to utilize Bennoch's Hawthorne photograph for reproduction by his process, and Bennoch lent it to him. The matter escaped his mind for a year or two, when suddenly he became aware that the photograph had not been returned. Finally, recalling that it had been left with Piercy, he went to the latter's studio in search of it. Piercy declared that Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who had been living in London and had several times visited the studio to inspect the

progress of the work, had carried away the original photograph, promising to convey it to Mr. Bennoch. Bennoch was at a loss to account for his not having received it, and Mr. Julian Hawthorne, by that time, had left England and returned to the United States. Piercy held stoutly to his assertion; but when Bennoch renewed his inquiries, later, in 1886, a son of Piercy happened to be present and listened to the conversation. He asked about the size of the photograph, the style of frame, etc., and at last, without a word, stepped out of the room, coming back presently with the identical Bennoch-Hawthorne photograph in his hands. It was covered with dust; the glass was shattered by innumerable radiations. The photograph had been laid aside and forgotten; Mr. Julian Hawthorne had never had it in charge at all; Piercy was mistaken in his assertion on this point. But for Bennoch's persistence, prompted by Mr. Holden's questions, the picture might have been lost altogether. As events have turned out, it comes to us just in time to clear up the mystery enveloping the Bright and the Lothrop-Motley photographs.

How did these three photographs originate? The third one became the property of Mr. Bennoch, and until recently remained unknown to Hawthorne's family. Of the other two, which one was made for Motley; which for Mr. Bright? These are the essential questions.

Mr. Holden still maintains\* that the picture published in "Harper's" is from the Bright photograph, and that Mrs. Lathrop's photograph is the one which was taken for John Lothrop Motley. Several items of evidence go against this theory. Mrs. Lathrop's photograph has no imprint; so that we do not know positively from whose atelier it came. Bright, also, in his letter to Mr. Julian Hawthorne, states that Nathaniel Hawthorne was posed beside a table on which was laid a book. Now in Mrs. Lathrop's photograph no fragment of a table, even, is visible. But the Bennoch and "Harper" pictures both include a table; the first showing one book, and the second two books placed upon the table-top. The inference from this would be that these two portraits were taken from the two negatives which Bright mentions. Nevertheless, making allowance for a lapse of memory, we may venture to doubt the accuracy of Mr. Bright's recollection. The Bennoch picture and Mrs. Lathrop's both give almost the whole figure; and both represent Hawthorne with one hand resting upon or holding a book. They are alike in size, and both present the same curiously shaped chair, with identical curves and identical knobs and grooves. The ribbed waistcoat in

\* "Salem Gazette," June 15, 1886.

the Bennoch likeness seems to be reproduced in Mrs. Lathrop's print; but the latter has been so retouched that it is impossible to decide whether the cloth was ribbed or not. Giving attention to these little particulars may seem irrelevant or funny; but men have been hanged on the strength of cloth, or on the proof supplied by a button; and although the present question is not one of hanging,—except in so far as it affects the position of portraits in a gallery,—we cannot afford to ignore details. The resemblance between the pictures owned by Mrs. Lathrop and Mr. Bennoch is so pronounced, that I am forced to believe they were impressions from the two negatives which Mr. Bright caused to be made.

The original of the "Harper" portrait is much smaller than these, and a great deal more informal in attitude. The size is but little over half-length. But the most significant thing is, that it is the only Hawthorne photograph recorded as taken in England, and that Mayall entered it as taken for Motley. Neither Bright nor Bennoch made allusion to it when they were questioned; hence I conclude that it was really printed at Motley's request. That he obtained the sitting surreptitiously, as I was formerly led to believe, I greatly doubt.

The question has been raised whether it was possible in 1860 to take a sun picture in less than thirty or forty seconds. Mayall has stated that it could not have been done; although Mr. Getchell (a partner of Silsbee, Case & Co., who made an excellent photograph of Hawthorne in 1861-62, engraved for *THE CENTURY* of May, 1886) says that so early as 1857 he took a large number of photographic portraits with an exposure of only *five seconds* each, by employing French chemicals of exceptional purity. The famous Boston photographer, Black, unhesitatingly avers that the Motley picture could have been made in a few seconds in 1860. Moreover, two Salem photographers now living state that in 1860, under specially favorable conditions, they got good impressions upon the plate in less than *two seconds*. It is barely possible that Mayall put forth unusual exertion and used fine chemicals, in order to secure a likeness of Hawthorne within a few seconds. But the younger Mayall speaks of the shrouded light generally maintained in his father's studio; so that it is not probable that an exception was made in Hawthorne's case. Besides, the well-planned position of the seated figure and the deliberate arrangement of the finger between the book-leaves, in the photograph from which the "Harper" cut was taken (an arrangement ignored and obliterated by the

burin which traced that block), prove almost conclusively that the likeness was not made without premeditation.

The one thing upon which we may now definitely resolve is that Mr. Motley secured a copy of an uncommonly good photograph of Hawthorne, the negative of which was made on the same day and at the same place (viz., May 19th, 1860, at Mayall's) with the other two negatives which Bright and Bennoch liked. Mayall, in short, must have photographed Hawthorne in three positions. Probably Motley was not present at the time, but afterwards had a photograph printed from the third negative, while Bennoch and Bright severally chose the other two; and Bright forgot that three had been made. Bright says that he selected the "intense" view, which was doubtless the same as Bennoch's. But, when Bright ordered a copy sent to Mrs. Hawthorne, in the remote distance of Concord, Massachusetts, it is conceivable that Mayall's subordinates printed off a copy of the "smiling" picture, by mistake, and dispatched it to America.

I may say that Hawthorne's daughter sets a special value upon the Motley (or "Harper") version of her father's face, because it reproduces one of his most characteristic moods,—that mood in which, unconscious of observation, he followed out some train of reverie. The Bennoch picture, however, presents perhaps the truest and most comprehensive rendering of his personal appearance and of his individuality so far as it might be read upon the surface.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in a letter to me, speaks of "a carte-de-visite of Fields, Hawthorne, and Ticknor in a group, full length and standing, with their hats on." This curious little souvenir, depicting Hawthorne and his publishers as they appeared in every-day life, on the streets of Boston or in the Old Corner Bookstore, is quite rare. It has never been engraved. Mr. Bennoch, having lately seen a copy of it, referred to it in a private letter as "a portrait of those tall hats. The heads," he added, "and the grouping, remind me of a group of old Jews at the corner of Petticoat Lane, haggling over some recent purchase of 'old clo'." It may be appreciated by the curiosity-hunter, but never by those who loved the originals." I think, however, that Mr. Bennoch underrates the value of this unique transcript from the life. What would we not give to-day for some similar representation of Shakspeare hobnobbing with Ben Jonson at the Mermaid Tavern, engaging in a "wit-combat" with Raleigh, Beaumont, and Donne, or standing hatted in front of the Black Friars' Theatre, between a couple of his fellow-shareholders or fellow-actors?

The costume of Shakspeare's time was certainly more picturesque than that prevailing in nineteenth-century New England. But are we to reject a rare picture of Hawthorne and his publishers, simply because we dislike the absurd tall silk hat of so-called modern civilization? By no means. The photograph may excite a smile, because "stove-pipe" hats are always and unchangeably a ridiculous outrage upon the innate dignity of man; but the smile cannot by any possibility detract from our respect for Hawthorne himself.

I quote again from Mr. Julian Hawthorne's letter:

"Another carte-de-visite of the same date (1861-2) shows Hawthorne seated, in profile, three-quarters length. The Washington photographs were taken a year or two later; they were busts, carte-de-visite size, and show his hair and mustache nearly white. . . . Previous to the Washington period a head, imperial size, was taken in Boston for Mr. Fields, and used to hang in his house; Fields called it the 'Field-Marshal Hawthorne,' from a certain military aspect it had. It has since been copied, and there is an etching of it in the Biography. While he was in Washington the artist Leutze made an oil-portrait of him, which those who have seen it pronounce good. This has never been reproduced, and it concludes the list of his portraits, so far as I know them."

The Leutze portrait was painted at Washington, in April, 1862, about the time that Leutze was engaged upon his large encaustic wall-painting called "Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way," which occupies a panel on the western staircase leading to the gallery of the House of Representatives. Leutze's portrait of Hawthorne is now owned by a gentleman in Brooklyn.

On reviewing the circumstances already set forth with regard to the Bright and Bennoch photographs, the only sound conclusion at which I can arrive is that Mayall, instead of taking only two negatives, as Mr. Bright thought when Bright and Hawthorne went to his gallery, made a third plate, as well; and that he made it as an experiment, without saying a word about it to either of his visitors. It strikes me as a tenable supposition that, while Mayall was talking with Hawthorne and considering the most advantageous position in which to place him, he noticed the easy, natural attitude which his subject had taken at the table, fingering a book. Hawthorne frequently remained perfectly quiet in such a position for two or three minutes at a time. Mayall very likely, on the spur of the moment, took advantage of this habit, and took an experimental

negative. When he was interrogated on the subject, two years ago, he was old, and his memory was feeble: he may not have recalled the incident. Bright, of course, would have known nothing about it, and would have known only of the two views which Mayall then proceeded to take under his (Bright's) direction. One of these Bright selected to be printed for himself. The other Mr. Bennoch afterwards had ordered for *himself*. But Motley was in London at this time, and very likely, hearing that Hawthorne had sat to Mayall, he may have gone to the photographer's atelier to secure a copy of the likeness. On that occasion Mayall perhaps brought out the plate which he had made surreptitiously, and this pleased Motley more than the Bright and Bennoch negatives. From it, therefore, he would naturally wish to have an impression. In speaking of the affair afterwards, Motley—if the circumstances were such as I have suggested—would of course say to his friends that the photograph had been made without Hawthorne's knowledge; and in this way the tradition, with the facility of transformation belonging to all tradition, would become established, that Motley himself had arranged a little plot for obtaining a photograph of Hawthorne unawares.

That Mayall made no record of the Bright (and Bennoch) photographs may be accounted for on the theory that both Bright and Hawthorne wanted to keep the matter quiet, so that copies should not be sought for by the public. But that caution would not apply to the record of another photograph printed for Motley, whose diplomatic discretion was trusted. This explanation is the only one, apparently, which can supply a key to the facts as we have ascertained them, and to the misunderstandings that have gradually arisen.

That the "Harper" picture is taken from the veritable Lothrop-Motley photograph, Mr. Julian Hawthorne clearly believes, as a contribution, over his signature, to the New York "World" of June 26th, 1886, attests. He there says:

"There is no escape from the conclusion that Mayall, on that 19th of May, took three negatives instead of only two, and Mr. Holden says in the 'Easy Chair' that 'Mayall's books show a distinct entry of a print from this same negative, sent to Mr. Motley, 31 Hertford street, Mayfair.' It may claim, therefore, to be the hitherto unseen Motley-Hawthorne-Mayall photograph; but that it was taken in Motley's company or in the manner described by Mr. Holden in his article in the Salem newspaper are positions no longer tenable."

George Parsons Lathrop.



POEMS BY GERTRUDE HALL.

STILL.

THOUGH true it be these glorious dreams  
of mine  
Are but as bubbles little children blow,  
And that Fate laughs to see them wax and shine,  
Then holds out her pale finger—and they go;  
One bitter drop falls with a tearlike gleam,  
Still—dreaming is so sweet! Still let me  
dream.

Though true, to love may be defined thus:  
To open wide your safe, defenseless hall  
To some great guest, full-armed and dangerous,  
With despot power to deface it all,  
A chance at dice whether or no he will,  
Still—loving is so sweet! Let me love still.

SINGERS.

MUSICIAN.

HE sings: in all the breathless multitude  
Is not one heart so stern, so cold, so rude,  
But thrills at his soft notes;  
In rapt, uplifted eyes reflected stands  
The fair, song-conjured dream of happier  
lands  
That in each soothed brain floats;  
And at the ending of the soul-felt strain,  
Whilst at his feet their odorous tributes rain,  
The crowds still clamor—"Sing!"  
Ah, gods! the mighty triumphs of to-day!—  
Such swarms of mad, adoring men to sway  
Belongs to no crowned king;  
And then, to-morrow—as an echo, dies  
The sense of all the tender melodies  
That moved the massy throngs;  
And then—a name above a churchyard plot  
Grown unfamiliar, strange; and then—forgot  
The singer and his songs!

PORT.

HE sings: and such unscornful few as heed,  
Say kindly, "Good, perhaps, but what's the  
need?"  
And others mutter, "Words!  
All has been said that there is need to say.  
What does he want, this piper bound to play  
Before unlistening herds?"  
And so the dreams that dazzled him at dawn  
Decline, and as the silent night comes on,  
Mad pray'r and protest cease:  
Yet sickening hope through failure will abide,  
Until the hungry heart—unsatisfied—  
In death finds its first peace.

And then—one day the wakening nations say,  
"No doubt, this man's was an inspired lay—  
Bow to the laureled head!"  
And then—he is bewept, and loved, and  
praised;  
And then—enduring monuments are raised  
To him long dead, long dead!

CANZONETS.

I.

WHEN May paints azure all above,  
And emerald all underfoot,  
And charms to flow'r the withered root,  
And warms to passion the staid dove—  
Sing, Bard! of Hope, of Joy, of Love!

But when December saddens o'er  
The land whence birds and leaves are gone,  
When black nights come and gray days  
dawn—  
Sing, Bard! sing louder than before  
Of Joy, Hope, Love!—louder and more!

II.

How can they bear to live together  
Whom mutual love hath never moved,  
Who, touching lips, are still removed  
As wide as upper world and nether—  
How can they bear to live together?

Alas! how can they bear to part,  
Whom love hath closely bound and blessed,  
To wear, each, bleeding in his breast  
His torn half of their common heart—  
Alas! how can they bear to part?

A SONG.\*

NOT the grand flow'r-queen would I ask  
to be,  
The splendid rose in pure blush-color  
drest,—  
Only a drop of rain that quietly  
In her deep heart might rest.

Not the cathedral with its carven flowers,  
Its proud proportions, traceries fine and  
fair,—  
One of the humble bells that from the towers  
Gather the flock to prayer.

Not the sweet poet whom a muse has kissed,—  
Only some floating perfume, sound, or beam,  
Some faint tint in the fading western mist,  
Might make him pause and dream.

\* This poem was first printed in the Boston "Beacon."





SOME BOSTON SPIRES. (FROM A PRINT, 1758, IN THE KING'S COLLECTION IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

## CHURCH AND MEETING-HOUSE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

### I. THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.



HE earliest houses of worship in America belonged to the make-shift order of architecture,—four walls of logs, or a rude framework of wood, clay-plastered outside and in, or of rived clapboards with

earth filled in between the rough siding without and the rough ceiling within. The roof was sometimes of thatch, and there was usually a floor. Very few communities built substantial churches at the outset, but as soon as the pioneer struggle was over better places for worship were provided. In New England the first meeting-houses, after the log and thatched ones, were generally framed buildings, nearly square, with what was familiarly called a "tunnel roof"—that is, a roof sloping on all four sides to a point in the middle—with a belfry perched on the apex from which the bell-rope dangled to the floor in the very center of the assembly. Nothing could have less of æsthetic sentiment in it; nothing could have been more baldly utilitarian and more entirely Puritan than this foursquare inclosure. These buildings were appropriately called "meeting-houses";—they were mere places for assemblage and nothing more,—the work of a people who at first repelled with earnestness the notion of any special sacredness in consecrated places. In this same building assembled the town-meeting with its contentious wrangles; here the magistrates decided the disputes of a litigious people; and here the court sentenced petty criminals and immoral people to the stocks or the whipping-post, which stood conveniently in front of the door. Architecture

of this kind was not quite confined to New England. This almost square house with pyramidal roof was found sometimes among the New York Dutch. The Dutch church at New Utrecht, on Long Island, had a steep funnel roof and the building was six-sided. The first Quaker meeting-house in Burlington, New Jersey, was also hexagonal with a steep roof.

The New Englanders refused to apply the name of church to a building, and when the primitive meeting-house fell into disuse they gave it to the minister to shelter his hay, his horses, and his cows in, or they applied it to some other ignoble use. One Long Island Puritan meeting-house when discarded served the town for a jail. This very secularization of the old building was a solemn protest against what they deemed a papistical or idolatrous notion that holiness could inhere in wood or stone. The Virginians built their first churches with equal rudeness, but when the primitive building of mud-daubed logs and sedge-thatched roof fell into disuse, they surrounded it with a ditch to protect the ruins from profanation by the beasts of the field. This was an act of pure sentiment, for no



OLD DUTCH CHURCH, NEW UTRICHT, LONG ISLAND.



CHURCH SPIRES. (FROM A VIEW OF NEW YORK PUBLISHED IN 1746, IN THE SOCIETY LIBRARY.)

## CHURCH AND MEETING-HOUSE



PLACES OF WORSHIP IN NEW YORK IN 1742. (FROM THE DRAWINGS IN THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

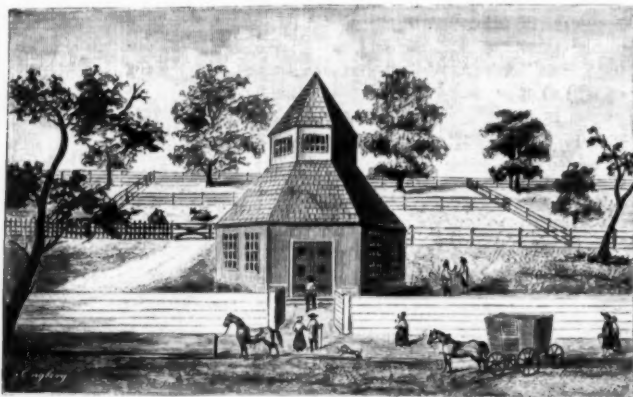
1. Lutheran. 2. French. 3. Trinity. 4. New Dutch. 5. Old Dutch. 6. Presbyterian. 7. Baptist. 8. Quaker. 9. Synagogue.

colonial building ever received consecration from the hands of a bishop.

The greater part of what we may call the secondary churches in the Southern colonies were, even down to the Revolution, "composed of wood, without spires or towers or steeples or bells, and placed like those of our remotest ancestors in Great Britain in retired and solitary spots, and contiguous to springs or wells," says Jonathan Boucher, the well-known colonial clergyman. Ladders were secured by chains at the springs; there were horse-blocks in front of the church, and in some places sun-dials. But all the buildings were not so simple. The Anglican body in America had its roots in England, and wherever there was wealth enough, efforts were made to follow the prevailing fashion in English ecclesiastical architecture. Some of the early churches, such as Christ Church in Philadelphia and St. Michael's in Charleston, succeeded in attaining considerable beauty of an imitative sort. There have come down to our times a few ancient country churches in the Southern colonies that show the ambition of their builders for decoration,—as a Virginia church with Corinthian pillars the capitals of which are elaborately carved and painted white. But the parish church was rarely more than four wooden walls with a

commonplace roof; sometimes the latter was relieved by a curious dip over the front gables such as one may see in the old St. Thomas, in Maryland, and the Goose Creek church, in South Carolina. Within, the churches of the Establishment often had upon the walls tablets containing the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Commandments, usually in gilt letters on a sky-blue ground. There was also erected, according to law, a table of marriages to keep the parishioners in continual memory that a man might not marry his grandmother or any other of a long list of relatives within the prescribed limit, including the sister of a deceased wife. Stone baptismal fonts were erected in some of the Virginia parish churches before 1692.

The ecclesiastical architecture of New England, which had never been quite uniform, underwent considerable modification when Puritanism itself molted. After the seventeenth century had passed away, there came a new era: the most austere form of Puritanism disappeared; the crusade against long hair, wigs, and witchcraft had spent itself; the increase of luxury softened manners; a slight tendency toward regular ceremonials appeared; by degrees the Bible came to be read in church without exposition, and the psalms to be sung by note and without dictation; prayers were



THE FIRST FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE, BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY (HEXAGON).

presently offered at funerals; and the prevailing squarish meeting-houses with pyramidal roofs began to give way to buildings with some ambition for architectural effect. Even where traces of the old form of meeting-house showed themselves in buildings erected after 1700, the house was in most cases distinctly longer than broad, and the belfry instead of capping a tunnel roof was made to mark the middle of a roof-ridge hipped at both ends. In one case "pinnacles or other ornaments"

pulpit was usually on the side or end opposite the porch. The putting of the pulpit on one of the longer sides in the first meeting-houses may have been a protest against the location of altars or chancels in one end of a church.

## II. GOING TO CHURCH.

IN the years following the first planting of the colonies, church bells were few and the custom in vogue at Jamestown, of calling the



RUINS OF THE CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN, VA.

were to be set upon each end of a house apparently with a plain ridge roof. But in the later buildings the belfry often gave place to a tower standing at one of the rear angles of the building and surmounted by a spire. The church porch, which had been present in some of the early meeting-houses, always, perhaps, on one of the longer sides of the building, was sometimes in the later structures at the end, and this, no doubt, marked a change in the internal arrangement of the house, for the

congregation to service by beat of drum, prevailed very generally where the people lived within hearing distance. We should, perhaps, mistake if we supposed this to be merely the adaptation of a military usage; the village drummer was only a variety of the town-crier or bell-man. In the absence of newspapers and handbills, he beat his drum in the most public places whenever anything of importance was to be cried, and time-pieces being wanting, he was in some towns engaged to announce the



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, S. C.

hour for beginning daily labor and the arrival of bed-time. Nothing was more natural than that he should also rattle his drum in the streets on Sunday morning to bring the clockless people to meeting in time. In primitive New Haven the Sunday morning drum was beaten by the drummer standing on top of the meeting-house, that those who lived afar might hear. The old New England meeting-house was often perched on the top of a high hill, and a flag was sometimes raised as a signal to worshipers living too remote to hear a drum. It was a more common plan to blow a conch-shell dinner-horn in the streets. An old verse with a good anti-climax preserves the memory of this custom:

"New England's Sabbath-day  
Is heaven-like still and pure;  
Then Israel walks the way  
Up to the temple's door;  
The time we tell  
When there to come  
By beat of drum  
Or sounding shell."

The Sunday morning drum-beat, the conch-shell blown in the streets, and the signal flag flying from the top of the meeting-house, lingered in some places until well on toward the close of the colonial period.

In the Middle and Southern colonies where dwelling-houses were widely scattered on large private plantations and where boats, small periaugers, and canoes were favorite vehicles for travel, some of the earliest churches stood conveniently by the waterside, and meetings held in private houses were located with reference to the prevailing modes of getting about. Nothing could be more animated than the scene upon the water at such gatherings. The concourse of boats in which the Maryland settlers had come to one of George Fox's meetings made the stream in front of the house "look like the Thames." An Italian traveler at a later period gives us a lively picture of a similar scene in the Maine woods, where the people, after listening to a sermon preached in a barn and then dining together at a neigh-

boring house off a large boiled cod, embarked in a fleet of canoes, discussing the doctrine of the preacher as they paddled homeward.

Eating together after the service was a very common practice in thinly settled regions, and

family should live so near to the meeting-house that people could attend church without straining the fiber of the fourth commandment. But when the common lands came to be more and more divided, and farms and out-hamlets were



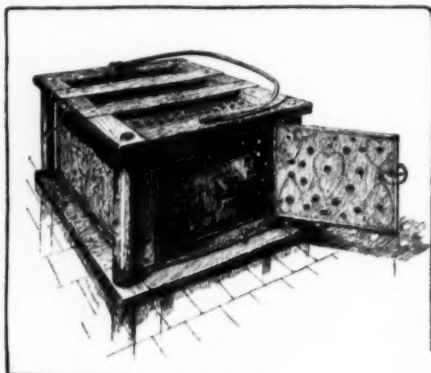
INTERIOR OF THE OLD GOOSE CREEK CHURCH, SOUTH CAROLINA.

it afforded a good opportunity for the gratification of the social instinct. To Sheldon Church, in South Carolina, there came seldom less than sixty or seventy carriages, but a neighboring planter was accustomed to entertain the whole assembly; those of higher social position he invited to his own table, while common-folk were provided for by his overseer at the planter's expense. At great Quaker meetings a similar unstinted hospitality was dispensed by the wealthier Friends. In New England care was taken at first that every

settled, people had to travel farther. In the winter time the people from a distance spent the time between the two services by the fireside in the kitchen of the parsonage-house, or in that of some other neighbor who heaped up wood against the great back-log to cheer the worshipers when they came chilled to the marrow from the frosty air of the meeting-house.

The custom of building churches without appliances for warming them was very general, especially in the colonies north of Pennsylvania, and was no doubt brought from





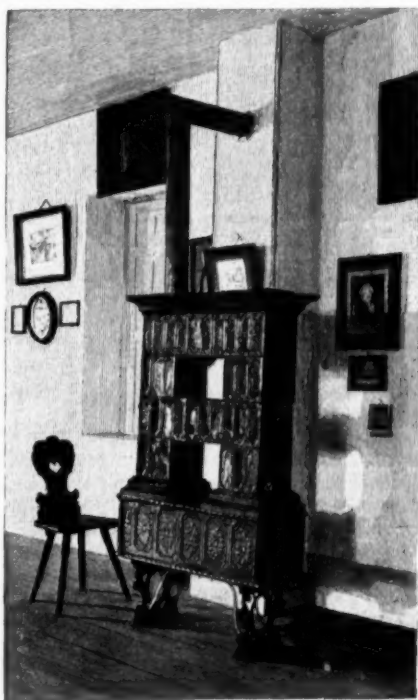
A FOOT-STOVE.

Europe; one may yet sit through service in fireless churches in Holland, Switzerland, and elsewhere on the continent. In a climate so severe as that of New England it must have added much to the grizzly rigor of the religious observances. Judge Sewall records in his diary, on a certain Sunday in January, 1686, when Boston harbor was covered with ice: "This day so cold that the Sacramental Bread is frozen pretty hard and rattles sadly as broken into the plates." Though in most places no one ever dreamed of warming the building, yet measures were sometimes taken to mitigate the cold; the first church in Lynn, for example, was made to descend to low eaves on the side exposed to the north-west wind, and the floor was sunk below the ground. In New York, in 1714, servants are described as carrying foot-stoves to church for the use of their masters and mistresses, and foot-stoves were likewise used in New England in the eighteenth century.

In one Quaker meeting in Pennsylvania it was provided, in 1699, that a fire should be kept in an upper room, "for such as are weak through sickness, or age, or otherwise, to warm at, and come down again modestly." But at a later period we find some of the Friends' meeting-houses warmed with German stoves. The Southern parish churches were probably not generally warmed, but it was provided in a colonial parish, as far south as North Carolina, that the clerk and lay-reader should also build fires wherever they were needed. There were even some exceptional towns in New England that had iron stoves in their meeting-houses as early as 1730, though most of them resisted the improvement until after the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In Connecticut, perhaps more than anywhere else, Sunday was a sort of popular idol, nor did the rigor of its observance abate per-

ceptibly until long after the Revolution. This extreme scrupulosity about Sabbath-keeping was doubtless the moving cause of the building of the "Sabbath-day houses"; these were little shanties standing on the meeting-house green, each intended to accommodate a family during the interval between the two services. Some Sabbath-day houses were built with a stall at one end to shelter the horse, while the family took refuge in the other, where there was a chimney and a meager furniture of rude seats and a table. Here on arrival before the first service the owners lighted a fire and deposited their luncheon, and to this camp-like place they came back to eat their doughnuts and thaw themselves out after their first long sitting in the arctic climate of the meeting-house. Sometimes two families had a Sabbath-day house together; sometimes there were two rooms in a Sabbath-day house that the sexes might sit apart—for nothing so agreeable as social converse between boys and girls was permitted during the consecrated time. But some parishes in Massachusetts, and perhaps elsewhere, had a common "noon-house" for all comers to rest in. Fireside assemblages on Sunday, whether in the parsonage or the noon-



EARTHENWARE STOVE AT NAZARETH, PA., USED BY THE MORAVIANS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

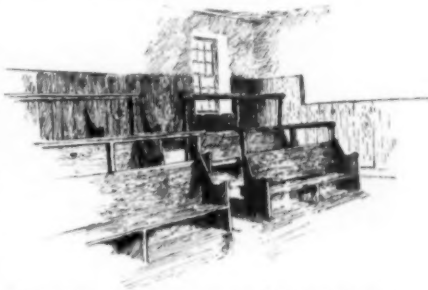
house, were in danger of proving delightful to those who were prone to enjoy the society of other human beings, and hence the pastors "were put upon their best contrivances" to have most of the interval between the services filled up with the reading aloud of edifying books and other exercises calculated to keep the mind in a becomingly irksome frame.

The New England reverence for the Sabbath tended to repress social enjoyment in the accidental encounters of Sunday, but the week-day lecture suffered from no such restriction, and was for a long time much more in favor than even the Sunday service. From all the country round, in spite of the poverty and difficult conditions of pioneer life, people flocked to these week-day assemblages. Cotton's lecture in Boston was so attractive that it was found convenient to establish a market on the same day; punishments in the stocks, in the pillory, at the whipping-post, or on the gallows, were generally set down for lecture-time, perhaps in order that as large a number of people as possible might be edified by the sight of a sinner brought to a just retribution. Nor did these exhibitions of flogging, of cutting off ears, and of men sitting in the stocks, or dangling from a gallows, tend to diminish the attendance. At one period during Philip's war scarcely a Boston lecture-day passed for a number of weeks without the congregation being regaled with the sight of the execution of one or more Indians. When heretical or seditious books were condemned, it was decreed that they should be solemnly burned "just after lecture." Elections were appointed for the same time at first, and the early popularity of the Thursday lectures in Boston and Ipswich fixed the annual Thanksgiving festival on that day of the week. The largeness of the assemblies at lecture-time gave some uneasiness to the magistrates in the first years of the colony; they were concerned to see people who could ill spare the time going to three or four lectures in different places during the same week. They saw that young people made attendance on lectures a pretext for enjoying themselves, and they had a reasonable fear that the hospitality exercised on such occasions might become burdensome. As early as 1633 the magistrates interfered to fix the hour of the lecture at one o'clock or later, that the people might take their midday meal at home. The next year they persuaded the ministers about Boston to arrange their lectures in alternate weeks, that four contiguous towns might afford but two lectures a week. In 1639 the rulers again sought to regulate the hour of lecture, but this brought the clergy on their backs, and the next year all restrictions were repealed, and the week-day lecture long re-

mained a time of common assemblage, of business convenience, of hospitality, and of great social enjoyment.

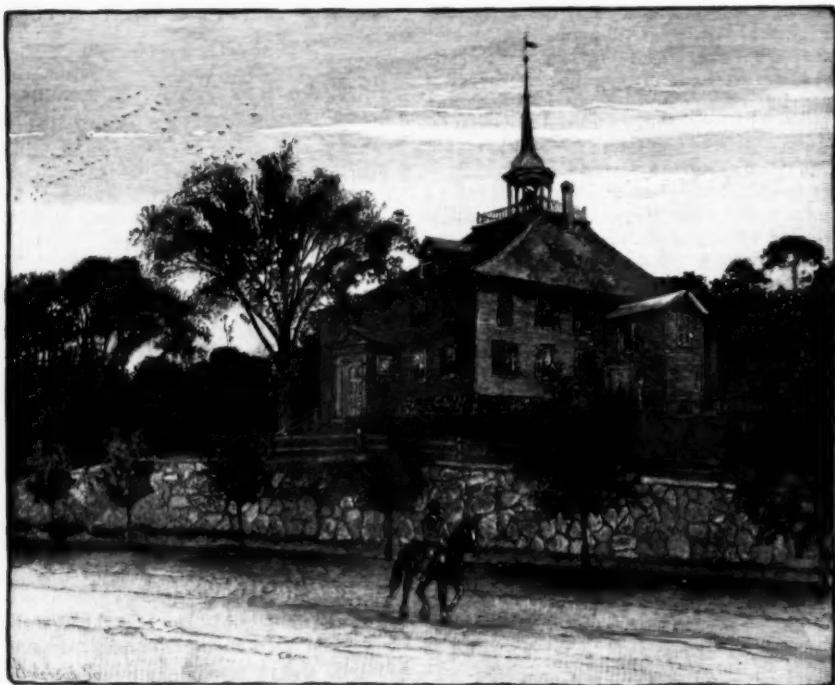
### III. SEATING THE CONGREGATION AND KEEPING ORDER.

IN the churches of the English Establishment in the colonies the people of consequence sat in family seats or pews, which were in some places accounted private property



RAISED SEATS IN THE OLD FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE AT BIRMINGHAM, PA. (ON THE BATTLEGROUND OF BRANDYWINE.)

and descended from father to son. At Williamsburg, in Virginia, the pew seems to have been an appurtenance of the residence, and to have been sold with it. In many churches the gallery was the place of dignity, a conventional idea that is yet retained in parts of the British Islands. In the old Virginia church at Grub Hill the leading families were so jealous of their rights of property in the very uncomfortable pews under the roof that they refused to suffer the gallery to be taken down after its decay rendered it necessary to support it by props. The church at Annapolis is a good example of the spirit of the time. Here, in the new building of 1774, pews were set apart for the governor, the speaker, the members of the Upper and those of the Lower House, and the judges. Even jurymen had a reserved seat, and everybody was, by act of the Legislature, assigned to his proper position in the church according to his official dignity or the amount of money he had given to the building; only the gallery was reserved for those who had no pews. In the older Annapolis church the same system seems to have prevailed, for in 1745 after Whitefield had preached a Fifth of November sermon to a great congregation, the iron ornament used to designate and decorate the pew of the speaker fell and hurt seriously two of the members of the Assembly in the next pew to that of their presiding officer. It was thus that a provincial government made the worship of God a public act, performed by all its functionaries in their due



OLDEST MEETING-HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND (HINGHAM, MASS.).

order and array, and with all proper fuss and parade.

Indeed, among all sorts of religious people at that time the house of worship was believed to be the proper place to air one's superiority. In the primitive New England meeting-house it was not accounted safe to permit the two sexes to occupy the same seats or even to sit upon the same side of the house, but the heads of families on each side were sedulously pigeon-holed according to what was deemed their relative rank, and sometimes even the young people in the galleries were thus classified. There was no trace of democratic sentiment in the earlier days, and respect for social rank was a very important department of religion. In some places the seating was adjusted mathematically by the tax-book, according to the amount of estate set down to each householder; in others, as in Brookhaven, on Long Island, and elsewhere, it was shrewdly fixed by the relative liberality of contributors to the church treasury, but in most New England towns an anxious committee undertook the dreadful task of weighing all those considerations, palpable and impalpable, of property, family, professional dignity,

official position, age, and what not besides, that go to make up social standing. Preliminary to this another committee was appointed to "dignify the meeting-house,"—that is, to fix a relative rank to the several seats. Such was the ambition for the higher seats in the synagogue that the villagers sometimes refused to accept the places assigned them, and shameful disorders were the result of a contest for place, so that some towns found it needful to impose a sharp fine on aspiring people who endeavored "to advance themselves in the meeting-house."

The matter of ecclesiastical rank was more definite and more easily settled. The New England hierarchy was carefully ranged in the light of the apostle Paul's epistles. The "teaching elders," or ministers, of whom most churches in the first years of the colonies had two, occupied the highest seat behind the pulpit, or as Cotton took pains to call it, "the scaffold." When the minister and his family entered the door the congregation rose and remained reverently standing until he had mounted to his place. The "ruling elders" seat was a high bench in front of the pulpit and facing the people, and the deacons sat in

a seat yet one degree lower down. In the like spirit we find the Goose Creek parish church in South Carolina setting apart in perpetuity the front pews of the middle row for the church-wardens and vestrymen and their successors forever, while some churches built pews specially for the church-wardens. And notwithstanding the protest of Friends against man-worship, the Quaker meeting-houses had "galleries" or raised seats, in order to give this sort of precedence to leading members and ministers; though when it came to preaching the Public Friend had no pulpit, but mounted upon a preaching-stool.

The seating of church officers in conspicuous places had a certain justification in the practical necessity that there was in that ruder time for awing into decent behavior the inconsiderate youth and the disorderly. In New England meeting-houses a tithing-man or some equivalent official was put in charge of the boys, whose meditations were rendered appropriately solemn by a rod held in plain sight and sometimes rapped against the wall in an admonitory way. In Lynn, and perhaps elsewhere, the tithing-man went about the meeting-house with a long wand having a ball on one end with which to tap any man who should be overcome by sleep; from the other end of his wand there dangled a fox's tail; with this he politely brushed the faces of the women when he caught them dozing. One frequent sleeper incontinently struck the tithing-man for disturbing his repose; he was thereupon sent to the whipping-post for "common sleeping at the public exercises." The tithing-man had an arduous time of it, between waking up the sleepers, keeping the disorderly quiet, and driving away the rabble of dogs which were bred in that day as a defense against wolves, and which appear to have given almost as much trouble in meeting-time as the boys. The pestiferous boys were relegated to the galleries; and in one church two men were specially appointed to watch them "that they might be contained in order." On report of the tithing-man a lad was liable to be "called forth" and reproved by the minister, and if this were not sufficient he could be made to answer to the justice, and one boy was sent to the whipping-post for fighting in meeting. In New London the sexton was charged with digging graves, sweeping the meeting-house, "ordering the youth in meeting-time, and beating out the dogs"; but the Andover people hit upon a plan of settling the dog question by levying sixpence on the owner of every dog that should intrude into the service. With the increase of luxury and refinement and the relaxation of religious rigor, the narrow slips with their hinged seats, which

were raised when the people stood up and let down again with a great clatter, gradually gave way to square pews topped with turned balusters, in which families sat together to the increase of decorum in the congregation. The tithing-man and his stick went out of existence, but even in the pews the irrepressible youngsters found chances to beguile the tedious Sunday hours by whispering between the balusters to their friends in the adjoining compartments. These square pews had probably always been in use in some places in New England; in one primitive church built in 1637 they were appropriately called "pitts," and were five feet "deep" by four and a half in diameter. In 1692 we find a New England town giving permission to leading parishioners to build private seats in the galleries, after the fashion prevailing in some of the Episcopal churches. The square family pews seem to have come into general use in New England gradually after 1700.

#### IV. THE SERVICES.

THE prayer at the opening of a New England service was at first about a quarter of an hour in length. It was usually preceded by the reading of "bills put up for prayers," that is, requests from persons in affliction or difficult circumstances for the prayers of the church in their behalf. The prayers of the minister were weighed and valued along with the sermon, and more than one minister was esteemed for his talent in extemporary prayer. The Pilgrim, Elder Brewster, at the very outset, was praised for his "singular good gift in prayer. . . in ripping up the heart and conscience before God." But Brewster knew that the hearts of the weak could not "stand bent" too long and he disapproved of prolixity in prayer. It early became the fashion in Massachusetts, however, to affect a robust length in devotion, and particularly to imitate the public prayers of the learned John Norton of Boston, in which "there was a variety, fullness, and fervor seldom equaled." One enthusiastic worshiper was accustomed to journey thirty miles on foot to attend the Boston Thursday lecture, accounting himself well repaid if he could only hear one of Norton's prayers. Some young ministers improved so much under Norton's lead that they were able "to continue their addresses to God for more than an hour with much propriety," and, if you will believe it, "without wearying those who joined with them."

Norton's predecessor, John Cotton, would sometimes on a fast or Thanksgiving day spend five or six hours at a stretch in prayer and exposition, "so indefatigable was he in the Lord's



work," says his biographer, and so indefatigable were the hearers of that day, we may add. It is recorded that another early preacher "continued in preaching and prayer about the space of four or five hours"; it does not seem necessary for the historian to add that he was "a painful minister." Urian Oakes had been seen to turn his hour-glass four times, and Cotton Mather, with characteristic vanity and bad taste, sets down in his diary that at his own ordination he had prayed an hour and a quarter and preached an hour and three quarters. "Wee have a strong weakness in New England," wrote Nathaniel Ward, "that when wee are speaking wee know not how to conclude; wee make many ends before wee make an end." But the New England sermons were generally limited to an hour, or at most to two. The appetite for devotional exercises and religious discussions was enormous. Not content with Sunday services which had something of eternity about them, and equally protracted week-day lectures, the early New Englanders took pleasure in turning their dwellings into oratories by holding private meetings with a company of invited guests. At these services there was usually a sermon with no end of psalms and prayers. Refreshments of food and wine were also served to the company on these occasions, for the private meeting was the Puritan substitute for a social assembly. In that day the sermon was almost the only intellectual food, and the religious assembly was the principal means of escape from isolation.

In all sorts of places of worship in the colonies, the singing, where there was any, was by the whole congregation, following some leader who "set" the tune without any knowledge of musical notation. The art of reading written music was forgotten, and the very memory of the tunes became corrupted by oral transmission. The same tune varied essentially as sung in congregations but a few miles apart; sometimes only the name of the old tune remained, the music having been "miserably tortured and twisted and quavered into a horrid medley of confused and disorderly noises," as one writer testifies in 1721; and the same witness declares that the singing was so "dragged" that he himself had been obliged to take breath twice in one note. The entire number of tunes in general use was but eight or ten; some congregations were reduced to half that number, and frequently a service had to be held without singing for want of a leader who could "take the run of the tune." In New England the frequent singing of the same psalms and the more frequent use of the same tunes in private as well as in public meetings, and on all sorts of accidental occasions,

were enough to have proved intolerable to any people not impervious to ennui. Ten psalms were sung at one private meeting in Boston of which a record has come down to us. In public services the metrical psalms were "dictated," that is, read off line by line by one of the deacons: the process was known as "deaconing off."

The versions in use everywhere in the seventeenth century were ludicrously rude, literal, and unpoetical. But they were not literal enough to satisfy the reformatory ambition of the Puritans of the New World, and in 1640 three of the most prosaic ministers of Massachusetts were set to make a new version. "We have endeavoured," says one of these, "according to our light and time to retranslate the psalms as neer the originall as wee could into meeter because the former translation was very defective." The new rendering, especially after it had been revised in 1650, became very popular and passed through many editions in England and America. But reading its hitching lines is serious work, like riding in a springless wagon over a pioneer road in the mountains: that such verses could ever be sung is almost past belief. And psalm-singing appears to have been no whit less rude in the colonies to the southward. One of the reforms advocated by Bray in 1700, when he made his brief dash into Maryland as Commissary of the Bishop of London, was the teaching of catechumens to sing the psalms "artificially." And seventy-five years later, at the outbreak of the Revolution, Boucher declares that in Virginia and Maryland the psalmody was "everywhere ordinary and mean." There were not six organs in both colonies, and there were churches in which there was no singing at all.

In the early part of the eighteenth century there began in New England a movement in favor of better singing in the churches. It was part of the reformatory current of that time. But the change from the old-fashioned nasal "quavering" and droning of a dictated psalm in the wake of a leader who, without any knowledge of music, was barely able to "take the run of the tune," to the use of note-books was a violent one, and from about 1720 onward it threw many a village into protracted and bitter dissensions. So sacred in the eyes of the people were the old psalm-tunes that they were wont to take off their hats if they but heard one of them hummed without any words. The opposition to change was vehement: sometimes the stubborn deacons defeated the majority of the church by continuing to read the psalms line by line; in some cases church councils had to be called to mediate between the parties, and some learned books were written on the points of conscience



involved in a conflict between good music and bad. To the conservatism of that time "singing by rule," as it was called, savored of liturgical, not to say papistical, pomp and ceremony.

By degrees, after a contention that was not quite ended in half a century from the time of its beginning, the "new method" prevailed generally in New England, and a particular excellence seems to have been attained in the Connecticut valley. The Northampton congregation in Jonathan Edwards's time was conspicuous for the correctness of its singing; it "carried regularly and well three parts of music, and the women a part by themselves." At Middletown, John Adams says in his diary in 1774, "went to meeting and heard the finest singing that ever I heard in my life; the front and side galleries were crowded with rows of lads and lasses who performed all their parts in the utmost perfection." Here, as at Northampton, the women had apparently "a part by themselves." "A row of women," says Adams, "all standing up and playing their part with perfect skill and judgment added a sweetness and sprightliness to the whole which absolutely charmed me." But musical improvement got no farther South or West. An organist from Bristol had advertised himself in New York in 1754 as desirous of amending the singing in the public congregations, but probably in vain. In 1774, Adams found the singing among the New York Presbyterians "in the *old way* as we call it—all the drawling, quavering, discord in the world"; and when he gets to Princeton he writes: "The scholars sing as badly as the Presbyterians in New York." The chanting in the Catholic church in Philadelphia he found "exquisitely soft and sweet." The fervent emotional singing of the newly planted Methodists in Philadelphia impressed him deeply; he describes it as "very soft and sweet indeed, the finest music I have heard in any society except the Moravians, and once at church with the organ."

The non-conformists of every shade pushed the reaction against ritual service and religious art to the greatest extreme. Until long after the opening of the eighteenth century a Puritan, a Quaker, or a Baptist meeting-house was usually as naked of ornament as a barn, and the worship was scrupulously divested of everything that might give aesthetic pleasure. Against instrumental music all the bodies dissenting from the Church of England entertained an inveterate prejudice. The Friends, and, before 1700, the Baptists, rejected even the poverty-stricken psalm-singing of the time. In the early years of the settlement the Puritan ministers wore gown and bands, and the Virginia Episcopal clergy wore no more; the use

of the surplice did not become customary in the Chesapeake region until after the beginning of the eighteenth century. As time advanced the Puritan clergy gradually discarded the clerical robe. At the Revolutionary period only two—Cooper and Pemberton of Boston—wore gown and bands, and they were sarcastically said to use them to distinguish themselves from "the inferior clergy."

An example of the tendency to conform to the very letter of Scripture in the matter of rites is found in the mode of administering the Lord's Supper in the Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia. The communicants sat down at a long, narrow table "spread in the middle of the alley," and reaching from the deacons' seat to the door. The Presbyterian ministry of the Middle colonies preached without notes, in which they differed from the New England divines, who in the eighteenth century had almost universally adopted the use of written sermons in the pulpit. In the manuscript journal of a French traveler in America during the Revolution, which is preserved in the National Library at Paris, I find a description of the general features of worship in what the writer calls an American Protestant church. From the connection one is led to infer that it is a Presbyterian church in the Middle colonies. "A long building without vestibule, pierced by windows enough to give sufficient light, and two or three doors on as many sides, with steps leading up to the level of the floor; a steeple, whose spire is very high and quaintly decorated, placed at one of the back corners of the building; the ceiling and walls within well whitened, or sometimes wainscotted; the four sides of the pews carried up so high that he who sits can see neither his neighbors nor those who come and go,—such is commonly the body of the church, the nave. Now imagine if you will a higher bit of wainscoting with candles or chandeliers hanging above a wholly plain table or pulpit; this stands for what we should call the chancel. For the choir there is at one side of the church by this same pulpit a layman with nothing to distinguish him from the rest; he sits facing the congregation and intones one line at a time of David's psalms versified in English. Over against him are the members of the congregation who respond alternately to the end of the psalm." It is clear that what our traveler calls "intoning" was merely the "lining" or dictating of the psalm by a precentor. This, he says, is almost all there is of "the office." He thinks the sudden appearance of the minister in the pulpit very dramatic,—he cannot tell how he gets there. "You perceive all at once a personage in black with a big periwig and the costume of a *procureur*, who addresses the

assembly with earnestness. For three-quarters of an hour or more, but without divisions, coughing, expectoration, or nose-blowing [*sans division, tousserie, cracherie, ni moucherie*], he extemporizes, recites, or reads a discourse on the gospel and its morality, often very fine and very justly put, and often, also, quite as fanatical as some of ours."

At the close of the sermon, our traveler tells us, the minister "makes a sign apparently agreed upon between one of the auditors and himself." A man comes forward holding a long rod "at the end of which, almost as on a fishing line, is suspended"—probably a bag or box for the collection, but our innocent foreigner calls it "*the square hat of the preacher*." This the man who has been called out "presents in recommending the speaker to the liberality of all," which closing with the collection recalls a very different method of taking it in the New England churches in the seventeenth century. One of the deacons at the close of the service was wont to remind the assembly that there was "time left for the contribu-

tion." Whereupon, in the order of dignity, magistrates and chief gentlemen first, then the elders and all the men in the congregation each in his turn, and the single women and widows and women whose husbands were absent, went forward or came down from the gallery marching two abreast, up one aisle and down the other. Each as he passed the deacons' seat put money into a wooden box held in the hands of one of the deacons. The gifts were generally liberal for the time; some gave a shilling, some two, some half a crown, and some as high as five shillings. Lacking money they might put into the box written promises to pay which were to be redeemed within a month, or deposit alongside the box some article of value to be used or disposed of for the benefit of the ministers or the poor.

And so, the collection having been decently taken, we close this sketch of some of the chief external features of worship among our ancestors, leaving for subsequent papers the treatment of more essential traits of that religious life which is the key to so much in their history.

Edward Eggleston.

## THE VEDA.



THE name Veda has grown to be a familiar one in the ears of this generation. Every educated person among us knows it as the title of a literary work, belonging to far-off India, that is held to be of quite exceptional importance by men who are studying some of the subjects that most interest ourselves. Yet there are doubtless many to whose minds the word brings but a hazy and uncertain meaning. For their sake, then, it may be well to take a general view of the Veda, to define its place in the sum of men's literary productions, and to show how and why it has the especial value claimed for it by its students.

The Veda is the Bible of the inhabitants of India, ancient and modern; the Sacred Book of one great division of the human race. Now, leaving aside our own Bible, the first part of which was in like manner the ancient Sacred Book of one division of mankind, the Hebrew, there are many such Scriptures in the world. There is the Koran of the Arabs, of which we know perfectly well the period and author; the Avesta of the Persian "fire-worshippers," or followers of Zoroaster; the records of ancient China, collected and arranged by Confucius; and others less con-

spicuous. All are of high interest, important for the history of their respective peoples and for the general history of religions; yet they lack that breadth and depth of consequence that belongs to the Hindu Veda. This is what we have to explain.

The (Sanskrit) word *veda* signifies literally "knowledge"; it comes by regular derivation from a root *vid*, meaning "see," and so "know." Here is found a first intimation of the relation of the Veda to us; for this root *vid* is the same that lies at the basis of the Latin *video*, "I see" (whence our *evident*, *vision*, etc.), of the Greek *oîda*, "I know," and of our own Germanic words, *wit*, *wot*, *witness*, and so on. It is a sign of that community of language which binds together into one family most of the peoples of Europe and a part of those of Asia, showing their several histories to be, in a more peculiar and intimate sense, branches of one common history. In the following table is given a little specimen of the evidence that proves this:

English . . . . .	two	three	mother	brother
German . . . . .	zwei	drei	mutter	bruder
Slavic . . . . .	dwa	tri	mater	brat
Celtic . . . . .	dau	tri	mathair	brathair
Latin . . . . .	duo	tres	mater	frater
Greek . . . . .	duo	treis	meter	phrater
Persian . . . . .	dwa	thri	matar	
Sanskrit . . . . .	dwa	tri	matar	bhratar

We know enough about the history of human speech to be certain that such correspondences as these—and their like are scattered through the whole vocabulary and grammar of the languages in question—are only explainable on one supposition, that the tongues which contain them are the common descendants of one original tongue; that is to say, the dialects of German, Slavonian, Celt, Roman, Greek, Persian, and Hindu are the later representatives of a single language, spoken by a single limited community, somewhere on the earth's wide surface, somewhere in the immeasurable past—where and when, we should like very much to know, and mean to find out if we can; but as yet we do not know anything whatever that is definite about it. We call this great body of related languages—carrying with it by inference a relationship also, at least in good degree, of the peoples speaking them—the Indo-European or Aryan family; and we acknowledge something of kinship with every member of the family. It is not, perhaps, a very lively feeling; cousinship loses much of its charm when expressed in high numbers; yet, as we have a certain warmth of sentiment in foreign lands toward even an unrelated countryman, so, in wandering up and down the wastes of human history, we cannot but feel drawn toward those who really speak our own speech.

One great division of this family of ours we find in Asia, occupying Iran (Persia, etc.) and India: the Aryan division, according to the best use of this name, since the ancient peoples of both these countries, and no others, called themselves *ārya*. Their oldest dialects of which we have any record, those of the Avesta and the Veda, are hardly more unlike one another than are English and Netherlandish; and as in the latter case the narrow North Sea separates the two parts of an only recently divided people, so in the former case the highlands and passes of the Hindu-kush do the same. As the English crossed the sea from Low Germany, dispossessing the Celts, so the Indian branch of our kindred stole into India (doubtless more than two thousand years before Christ) through the same gorges that now connect and hold apart India and Afghanistan, and began the conquest of the great and rich peninsula. There we see them still; occupying with their own dialects only the northern part of the country, while the aboriginal "Dravidians" still hold the south; but permeating it all with their influence and institutions; grown to num-

ber many scores of millions; possessed of a civilization of native growth and high grade; with literatures and arts and religions that have overrun a great part of Asia—in short, a leading factor in universal human history.

All this, and how it came about, is a matter of only recent knowledge. By a strange fate, this easternmost branch of our family has fallen, within the last century or two, under the dominion of one of the westernmost members, the English. The story of its subjection is well known, and need not be more than alluded to here. The wisdom and the wealth of India had always been the admiration of the world; it was not, however, curiosity as to the wisdom that brought knowledge: rather, greed for the wealth. Almost everywhere in human history the lower motives are immediately efficient; and a band of adventurous traders, seeking material profit, threw open also the intellectual treasure-house of India. The wars and intrigues by which an English commercial company became masters of the destinies of the country, turning their charge over later to the British crown, form a striking chapter of modern history. For near nine hundred years India has been the prey of foreign conquerors and oppressors. The English are merely the last, and by far the best, of their long series.

They found in this immense and highly civilized country a host of varying languages, dialects of more than one great family, with abundant literatures. They also found one language, the Sanskrit, reputed of immemorial antiquity, held sacred by the real Hindu every-



SKETCH-MAP OF INDIA.

This sketch-map shows (shaded) the part of the peninsula still possessed by the Dravidian dialects, after some four thousand years of encroachment on the part of the Sanskrit and its descendants. The entrance of the Aryans was on the extreme north-west, through the valley of the Cabul river. The region probably occupied by them in the early Vedic period is distinguished by being dotted.

where, read by the educated, and even spoken and written by the leading class, the priestly caste of the Brahmans. Precisely so might the Mongols, had they completely ravaged Europe in the Middle Ages, have reported to their countrymen concerning the diverse tongues and literatures of that region, and the Latin as common dialect of the learned, especially of the Romish hierarchy: the analogy is a close and instructive one. This was a sufficiently notable condition of things; but the interest of the world was greatly heightened when it was discovered that this learned and sacred idiom of India, the Sanskrit, is related with nearly all the languages now spoken in Europe, and with the ancient ones that we most value (as Greek and Latin), and that it is in many respects entitled to the leading place among them; that it casts more light than any other upon their common history and origin. In the excitement of such a discovery, many scholars lost their heads, and extolled the Sanskrit and its literature far beyond their deserts, even holding that this was the original tongue of our division of mankind, and the source of literary culture for the rest of the world; and the echoes of these errors may be heard dimly reverberating here and there among the nooks and corners of literature even of our own day. But—thanks in no small measure to what the Sanskrit itself has taught us—such matters are much better understood now. Every language is all the time changing; and hence we could never find the original Indo-European tongue except in documents coming down from the very period of Indo-European unity; and that lies perhaps thousands of years back of the time of the earliest Sanskrit. We have, too, no reason to believe that any culture was carried from India to nations beyond its borders until the missionary period of Buddhism, not far from the Christian era. But the study of Sanskrit, chiefly as the mainstay of Indo-European comparative philology and of the general science of language, has become an integral part of the system of modern education, a department of classical learning standing along with Latin and Greek, and coming next them in practical importance.

All this is a necessary introduction to an understanding of the value of the Veda. We need to note what are the relations to us of the people to whom it belonged, and of the language in which it is written.

The opening of India, as we see, gave us the ancient Sanskrit language as an instrument of linguistic research, and laid before us the immense Sanskrit literature, as a part of the archives of our division of the human race, to be studied and comprehended. A task, this,

of no small difficulty; and the more, since the element of history is wanting in the literature. The Hindu is great in constructing systems of absolute truth, but he despises a record of facts; he has a scheme of astronomical cycles reaching back almost into infinity, and can tell precisely how many days ago the creation of the universe was completed;\* but he cannot give the real, prosaic date of any event, civil or literary, back of our Middle Ages. We are left in the main to work out by internal evidence the order of succession of the parts of this literature, and then, with help of the chance notices of foreign visitors, to determine what we can as to their absolute date; and the problem is yet far enough from being solved. At what time were composed those two tremendous epics, the Rāmāyana and Mahābhārata, in comparison with which the Iliad or the Odyssey is but a ballad? No one can tell; at any rate, a good while ago. How old are the laws of Manu, from which certain people stoutly maintain that Moses must have derived his legislation for the Hebrews? That is equally unknown. Of the latest and best authorities, some set them a little before Christ, others a little after. And the period of the leading dramatic poet, the author of Çakuntalā, has been reduced from 100 B. C., as claimed by early students of India, to 5-600 A. D.

But it is at any rate possible in this literature, as in every other, to lay out in a broad and general way the history of growth, divide it into successive periods, and determine what is oldest in it. Everywhere throughout it the Veda is acknowledged as its beginning, is regarded as a revelation on whose authority everything else reposes. The sacred literature of Christianity does not point any more clearly to the Bible as its foundation than the sacred literature of Brahmanism to the Veda. It was a considerable time, however, before European research had cleared the way for dealing directly with the Hindu revelation. The name Veda to the Hindu signifies a very extensive and heterogeneous mass of writings, covering a space of time and of growth like that from Moses to Christ; and the later parts of it are those which the modern Hindu best understands and most values, as being nearest to his own age and thought. Manuscripts of its older parts were comparatively rare, and less freely furnished to the curiosity of the stranger; yet they gradually gathered in European hands, and in 1805, some thirty years after the opening of Indian literature to the knowledge of the world, the illustrious English scholar Colebrooke, in an essay since become famous, was able to give a comprehensive and

\* Namely, if any one cares to know, 714,404,118,434 days before January 1, 1887.



fairly correct survey of the whole vast field — without, however, at all fully comprehending the relation of its parts, or realizing the supreme importance of some among them. Yet a generation passed before anything further of consequence was done; then the work fell into the hands of the great German scholars whose names will be always associated with it — Rosen, Roth, Benfey, Weber, Aufrecht, Müller — and a new era was inaugurated, in the study of Indian antiquity, and in that of the antiquities and religion of the whole Indo-European race.

As a matter of course, the Hindus have all sorts of absurd stories to tell about their sacred literature. That it is of divine origin, revealed from all eternity, miraculously preserved and re-revealed at each new destruction and recreation of the universe, "goes without saying"; few Oriental peoples have failed to claim as much as that for their Scriptures. Then they tell of a certain holy *rishi* or sage named Vyāsa, by whom the mass was collected and put in order. *Vyāsa* means "arranger"; so it is as if people were to hold that a saint named Editor brought into shape the two Testaments and the Fathers for the after use of the Christian church. But the Hindus have done their full share by handing down to us, with a reverential and painstaking care that has not its equal anywhere else in the history of literature, their sacred books, not at all comprehending their historical relations, and only in part understanding their contents: ours is the task to bring true order and intelligence into the chaos.

We find the whole body of inspired writings divided into four parts, each of which is called a Veda: the Rig-Veda, Sāma-Veda, Yajur-Veda, and Atharva-Veda. Each division has its schools of more special votaries, by whom it is handed down; each has its assortment of works, in prose and verse, devotional, ceremonial, expository, and theosophic. But at the head of each stands a collection of sacred utterances, chiefly poetic, which we have no difficulty in recognizing as their oldest part, the nucleus about which everything else has gradually gathered; all the rest presupposes these, as plainly as the Talmud the Old Testament, or the writings of the Fathers the New. They are in a language in many respects peculiar and evidently older, a more primitive dialect of the primitive Sanskrit. Among these four collections, the superior interest of one is seen on the briefest examination; it is the Rig-Veda, an immense body of hymns to the gods, of sacred lyrics, with which the remote ancestors of the present Hindus praised the divinities in whom they believed, accompanied their sacrifices, and besought blessings. We cannot

compare them with our hymns, because these imply so much that is earlier, out of which they have proceeded; the Vedic songs are more like the Psalms of David. There are more than a thousand of these songs, and they contain over ten thousand two-line stanzas — a body of text about equal to the two Homeric poems taken together, or twice as much as the great German epic of the Nibelungen. The collection is an orderly one, arranged in ten books, chiefly according to a tradition of authorship that appears to be genuine; hymns of the same author, or clan, or school of authors are put together. But the last book is a kind of appendix to the rest, containing in part material of a peculiar character, later, more superstitious, and with some miscellanies of quite exceptional interest. Inside the divisions, the hymns are arranged chiefly in the order of the divinities addressed. The two gods most often worshiped — their praises together fill almost the majority of hymns — are Agni and Indra: Agni (Lat. *ignis*), the fire, the medium of sacrifice, the divinity on earth, in bodily presence before the eyes of his worshipers, the messenger between earth and heaven, who bears the oblations aloft to the other gods, or about whose flame the gods gather to receive their share of the offering; and Indra, the Thunderer, god of the storm, who drives his noisy chariot across the sky, and hurls his missile lightning at the demons that are keeping the refreshing and fertilizing waters imprisoned in the hollow of the clouds. Hymns to Agni, then, come first; those to Indra follow; and after them, those to other gods. As specimens, accordingly, of the general content of the Rig-Veda, we cannot do better than to take first a hymn to each of these two divinities. Such are given below, in a version that is very literal, neither adding nor omitting anything, and in meters closely imitated after the original.

The hymn to Agni, an ordinary and undistinguished one, is the first of the whole collection; its stanzas are composed each of three eight-syllabled sections, with iambic cadence: in all the Vedic meters, the first part of each section is of very free construction as regards quantity.

#### TO AGNI — Rig-Veda I. 1.

1. Agni I praise, the household priest,  
the heavenly lord of sacrifice,  
The offerer most bounteous.
2. Agni by bards of olden time  
and bards of our day should be praised;  
He shall bring hither all the gods.
3. By Agni treasure may we win,  
and welfare, too, from day to day,  
In honor rich and num'rous sons.



4. Agni! what sacred off'ring thou  
dost shield from harm on every side,  
That surely cometh to the gods.

5. May Agni, priest, with insight filled,  
faithful, of fame most glorious,  
Come hither with the other gods.

6. What favor on thy worshiper,  
Agni, thou wilt to bestow,  
That faileth not, O Angiras!

7. Unto thee, Agni, day by day,  
at morn and eve, with worship we  
Approach and our obeisance bring.

8. Presiding o'er the sacrifice,  
the shining guardian of the right,  
Increasing in thine own abode.

9. As father to his son do thou,  
Agni, be gracious unto us;  
And for our welfare cleave to us.

The selected hymn to Indra is a more than usually vigorous one, and the jealousy of a rival worshiper intimated in the concluding verse is rather interestingly naïve. The verse-sections are of twelve syllables, also with iambic cadence.

#### TO INDRA — Rig-Veda X. 38.

1. To us, O Indra, in this conflict glorious,  
The toilsome din of war, be helpful, that we win;  
Where in the foray, mid bold warriors ring-adorned,  
The arrows fly hither and thither in the strife.

2. And open to us, Indra, in our own abode,  
Wealth rich in food, flowing with kine, and full of  
fame.  
Be we thine allies when thou conquer'st, mighty one!  
Just what we wish do thou, our friend, perform for us.

3. The godless man, of Aryan or of barb'rous race,  
O much praised Indra, that is plotting war with us—  
Thy foes shall be easy for us to overcome;  
Along with thee may we subdue them in the fight.

4. Him who must be by handful or by host invoked,  
Him who makes room when the ranks close in  
deadly strife,  
That famous hero, Indra, who in battle wins,  
Will we to-day bring for our succor hitherward.

5. Sure I have heard them call thee, Indra, full of  
might,  
And never yielding, urging on the faint, thou bull!  
Now rid thyself of Kutsa, hither come to us!  
Should one like thee sit as if fast bound by the  
loins?

A further example of the staple invocations to the gods is the following to the Dawn. To this goddess are addressed a number of hymns, some of which are among the finest and most poetical in the Veda (the best of them are too long to give here). The meter of the hymn is a double stanza, made up of eight-syllabled and twelve-syllabled sections.

#### TO THE DAWN — Rig-Veda VII. 81.

1. We gaze upon her as she comes,  
the shining daughter of the sky;  
The mighty darkness she uncovers, that we see;  
And light she makes, the pleasant one.

2. Along with her, the sun is pouring down his rays,  
rising, the planet glorious;  
At thy forth-shining, beauteous Dawn, and at the sun's,  
May we enjoy what'er is ours.

3. To greet thee, daughter of the sky,  
have we, O Dawn, awaked betimes;  
Who bringest full and longed-for pleasure, lovely one,  
As treasure for the worshiper.

4. Who shining, great and lovely one, with lib'ral rays  
makest the sky appear to sight —  
Of thee thus sharers in the treasure would we be;  
Be thou our mother, we thy sons.

5. Bring us that wonderful success,  
O Dawn, that is most famed abroad;  
What food for men thou hast, O daughter of the sky,  
That give to us, that we enjoy.

6. Undying fame and welfare give the offerers;  
to us, possessions rich in kine;  
Inciter of the gen'rous, full of pleasantness,  
The Dawn shall gleam away our foes.

The next hymn to be quoted is of a very different character. It is one of those (perhaps a dozen in number in the Veda) that show the earliest signs of a dramatic faculty in the Hindu mind, and give no uncertain promise of that dramatic literature which later becomes one of its most notable products. There is a historical legend that the saint Viçvāmitra, as chief priest of the Bharatas, assured the success of a warlike expedition on the part of the latter, by propitiating with his songs and praises two of the great branches of the Indus, the modern Beas and Sutlej, near their junction, and thus securing for his friends a safe and speedy passage. The poet conceives the incident in the form of a dialogue between the saint and the two rivers. The meter is in eleven-syllabled sections, with trochaic cadence—the favorite Rig-Veda stanza.

#### VIÇVĀMITRA AND THE RIVERS — Rig-Veda III. 33.

##### VIÇVĀMITRA.

1. Eager, from out the bosom of the mountains,  
A pair of coursers like, let loose and running,  
Like two bright mother-kine their offspring fondling,  
Viṣāṇ and Çutudri haste with their waters.

2. By Indra sent, longing for rapid movement,  
Like chariot wheels ye roll toward the ocean;  
And piling, as ye meet, your waves together,  
Each one of you the other joins, ye bright ones.

3. I've come to this most mother-like of rivers;  
We stand beside the broad, auspicious Viṣāṇ;  
Like mother-kine fondling their calves together,  
Unto a common home they're moving onward.

## THE RIVERS.

4. Thus move we onward, swelling with our waters,  
To find a home that's by the gods appointed;  
Our headlong forward rush no man can hinder;  
What seeks the sage, calling upon us rivers?

## VIÇVÂMITRA.

5. Rest, sacred ones, a moment in your courses,  
And list the pleasant words that I address you!  
I, son of Kuçika, your favor seeking,  
Have called upon your stream in deep devotion.

## THE RIVERS.

6. Indra dug out our bed, the lightning-bearer;  
Vritra he slew, the hind'rer of the rivers;  
God Savitar, of beauteous hands, us guided;  
Impelled by him we move along so broadly.

## VIÇVÂMITRA.

7. Praised be for evermore that deed heroic—  
Indra's achievement, that he crushed the dragon;  
He with his thunderbolt smote the obstructors;  
And forth, an exit seeking, gushed the waters.

## THE RIVERS.

8. Do not forget this praise of thine, O singer!  
Let thy words echo on to after ages!  
And compliment us, poet, in thy verses;  
Degrade us not, hail to thee, mongst the nations.

## VIÇVÂMITRA.

9. Now listen to the poet's words, ye sisters!  
He comes from far, with chariot and with wagon;  
Bow down yourselves! be easy to pass over!  
And with your waves, O streams, touch not our axes!

## THE RIVERS.

10. Unto thy words, O poet, will we listen;  
Thou com'st from far with chariot and with wagon;  
I'll bow to thee, ev'n as a buxom woman;  
As maid to lover, I'll be gracious to thee.

## VIÇVÂMITRA.

11. When once the Bharatas have passed across thee,  
The raiding troop, sent forth and helped by Indra,  
Then shall begin again thine onward torrent;  
I crave the favor of the sacred rivers.

12. The raiding Bharatas have all gone over;  
The sage hath won the favor of the rivers.  
Now swell aloft your fertilizing waters!  
Make all your courses full; flow on with swiftness!

The only hymn which will be further given here is yet more exceptional in its character; in fact, there is nothing else like it in the collection: it is rather in the tone and spirit of the Upanishads than of the Veda. Its author sets aside the old simple faith of his race, rejects the gods as after all but a part of the existent order of things, and questions his own intuitions as to how the universe came into being; with not more than the usual success. The hymn must be a comparatively late

one; it has been oftener translated than almost any other, being a special favorite with those who have a predilection for the mode of interrogating nature which it illustrates. The measure is as in the preceding hymn.

## COSMOGONIC HYMN—Rig-Veda X. 129.

1. Th' existent was not, nor the non-existent,  
Nor space of air, nor firmament beyond it.  
What covered? where? and under whose protection?  
What were the ocean's fathomless abysses?
2. Not death, nor what is deathless, then existed;  
Between the night and day was no distinction;  
Breathed, without wind, by inner power, it only;  
Other than it was nothing else in being.
3. At first was darkness, hidden all by darkness;  
This universe an undistinguished ocean;  
The void that with the emptiness was covered,  
That alone came to life by might of fervor.
4. In the beginning came desire upon it,  
Which was of mind the earliest seed. The sages,  
Seeking it, found within the heart, by wisdom,  
The bond of being in the non-existent.
5. And crosswise was the ray of them extended;  
Was it, forsooth, below? or was it upward?  
Impregnators and greatnesses existed;  
Below, oblation; offering beyond it.
6. Who truly knoweth? who can here proclaim it?  
Whence hither born, whence cometh this creation?  
Hitherward are the gods from its creating;  
Who knoweth, then, from whence it came to being?
7. This creation—from whence it came to being,  
Whether it made itself, or whether not—  
Who is its overseer in highest heaven,  
He surely knoweth: or if he does not know?

The history of the great collection thus instanced we are left to find out by inference from its character. In a general way, it seems clear enough. These sacred songs are a product of the joint devotional and poetic feeling of a certain early period in the history of India; after an interval of oral tradition at large among the people, they were assembled and arranged by pious hands, at what time and under what circumstances we can only conjecture, and were committed in their completeness and order to the further care of tradition—whether already with the help of writing is an obscure and disputed point. It was plainly a historical collection, made for the due preservation of a valued treasure; not a liturgical one, for use in the ceremonial of the sacrifice; the motives that led to it were literary rather than priestly. This distinction will be made clearer by noticing the character of some of the other Vedas. The *Āma-Veda* consists of a limited number (less than one thousand six hundred) of selected stanzas, single or in (usually) triplets, arranged for chanting at the Soma-sacrifices, at which the

preparation and enjoyment of an intoxicating drink called *soma* was the principal feature — like a set of selections made from our own Scriptures for similar musical use in the services of the church. There are but few verses in the *Sâma-Veda* which do not also appear, in their proper connection, among the hymns of the *Rig-Veda*. The *Yajur-Veda*, again, is still more obviously liturgical; it is simply a record of whatever is uttered by the chief class of priests in connection with the ceremonies of the various sacrifices, set down in its order as uttered; hence made up of single words, phrases, paragraphs, in prose; and single verses, extracts, and whole hymns, in verse; disjointed and in great measure wholly unintelligible till we know the ceremonial act which they were intended to accompany. It will illustrate this, and at the same time show the immense and closely defined detail into which the sacrificial ceremony was carried at the period of the *Yajur-Veda*, if we notice its first sentences and their use.

An important material of offering in ancient India was milk, or the various products of milk, especially clarified butter. He that has a sacrifice in prospect, then, must provide for it by milking cows, expressly for the purpose. Accordingly he is directed to go out and cut a switch from a tree of a certain prescribed kind, saying to it, "Thee for food, thee for strength." With this switch he is to drive away the calves from his milch cows, with the words, "Winds are ye," and then to address to the cows themselves this verse:

"Fill up, ye sacred ones, the draught for Indra,  
Rich in increase, safe against harm and trouble;  
Let no thief master you, and no ill-wisher;  
Stay fast by this your owner, and be num'rous."

Next he puts the switch away in hiding, and enjoins upon it, as a sacred weapon, "Protect thou the cattle of the sacrificer!" And what he has thus said, in mingled prose and verse, to the switch, the calves, and their mothers, constitutes the first paragraph of the *Yajur-Veda*. There are, as might be expected, varying versions of this *Veda*, according to the different usages in the ceremonial of different localities and priestly schools; and half a dozen such versions, with their attendant literatures, have come down to us.

Now a verse put in order for chanting at the *Soma*-sacrifice is called a *sâman*; and a verse or other utterance used by the officiating priest at a sacrifice is called a *yajus*; hence the texts in which those are respectively gathered are called *Sâma-Veda* and *Yajur-Veda*, and they are liturgical collections; while a verse pure and simple is styled a *ric*, and the comprehensive and orderly collection

in which these verses are assembled, without reference to their sacrificial use, is the *Rig-Veda* — a name that is fully intelligible only in its antithesis to the other two. It is clear, then, why the *Rig-Veda* is of an importance to us that throws the others quite into the shade; it offers in mass and in order what they give in part and in fragments. Not all the verses, to be sure, of the other two are found also in the *Rig-Veda*; nor are the versions of the same verse always alike in all the three. Hence we infer with confidence that the *Rig-Veda* was not collected first and the others extracted from it, but that all alike proceeded from a common stock of traditional material; the two made for a practical purpose, the other for one that may in comparison be called a literary purpose. The fourth *Veda*, the *Atharvan*, is a historical collection, like the *Rig-Veda*; it is about two-thirds as extensive, and contains only in small part corresponding material, and that akin especially with the tenth or supplementary book of the other: one more selection out of the traditional material, but composed of hymns of later date and lower character, more popular and superstitious.

It is not worth while to attempt to describe in detail the means by which this great mass of literature has been handed down to our time. But it has been mainly by living tradition, from the mouth of the teacher to the ear of the scholar. The schools of the Brahman priesthood, though long decadent, are not yet extinct. There is not one of the *Vedic* texts which has not still in India its personal representatives, men who, without ever having seen a manuscript of it, can repeat it from beginning to end, with all its tones and accents, and not losing a syllable, with the mechanical accuracy of the impressed foil of a phonograph — sometimes also with an intelligence not much greater. The old books are full of prescriptions as to the schooling of the young Brahman, by which he in his turn is made a link in the never-ending chain of personal tradition. To write the *Veda*, or to acquire it otherwise than by reverent listening to the living teacher, is everywhere denounced as sacrilege. There are, nevertheless, manuscripts, and we who cannot spend a dozen years of memorizing at the feet of a Hindu sage are obliged to depend upon them; but where in the line of tradition written record comes in, or what part it has played in the work, we cannot tell: it is utterly ignored in theory. There are no manuscripts in India that compare for antiquity with our oldest classical and biblical codices; the hot, damp climate and the all-devouring insects prevent that; and Hindu scribes are even more ignorant and careless than those of other na-

tions, and quite deficient in reverence for the integrity of a text or the individuality of an author; so that, if written record and personal memory did not supplement one another, our chance for receiving a faithful version of those old hymns would have been of the smallest. As things are, however, the accuracy of their transmission is unparalleled; we have the best reason to believe that of the leading texts not a word has been lost nor a syllable changed since some time before the Christian era, at any rate. The ingenuity of the means adopted, and their successful result, constitute one of the marvels of universal literary history. Circumstances have strangely worked together to bring it about that this least historical of all peoples has saved the historical records of its earliest period with a fullness and accuracy unrivaled even in annal-loving China or all-preserving Egypt. It is to the belief in their absolute verbal inspiration, and their efficacy, when rightly applied, as the means of salvation, and then to their custody by a priestly caste, the Brahmans, whose importance depended on their possession and use, that their transmission to us is due.

We must not think of the Veda as occupying for the Hindu a place at all analogous with that taken by the Bible in a Protestant community — as familiarly known, in whole or by extracts, to the mass of believers in its sanctity; as used to reveal to them the dealings of the gods with men; as a scripture to be resorted to when enlightenment of conscience was sought and expansion of religious sentiment yearned after. The Veda has long had its value in India in connection with the ceremonies of sacrifice, which are inefficacious without it. An illustration has already been given of the infinite and absurd detail into which, in the hands of the Brahman priests, the Vedic ceremonial was carried: a detail contrasting strangely with the simplicity of worship of the original hymn-makers. While the hymns have been saved, and are still intoned in the Brahman schools in the style of two or three thousand years ago, and while the religious services they accompany are faithful copies from the same period, a great revolution in real belief, in the outward circumstances of the people and in the organization of their society, has taken place. And it is this great cleft between later Hindu faiths and institutions and those reflected in the Vedic hymns that gives the latter their supreme interest. They seem to belong as much to our own ancestors as to those of the modern inhabitant of India. This is the point that we have especially to dwell upon.

Our ideal Hindu, when we call up his image before our mind's eye, is a member of a strictly defined caste, dreading pollution from even

the shadow of a man of lower caste falling on him. We see him strolling along the banks of the holy Ganges, or perhaps riding there upon an equally contemplative elephant, meditating on the ineffable perfections of Brahma and the nothingness of all things sublunary; contemning the bonds of finite and personal existence that oppress him, dreading the round of successive births, from man to animal and back again, to which he regards himself as condemned, and devising how by self-inflicted torments or by the attainment of better insight he can escape this condemnation, cast off his individuality, and merge himself like a drop in the ocean of the universal World-soul. But the Hindu of the Veda is not in the least like this languishing and hair-splitting dreamer. He is instead an immigrant, laying about him lustily amid the difficulties of a new country, and trying to win a comfortable subsistence in it. He is just across the threshold of India, in the country of the Indus and its tributaries (in the map given above, this region is pointed out by being dotted); these are his holy rivers; the Ganges he hardly knows as yet; it is mentioned only once in the Rig-Veda, being called upon to join with other rivers in doing homage to the great Indus. The elephant he has seen; he calls it "the beast with a hand," and celebrates its devastating might, which he has not thought of subduing to his own service. He is a member of a homogeneous community, and has had no special duties assigned him in any caste-division of labor. He is a cultivator, and does, with the help of stout sons and retainers, his own plowing and reaping; but he is also a man of war, and does his own fighting; and he can offer his own praise and worship to his gods, without the help of a priest. A god Brahma is wholly unknown to him, and Çiva no less; and Vishnu is merely one of the names under which he pays his adoration to the sun. The word *brahman*, the cardinal one in both the religious and the civil development of later India, is indeed Vedic; but it simply means on the one hand "worship, an act of worship," and on the other hand (with a difference of accent and gender) "one who pays worship, a worshiper." The gods of the Veda are the personified powers of Nature; beings to whom — with that anthropomorphism which is the informing principle of all primitive religions, and cannot be cast out even from the latest, so deep-wrought is it in the very structure of the human mind — the ancient Hindu attributed the acts and effects which he saw in the world about him. They are the shining sun, the radiant dawn, the encompassing heaven, the fruitful earth, the storm-blasts and gentle breezes, the wielder of the thunderbolt, and



the devoting yet kindly fire,—these and their like. To them (as we have seen in the examples given) he addresses his praises, partly in simple admiration of their greatness, but chiefly because he would fain win their favor and aid in his struggle for existence. Instead of the morbid introspection and pessimism of his successors, he is animated by a healthy and vigorous worldly-mindedness; he loves life and the good things of life; he prays for length of days, from exemption from all disease save old age—"let me live a hundred autumns" is the constant burden of his supplication; he prays for numerous sons, for countless flocks and herds, for abundant food, for wide domains, for superiority over his fellows; he prays for victory in his strife with the aboriginal tribes whom he is trying to rob of their inheritance in the land—the black-skinned godless races, the *śūdras*, whom later we find taken into his social system as the fourth and lowest or menial caste; for victory, also, in his contention with his fellow-Aryans, in his plundering raids after cattle, the special sign of wealth. About what shall happen to him after death, he thinks and says little; but that little is enough to show what his faith is. He does not believe that life ends with the death of the body; still less has he the remotest notion of an existence renewed by further births, either as human being or as lower animal; no preparatory hint, even, of the doctrine of transmigration is to be found in the Veda. He holds that the departed will be assembled again, in a world beyond the grave, under the dominion of the divinely born progenitor of the race, to be forever happy there with him; and he piously offers to his ancestors a monthly oblation, which he thinks will accrue to their benefit in that other world.

Such are the salient traits of the Vedic Hindu; and it is at once seen what a marked contrast he presents to the Hindu of the later period, what an air of comparative freshness and primitiveness he wears. It can easily be imagined, too, with what astonished interest the discovery was made. This, then, was what the Vedas after all contained: not treasures of primeval wisdom, not profound speculations as to the nature and relations of divinity and humanity, not reconciliations of fate and free will, or solutions of the problem of evil, but the lyric records of a congeries of free tribes, fighting, winning property, enjoying life, and calling on their gods to help them in it all! Yet out of this state of things have grown by a process of natural development under the guidance of circumstances (not by any influence from without) all the conditions of more modern India. The steps of transition are to be seen in part in the later portions of the Ve-

dic literature that have attached themselves to the hymns; but they are far less completely depicted than is the Vedic period itself. We see there the priestly class consolidating itself into a hereditary Brahmanic caste, grasping all power in sacred things and the leading influence in things secular, working the sacrifice out into a ceremonial of inane intricacy, and at the same time beginning those speculations which became later the systems of theosophy and philosophy, and by degrees shoved the ceremonial aside into a secondary position, apart from the real religious and intellectual life even of the learned. The interminable disquisition of the *Brāhmanas* (the second class of Vedic texts) leads over to the *Sūtras* or rules of sacrifice, the *Law-books*, or rules of conduct in life, and the *Upanishads*, or treatises of speculative theosophy. These are the chief lines of connection between the secondary Vedic literature and the later or classical Sanskrit literature; but the real spirit of the earliest Veda is alike wanting in both divisions.

Herein lies a part of the value of the Veda. Everywhere in the world the authentic materials of ancient history are so lamentably scanty! We know, except by (perhaps mistaken) inference, so little of the primitive conditions lying behind the great civilizations that the world has produced! Races in general are what they always have been, or else (like our own) they have gotten a civilization at second or third or fourth hand, mere continuers and perhaps improvers of a culture elsewhere developed; and of the communities that have generated civilizations, hardly any let us see its beginnings. The Egyptians, oldest of all, are at the furthest limit of their traceable history already a made community, their arts and knowledge virtually the same as through after ages. The Chinese, at the dawn of their national life (2000 B. C. or earlier), are an empire, and the same odd, sensible, matter-of-fact, wise, ingenious, industrious, ceremonious, stiff people that they have ever since been. It is only in India that we can trace in contemporary documents not a little of the growth of great empires, highly specialized institutions, great literatures, systems of religious belief that have affected half the population of the globe, out of the conditions of a band of pastoral immigrants into a new country. That the institutions of earliest India as seen in the Veda should have developed into those of the India of ordinary history is a fact that has profoundly impressed all investigations into the history of mankind; and it involves problems which will continue to furnish occupation for generations of special scholars.

What period in actual chronologic time is represented by the Vedic hymns is a question



of considerable, though after all only of secondary, interest; and it cannot be answered otherwise than in a rudely approximative way. This is nothing unusual. There are centuries of possibilities involved, for example, in the question as to the age of the poems of Homer—much more, of the Zoroastrian writings. Even of the books of the Bible, which we have long comfortably thought datable almost to a year, the age, and the order of succession in age, have now become subjects of the liveliest controversy; and in India, where the historic sense has always been conspicuously wanting, the case could not but be the worst of all. We have only the most general grounds to build our conclusions upon. Let us briefly review the more important of them. There is in the first place the language. Here the most notable fixed datum from which we have to reason back is the age of certain Buddhist inscriptions found in various parts of India, the work of one pious monarch, who chose this way to inculcate the teachings of the religion he professed. It happens by great good fortune that the period of this monarch is pretty precisely known, by information from western kingdoms with which India came in contact; it was about 250 B. C. But the inscriptions are not Sanskrit; they are in a later dialect, related to Sanskrit much as Italian is related to Latin. Hence we know that Sanskrit was extinct as a vernacular at least three centuries before our era. And the language of the Veda is an older and more primitive dialect, whose period must have long preceded that protracted period during which the Sanskrit itself held sway. More distinct are the yet more external historical circumstances. When Alexander attacked the western border of the country, its interior, the basin of the Ganges, was the seat of great kingdoms; and in his battles with Darius he had been opposed by Indian elephants trained to do warlike service; while, as has been already pointed out, the Vedic Hindus kept their herds in the valley of the Indus and its tributaries, and knew the elephant only as a formidable wild beast. Again, Buddhism is believed to have originated in the fifth century B. C. (the date being liable to its own degree of uncertainty); but Buddhism involved a reaction against the excessive burdens of sacrificial ceremony and of caste which resulted from the complete development of Brahmanic religion and polity out of the early freedom of the Veda; and it implies as its necessary basis the universal belief in transmigration, all intimation of which is so wanting in the Veda that the student of India can hardly see how it arose and where it came in. Then there is the succession of the Vedic writings themselves, with the time nec-

essarily assumable for the development of each class; but this kind of evidence is even more indefinite than the rest. Astronomy has been sometimes appealed to, but with an entire absence of valuable result. The probable conclusion from all this is, that the epoch of the Veda must be fixed at considerably more than a thousand years before Christ; indeed, it does not seem as if much less than two thousand would satisfy the conditions of the problem: more than this no moderate scholar would at present claim. It is, of course, not altogether impossible that future researches may bring us to a date somewhat less indefinite.

But the time thus provisionally reached is a whole thousand years older than the most ancient literature found elsewhere among the races of our kindred: namely, the Greek epics of Homer. This is one of the leading claims of the Veda to our attention; it contains by far the oldest records of the thought and speech of our division of mankind; coming, too, from that lyric period which has always been assumed to have preceded the epic, but is nowhere else demonstrated by examples. It may be added that in the *Brāhmanas*, the extensive expository texts next following the hymns, we have the earliest specimens of Indo-European prose; and they have been made to illustrate interestingly the laws of that primitive homely talk out of which grew in after times the graceful or stately periodic style of a Plato or a Cicero. Along with antiquity of the records, too, goes antiquity of the tongue in which they are written. As the age and primitiveness of the Sanskrit give it the first rank in all inquiries into the earliest history of our languages, so the Vedic dialect of the Sanskrit has something of the same superiority over the classical, as an aid to historic philology.

More conspicuous, however, at the present time, and, if possible, even of a wider interest, is the contribution made by the Veda to the comparative history of Indo-European institutions, and especially of religious institutions, of beliefs and myths and modes of worship. We have seen how un-Indian the Veda is in all these respects; and we find it to be in the same degree Indo-European. The *rationale* of this is simple, and statable in brief form. Every community of mankind, of whatever degree of culture, has its philosophy of the universe, its own view, the outcome of experience and unconscious deduction from observation, of how things are carried on in the world. This may be very scanty, very indefinite, very naïve, or even worse than that; but it is always there; and each new generation learns and holds the views of its predecessor, adding

to them, for the worse or for the better, out of its own experience and insight. The religions of the world in general are outgrowths of these philosophies, propitiatory praise and worship and offering and prayer addressed to those extra-human (for one can hardly call them always superhuman) beings who are believed to direct with unseen hands the course of Nature, determining the welfare or ill-fare of men by means that men cannot wield. There is no such thing as a race without some kind of a philosophy and a religion. Now if we find in language (which is itself but another institution, formed and handed down in the same way) evidence that the ancestors of certain races once lived together as a single community, speaking a common dialect, we know that they must have had also a common faith and worship. It follows, then, that the ancestors of all those races in Europe and Asia which we call Indo-European once had the same myths, and worshiped the same gods by the same rites. And just as we look into and compare their dialects, ancient and modern, and try to reconstruct the original speech out of which they all sprang, so we strive, by a comparison of their oldest traceable beliefs, to find what was the original form of these in the day of their unity. The search is a difficult one, and full of risks of error; for doctrines are elusive things as compared even with words, much harder to deal with objectively and without perversion; and also because religions are more mutable institutions than languages, more liable to mixtures and revolutions and transfers from one race to another. The conversion of Vedic Hinduism to the later Brahmanism wiped out or buried beyond recovery all that was primitive in Indian beliefs; and on Iranian ground, perhaps not much later than the Vedic period, the reformation of Zoroaster swept away the old Indo-European polytheism, and put an almost pure monotheism in its place. There is, it may be remarked, no known monotheism that has not thus grown out of a preceding polytheism; nor is it in sound theory conceivable that there should be one not having such a predecessor and foundation. But no wholesale and effacing change had passed upon the creed of our division of mankind in its gradual transition to that of the Vedic Hindus; in the latter there is more that is in common with the fundamental features of earliest Greek and Roman and Germanic faiths than with its own successor in India. Hence, precisely as the Vedic language, used as additional and

leading term in the comparison, casts light on the origin and relations of Greek and Latin and German, so the Vedic divinities, the Vedic myths, the Vedic religious practices, cast invaluable light upon all the religions which preceded the introduction of Christianity into Europe. As the study of Sanskrit effectively inaugurated the science of comparative philology, so the study of Vedism inaugurated the science (if we may call it so) of the world's religions.

To show in any satisfactory manner by examples how this is so would require a whole article to itself. There has been and is in the discussion of the subject (as always in such cases) a plenty of exaggeration, of groundless identification, overweening inference, airy speculation, gratuitous system-making; but the main fact stands fast, that if we would understand the language and the religion of our own earliest traceable ancestors, we must study the Hindu Veda. As a historical document, spreading light amid the darkness of antiquity, it stands well-nigh unrivaled.

This, then, is the position of the Veda, and these are its claims to attention from us. We are not called upon to admire it for its contributions directly to the stores of human thought, but rather to the material for us to think upon; nor is it to be ranked as a literary production among the masterpieces of the race, to be dwelt upon and enjoyed with that sort of admiration that we pay, for example, to the *Iliad*. The Veda is rather a book for scholars to dig in. There are things in it that are absolutely fine; but they need much selecting, and setting in the proper light, and explaining. And the great mass is very tedious. The endless repetition of the commonplaces of praise to the gods palls upon one. It takes more imagination and genius than belonged to that sturdy race of fighters and singers to spread the adoration of Agni, for example, through some hundreds of hymns and not make it seem very thin. Add to this that hymn-making appears to have become the fashion in that period, and that there is in the Rig-Veda (much less in the Atharvan) a considerable amount of what may fairly be styled machine-poetry, industriously pieced together out of stock epithets and phrases, or running off into labored obscurity and artificial conceits. No complete version of the Veda will ever become an accepted book in our general libraries; but a selection of a hundred hymns or two, with fit comment, might not fail to find an interested public.

W. D. Whitney.

## THE MARGIN OF PROFITS.



THE true income of the people of the United States consists of the products of its fields, forests, factories, workshops, and mines; these several products are exchanged, and in the process of exchange they are, of necessity, measured in terms of money. The larger part of these products is consumed in the process of production; the smaller remainder is saved and is converted into capital. In the course of this process of production, consumption, and reproduction, the fibers, food, fabrics, and metals are subdivided into shares; and these shares, when converted into terms of money, have been named, respectively, rents and profits (which merge into each other), wages or earnings, and national or municipal taxes.

The practical question which now calls for close analysis is this: *What is the actual margin of profits?* In other words, are capital and capitalists securing to their own use such an undue share of the joint product of labor and capital as to render a change in existing methods of distribution either necessary or expedient?

In any discussion of the subdivision of the national income into the respective shares of rents or profits, wages or earnings, and national or municipal taxes, it is important to separate profits into two classes, which may be distinguished in popular language as

1st. The profits of productive industry, or those which are derived from the use of that capital which has been already invested for productive purposes; and

2d. The profits which are derived from speculation, or from dealing in something which has already become capital, and which is dealt in as such.

For example, in order that a factory of any kind may be established, an investment of capital is required in buildings and machinery. The factory is completed; labor is then employed in it; the result is a product of some kind, which is the joint product of the capital in the factory and of the labor employed therein, from the sale of which both profits and wages must be derived, or else the industry will cease. But the factory itself may belong to a corporation whose stock is divided into shares, and there may then be a distinct profit in buying and selling these shares, or,

in common speech, in *speculating* in the stock of the factory.

It will be observed that there are not only two, but three distinct sources of possible profit in connection with this factory: 1st, a possible profit may be derived from dealing with the capital, either as a whole or when it is divided in shares in a corporation; 2d, a profit may be derived from the production of goods in the factory; 3d, a profit may be derived from dealing in the goods after the owners of the factory have sold them.

In respect to the profit which is derived from the manufacture of the goods in the factory, the workmen may be said to have a joint interest with the capitalist.

Let it be assumed that in such a factory one thousand dollars' worth of capital is required to be invested in the building, machinery, and stock in process for each workman employed therein, and that the joint product of the capital in the factory and of the labor employed therein will be worth in the market each year one thousand dollars. This is about the present average ratio of capital to product in a cotton factory making medium goods.

Let it be assumed that the materials which are to be used, and the other elements of cost, aside from wages, will come to six hundred dollars. There will then remain four hundred dollars, derived from the sale of the product, to be divided in the form of profits and wages.

At the present time any safe business will attract all the capital required in it, which will yield six per cent. net profit, and also four per cent. for such a sinking fund or reserve as is necessary for the repairs and maintenance of the capital, or for the purchase of new and improved machinery as fast as invention may destroy the value of the old. Any such safe industry will surely be taken up in this eastern part of the country, and the investment of the necessary capital will be made as fast as a market can be found for the sale of the goods.

This would call for sixty dollars a year to be set aside as profits out of the four hundred assigned to profits and wages; four per cent., or forty dollars, as the sinking fund necessary for the maintenance of capital in an effective condition; and there would remain above the cost of materials and other prior charges, three hundred dollars to be paid as wages to the operatives in the factory, which sum would be substantially the wages of a good adult female weaver at the present time.

In such a case capital would secure sixty dollars net income, and labor would secure three hundred dollars wages, or five to one. This is an extreme case. In most branches of manufacturing industry the ratio of capital to the value of the product is only one dollar's worth of capital to two dollars' worth of product in a year.

At this latter ratio of one thousand dollars' worth of capital to two thousand dollars' worth of product, the income of capital at six per cent. would be sixty dollars as before, the reserve forty dollars, and there would remain nineteen hundred dollars for the cost of materials and the wages of labor. In most cases labor secures nine or ten parts to one part secured by capital.

There are, of course, other subdivisions to be made of the sum received from the sale of goods besides cost of materials, wages, and profits. Taxes, insurance, and the cost of disposing of the product must be provided for out of the market price or gross value of the goods made; but, for the purpose of this consideration, the subdivision of the sale of the goods under the head of, 1st, cost of materials, insurance, taxes, and general expenses combined; 2d, sinking fund, or reserve for repairs and maintenance of capital; 3d, profits, and 4th, wages, will serve to make the distinction clear in respect to what is the margin of profit upon production.

It will be observed that both profits and wages alike depend upon the price at which the goods can be sold; this price is determined in the open market, and cannot be controlled either by the owner of the mill or by the workmen who are employed in it.

This factor, the price of the goods, is therefore what makes or determines the rate of wages as well as the rate of profits; but the wages must be paid, even if there is sometimes no profit, unless the work ceases wholly.

So much for the profits of productive industry. Now, on the other hand, there may be a profit to persons who deal in the stock in this factory. The price of the shares will fluctuate, and he who buys judiciously on a falling market and sells promptly on a rising market may make a profit; but this so-called speculative profit will have no direct relation to the profit made in the production of the goods by the mill itself, although it may be influenced by it; neither has this profit of the so-called dealer or speculator in the shares any directly adverse or beneficial effect upon the workmen in the factory.

This distinction is of universal application. The workman may share with the capitalist in the results of all production, but the workman may not share with other capitalists either

in the risk, danger, or profit of dealing in the shares representing the capital invested, unless he himself becomes a capitalist to the extent of becoming owner of a part of the property or of such shares.

In a money point of view, it really matters nothing to the workman who it may be that owns the stock in the factory in which he is employed, provided the ownership of the factory falls into the hands of persons who possess capital, credit, and skill adequate to its profitable operation.

These factors of capacity and skill in the use of capital are as necessary to the workman as the use of the capital itself. How many workmen are there who could manage the mill? Is not the captain as necessary in the army of industry as the officer in the army of soldiers?

The majority of the stock in a factory might be owned by the temporary inmates of a State's prison; this fact would not affect the wages of the workmen in the factory, provided the credit of the corporation did not suffer, and provided the manufacturing agent were competent in its direction. The quality of the fabrics may be good even if the producer be a knave.

In the long run, the best goods pay the best profit, whoever makes them—just as the best workman secures the highest wages, for the very reason that he can make the best fabrics at the lowest cost. An astute knave will act upon this rule as surely as an honest man.

There can be no strikes of labor or laborers against capital or capitalists in the matter of speculation. All attempts to interfere by way of legislation with the processes of trade and with the practice of buying property of any kind in anticipation of a rise, either shares of stock, farm products, or manufactured goods, or even with buying and selling on contract without either party being in possession of the property, have proved entirely futile; but as these dealings only affect the disposition or distribution of capital already saved and in existence, they are of little direct consequence to laborers or working people, considered as a separate class.

Discontent exists and strikes occur mainly in productive industries, the common impression of many workmen being that capital, simply as capital, or that capitalists or owners, by means of the use of their capital, obtain an undue and inequitable share of the joint product of capital and labor, and thereby deprive the workman of something which ought to belong to him.

It is, therefore, important to determine what are the facts in this department. This



can only be done by selecting certain kinds of employment, and by ascertaining what the value of the product is, and thereby determining the method and proportion of the distribution of the money which is received from the sale of such fabrics which can be devoted either to profit or to wages, after materials and other charges have been paid for.

Given a certain sum derived from the sale of goods, there are certain charges to be met, as heretofore stated.

First, it will be admitted by both parties — capitalists and laborers alike — that property in the factory should be insured against loss by fire, and this must be paid for.

Second, that taxes must be paid upon it, be they greater or less.

Third, that competent men must be employed to oversee and direct the actual work, and these men must be paid.

It will be admitted that a certain part of the proceeds of the sales of the goods made must be set aside to meet these expenditures; also, that materials must be purchased; and also, that freights must be paid for moving the material to the factory, and the goods from the factory.

It will also be admitted that, in some way or other, the goods must be disposed of, and that certain expenses must be incurred in making such sales; a reserve must also be set aside to meet losses by bad debts.

It will, however, obviously be for the interest of the capitalist to reduce all these charges to the lowest possible point consistent with safety and with the conduct of the business; and to this extent at least the interests of the capitalist and of the laborer or workman are absolutely identical. Capital must, however, take all the risk not only of the fluctuation in the prices of materials, but of the goods manufactured, while the workman must be paid whether there is any profit or not, unless the mill is stopped. The mill is a fixture; it cannot be moved away; while the laborer who is dissatisfied with the work in it can move where he pleases and can choose other work, according to his or her capacity.

There is no greater fallacy than the common assumption that capital can move more readily than labor; once invested, it becomes a fixture and is at the mercy of circumstances.

The writer has known mills to be stopped by the bankruptcy of the owners followed by litigation among the creditors, which kept them idle only for a few years; but when finally disposed of, they could not be started again without such replacement of new for old machinery, and such reconstruction of buildings, that in some cases it would have been better to burn them than to remodel them.

When mills or works are in full operation,

after all these various prior charges have been defrayed from the proceeds of the sales of the product, there will remain a certain sum of money subject to distribution; one part of which constitutes the profit of the capitalist, and the other part constitutes the wages or earnings of the workmen or workwomen.

The question between laborers and capitalists is thus narrowed down to the disposition of this particular portion of the money remaining from the sale of the goods, all other charges having first been met.

It will be admitted by all intelligent workmen, or by their representatives, that some part of this remainder must be set aside as profit for the remuneration of the owner, whoever he may be, for the mere use of his capital, or else the work will not be undertaken at all, and there will then be no wages to be derived from that occupation, whatever it may be.

No man will invest capital without an expectation of profit; what inducement, then, must the laborer give to capitalists, if he had the complete power to dictate terms?

The question, therefore, is at last, *what* proportion of that part of the joint product of labor and capital in any given art, which it is possible to set aside for the purpose, will satisfy capital and will induce the owners of capital to continue in the business and to increase it so as to meet the need of an increasing population? When the question is brought down to this narrow point, most people who are not conversant with the facts will be greatly astonished at the very small share of the sale of the goods which now suffices for the compensation of capital. This share, small as it now is, is also constantly diminishing in its ratio to product as capital becomes more and more effective; hence the advocates of coöperative manufacturing, profit-sharing, and other expedients for improving the condition of those who work for wages may perhaps find that the risk to the workman in such undertakings will far outweigh any possible gain to him, for the very reason that in almost all branches of industry the margin of profit is now so small that the workman could not afford to run any risk whatever in order to share it.

It is impossible to treat profit-sharing without considering risk-sharing or loss-sharing at the same time. There is no rule of "Heads I win, tails you lose" in legitimate commerce.

We may derive some conclusions on this point from the data of the census; but they are not wholly satisfactory, because of the tendency of the owners of manufacturing property or capital to overestimate its value. It therefore happens that, in dealing with the census returns, we may only accept the statements of the cost of materials, of the number of persons



employed, of the sum of their wages, and of the market value of the products as being very accurate — all such items being taken from the actual books of account. The returns of capital employed in the work are very wide of the mark; respondents sometimes gave the cost, sometimes an estimate, sometimes the fixed capital or investment only, and sometimes both the invested and the active or cash capital made use of in the operations of the factory.

The writer happened to be one of the special census agents for compiling the statistics of the cotton manufacture. He found that if the corrections should be made in the stated amount of capital invested or employed in all the manufacturing arts corresponding to what would have been reasonable in this branch, the capital account in general manufactures, as given in the census, would be reduced by at least twenty and perhaps twenty-five per cent.

The figures given in the cotton manufacture were as follows.

Capital.	Persons employed.	Wages.	Product.
\$208,280,346	172,544	\$42,040,510	\$192,090,110

The maximum estimate of capital invested in the number of spindles returned at that date should not have exceeded \$160,000,000 to \$180,000,000 after allowing for necessary depreciation.

In point of fact, at the present lower prices of buildings and machinery, it requires about \$1000 to be invested in an entirely new mill and machinery for each hand employed in an average plain cotton factory; and if from one-quarter to one-half of a cent a yard of medium cloth of average quality can be secured from goods now worth three to ten cents per yard, the factory will earn six to eight per cent. on its capital; labor, on the other hand, will secure one and one-fourth to three cents per yard, the rest of the price of the goods being expended for materials and charges. Both parties will thus obtain the largest profits and the highest rate of wages which the price of the goods will permit.

In the woollen mill, on common every-day goods, such as flannels and plain cassimeres, the ratio is about \$500 capital to one workman; and if the owner can secure four to six cents from each dollar's worth of product, he will make eight to ten per cent. on his capital.

In the shoe factory only \$250 to \$300 of capital invested is required to each workman, while the annual product is three to five times the value of the capital invested; therefore, if the owner can secure three to six cents a pair on shoes worth \$1.00 to \$2.00, or three per cent. of the proceeds of the sales, he will earn ten per cent. on his capital, while the wages

of skilled boot and shoe makers average \$500 to \$600 a year, and in some branches very much more, or twice, at least, the amount of capital required to set each one at work. It is for this very reason, that the capital is so small in ratio to product, that so large a proportion of the capitalists in the boot and shoe manufacture themselves began at the bench, having entitled themselves to a credit in the purchase of materials by virtue of their character and not on the basis of their capital.

In converting dirty brown sugar into refined white sugar, a very large capital is required; yet it is so small in ratio to the value of the annual product, that one-sixteenth of a cent a pound profit suffices for its remuneration.

In the calico print works and in the bleachery, if the owner can secure a profit of one-tenth of a cent a yard upon staple goods, he is well satisfied.

In the manufacture of paper, three to five per cent. on the product will yield ten per cent. or more upon the capital.

On the other hand, if the profit on staple goods is more than six per cent. on the average, and upon fancy goods — of which the price is very fluctuating and uncertain — more than ten per cent., capital will be put to use in that art very rapidly, thus creating greater competition for skilled workmen, raising wages, and reducing profits to a minimum. Upon investigating a great strike which recently occurred, the writer ascertained that had the workmen succeeded in securing to their own use the whole profit which then satisfied the owners of the capital in a fairly prosperous art, their average wages would have been increased only \$15 to \$20 on average earnings of \$500 a year.

It is curious to observe that most of the strikes in this country have occurred in branches of industry in which the average margin of profit is least, and in which, if the workmen had secured to their own use the entire sum which the existing price of the goods would permit to be assigned to profits, their own remuneration would have been very little increased. Sometimes the price of the goods is advanced in consequence of a strike, in which case the consumers pay the advanced wages if secured, and not the capitalists who own the factories. Such an advance both in prices and wages is, however, of rarest occurrence; when a strike is accompanied by such an advance in the price of the product, a temporary scarcity occurs, of which the owners of the existing stock of goods take advantage, but the workmen seldom or never get it, although consumers pay it.

If we take the census figures of the manufacturing arts in 1880, and reduce the capital

said to be invested, in the proportion by which that in the cotton manufacture should be reduced in order to make it approximate to the facts, the figures would stand as follows:

Capital invested in manufacturing as given in the census.....	\$2,790,272,606
Reduced by 20 per cent.....	558,054,521

True valuation of capital. ....\$2,232,218,085

In the list of manufactures, however, several branches of industry, such as flour-milling, sugar-refining, meat-packing, and the like, will be found in which the raw material is very slightly advanced in value in the process of manufacture, and in which the proportion of wages and of profits combined to the gross value is very small indeed.

If these be classed separately, the remainder, which are strictly "manufactures" in the ordinary use of the term, will be found to require about \$1000 capital to each \$2000 of product at wholesale prices; therefore five per cent. of the product of all manufactures, so-called, will, as a general rule, yield ten per cent. upon capital, leaving ninety-five per cent. to be expended for the cost of materials and other charges, and for the wages or earnings of labor.

In the census report upon manufactures the cost of the materials used is given at .....	\$3,396,823,549
The wages or earnings of all persons employed .....	947,953,795

Total.....\$4,344,777,344

If we next assign as profit of a fraction over 5 per cent. upon the gross value as given, to wit, on \$5,365,579,191, we get a quotient of profits of.....279,272,606 which is ten per cent. upon the capital invested, even as given in the census without reduction.

Total.....\$4,624,049,950

The remainder of the gross value of the product is.....741,529,241

Total.....\$5,365,579,191

But it will be claimed and admitted that there has been a profit in the production of the materials used, and perhaps it will be alleged that the last item or remainder of \$741,529,241 is too large to have been absorbed by general expenses.

This last remainder of \$741,529,241 is the sum out of which insurance, taxes, general expenses, cost of transportation, loss of interest on sales made on credit, losses by bad debts, and all other necessary elements of the cost of manufacturing and distributing the goods—aside from materials and wages—must of necessity be defrayed before either wages or profits can be secured by either labor or capital.

To any one who is thoroughly conversant

with the miscellaneous expenses of the manufacturing enterprises of this country, this proportion of the gross value will not appear too large, bearing in mind that in this list of manufactures are included not only the great factories of every kind, but all the lesser articles of manufacture on which the cost of distribution is often very heavy.

In respect to the production of crude materials which are used in the manufacturing arts, less than five per cent. of the gross value will yield ten per cent. profit upon the capital which is needed for their production—the proportion of capital to the value of the product in growing or preparing such crude materials being less than in respect to the finished manufactures in which they are used.

Now, if it be true that any branch of industry which will yield ten per cent. profit on the capital required has been and will be rapidly undertaken, does it not follow that even in so prosperous a year as 1880 it is almost certain that labor secured at least ninety per cent. of the joint product of labor and capital?

In this connection I do not bring in the incidence of taxation, for the reason that, in my judgment, the tendency of all taxation, wherever and however imposed, is to diffuse itself throughout the community in the ratio of the consumption of the people. Therefore both the increment of profit and the share of labor are proportionately subject to taxation. Hence it is held that profit may be one-tenth and wages or earnings nine-tenths of the gross product, both shares being subject to taxation.

The proportion of profit upon the insurance of the factory, upon transportation, and upon the cost of wholesale distribution is also very small in ratio to the magnitude of the operations.

In the end, if such sums or percentage be assigned to profits in each department—to wit, in the primary processes of production, in the secondary processes, and even in some cases in the third processes, which are required in order to bring crude materials into form for final consumption—as will yield ten per cent. upon the capital needed in each and every department, it will appear that not exceeding ten per cent. of the final gross value of manufactures in 1880 would have sufficed for this purpose.

That is to say, the sum of all the capital necessary—1st, in the production of the crude materials used in factories; 2d, in the factories themselves, taken as a whole; 3d, in the distribution of the finished goods at wholesale—is in all probability about equal to the final wholesale annual value of the finished manufactures.

Therefore ten per cent. of the final value

will pay ten per cent. profit on all the capital used in all the departments of the work.

If more than ten per cent. is earned by capital, then new capital will be applied, and the rate of profit will be reduced to ten per cent. at most, and in all safe occupations at the present time to a much lower rate.

What becomes of the rest, it being admitted that laborers and capitalists alike yield up a portion of their respective shares by way of taxation for the support of government? Must not all the rest, of necessity, pass to those who perform the actual work in the field, in the mine, upon the railway, in the warehouse, or in the factory? If my reasoning is correct, is not all the rest *nine parts in ten of the entire product of the whole country*? Can labor and capital have any more than all there is produced? Can the product be increased by decreasing the work except so fast as invention may enable us to produce more with less labor?

In an exceedingly prosperous year profits may sometimes exceed ten per cent., as they possibly did in 1880; but the profits have been very much less since 1880, and in a series of years those who class themselves distinctly as working men and women, thus separating themselves from capitalists as a class, must secure to themselves at least ninety per cent. of the total annual product of the country.

How this portion of the product is divided among themselves, and how far it is depleted by unnecessary taxation, are the most important questions for the working people to consider at the present time.

The apparent tendency of all recent attempts to organize labor and to regulate the payment of wages and the hours of labor by agreements among manufacturers with the representatives of great associations, has rather been to reduce the general rate of wages to the level of that of the least skillful workmen, than to increase the share of the product falling to labor as a whole.

All profits and all wages must be derived from the sale of the product in each and all of the arts which are conducted in a civilized country. If the product is diminished, as it must be by any outside interference with freedom of contract on the part of adults, those who do the work must suffer the most from any disturbance or contest. Their present share is at least ninety per cent. of all that is now produced. If that product should be diminished, it would still require as large a sum for the maintenance and increase of capital as is now required; the capital in an eight-hour mill must be as great as in a ten-hour mill; therefore the proportion of the smaller product, which would necessarily be assigned to capital, would be larger than it now is.

Hence the share of the laborer would be diminished both absolutely and relatively.

Those who would suffer most in these changes would be the common laborers, who absolutely depend upon their daily work for their daily bread.

The effect of the aggressive interference of what is now called "organized labor" with established methods of industry is, however, almost of necessity confined to those branches of work which are carried on under the collective or factory system by great subdivisions of labor. Such interference has, even of late, been limited to a small part even of the collective factory work of the country, and although it has caused great excitement, it has done but little harm, having already spent its force. At the moment when these proofs are being corrected, a great strike in the coal-yards of New Jersey and on the docks of New York has also about spent its force.

The arts which are conducted upon the factory system now give employment to only ten per cent. of the people of this country, or one hundred in each one thousand of those who are occupied for gain. It is in these very arts that the greatest abundance of product is now assured with the least amount or quantity of labor, under free conditions of contract both with respect to capital and labor, subject only to such statutes as have been required for the protection of children from overwork. But if the product of these arts should be materially lessened by outside interference of any sort, the great body of consumers outside the factories would be obliged to work harder and longer in order to get less than they do now.

Ten per cent. or less has thus far been assigned to the possible profit of those who own or possess capital, but it does not follow that all the profits thus gained are added to capital previously saved.

We have not yet defined the full proportion of our annual product which is now secured by the working classes, so called.

There is a further distribution among working people even of such profits as have been assigned to capitalists. The living expenses of capitalists and of their families are paid out of their profits; and this portion of their apparent gain is distributed among those who are in private employment of such capitalists. This may not be wholly productive consumption; yet it reduces the sum which might otherwise be added to capital by distributing a portion of the profits of capitalists among those who are actually at work for them. On the other hand, there is a very large addition to the capital of the country from the savings of working people who are not capitalists according to the common use of the word.

This leads to the final question, What is the actual margin of profit on production as a whole which can be secured by capitalists, be they large or small, *to be added to the capital of the whole country?* I think it cannot be as much as ten per cent. I can find no trace of existing capital corresponding to a saving of ten per cent. on the average annual product of the United States for the past generation, and there is very little capital of any kind which retains any value beyond a single generation. The whole present capital of the United States, the richest country in the world, which has been saved during the whole period of the existence of the nation, certainly does not exceed the value of three years' production, and is probably less than the value of two years' production at the present time. It must be remembered that land is not capital; it has no value except the value given to it by the use of labor and capital upon it.

It may therefore be asked, 1st, if the laborers secured to their sole use the whole margin of profit which is now added to the whole capital of the country, how much would the general rate of wages be advanced? 2d, if laborers themselves secured this profit, as a distinct class, and added it in small sums each to the capital of the country, would it become as effective in promoting the increase of future production as it does when it is held in large sums owned by individual capitalists? Is not the profitable use of capital one of the most difficult arts, and are not the great masters in the use of capital most necessary factors in assuring that abundant production upon which the welfare of workmen especially depends, because they consume the greater proportion?

These and other similar questions lie at the very foundation of what is called "Labor Reform." Can any true solution of the main issue be reached until these questions are answered? Are not a vast proportion of working men discontented, and eagerly seeking a share of an assumed margin or supposed profit which has no existence in fact?

On the other hand, if capital—whether massed in great sums in the hands of individuals, or aggregated in small sums by the people themselves—should fail to secure such a profit as would suffice for its maintenance and increase in due proportion to the increase of the population, would not the production of ensuing years be diminished, and in the end would not labor suffer most for want of adequate machinery, for lack of tools, warehouses, railroads, factories, and other forms of capital?

It behooves all the "friends of labor," so called, to be very sure of their premises when denouncing capitalists as a class lest they add

fuel to a dangerous flame. There are many simple principles which are better comprehended by men of affairs than they can be by scholars or clergymen.

One of the most simple rules is this: that under the influence of competition not only of labor with labor, but of capital with capital, the joint product of these two necessary elements of production is increased in vastly greater measure by the use of such capital, than the share of the product which the capitalist secures to himself is increased.

In other words, while the absolute share secured by the capitalist may increase, the relative proportion of the joint product secured by him rapidly decreases; but the share of the laborer is increased both absolutely and relatively.

A careful analysis of each and every important branch of industry for fifty years will prove that capital has secured a decreasing share, while labor has secured an increasing share of a constantly increasing product.

Hence, while all restrictions upon the free use of capital in reputable occupations are bad for the owners, they are very much worse for the workmen.

For instance: if all the cotton-mills were forced into idleness by meddlesome interference and by statute regulations, the hand labor of about sixteen million men and women would become necessary upon their own spinning-wheels and hand-loom, in order to provide the cotton fabrics which are now consumed in the United States, of which fabrics at least ninety per cent. are consumed by these very working people.

The present production of cotton fabrics requires less than two hundred thousand operatives, whose wages or earnings have steadily increased ever since the cotton-factory was established, and are now higher than they ever were before. It does not appear, however, that the capitalists who own the cotton-mills have secured any great portion of the increased product of cotton goods which their machinery has enabled these operatives to make. The consumers of the goods have enjoyed the chief benefit of the increased abundance; but even of what remains to be divided between capital and labor, the operatives, as I have previously shown, now secure five parts where capital secures only one part; and in this art the proportion which goes to labor is *less* than in almost any other of the great manufacturing enterprises, for the very reason that it requires so large a capital to start a single operative. In one continuously successful factory which I have analyzed, in which the farmers' daughters of New England, in 1840, earned \$175 per year each, for thirteen hours per day work,



the sum necessary to give capital ten per cent., to be taken from the product of each operative, was \$113. In that same factory the French-Canadian weaver, working ten hours, now gains \$290 per year, and if capital can secure \$70 from the product, it will earn ten per cent. The share of labor is double per hour, while the share of capital has diminished forty per cent. In fact, much more, because the factory cannot now earn ten per cent. a year.

When even the little margin of profit which is now secured by the capitalist is taken from him, whoever he may be, the only recourse will be to the spinning-wheel and to the handloom.

Or again, when the railway between Chicago and New York fails to yield a profit of fourteen cents for moving a barrel of flour one thousand miles (or less than the value of the empty barrel), which was substantially the margin of profit on the railway service of last year, labor may not only be permitted, but will be required, to do all the work and take all the pay for moving the flour needed in the East from the far-distant West, by the use of its own wheelbarrows or with such other means of transportation as it may be able to provide itself with.

Long before either event could occur, common sense and a little study of the facts of life will have settled what is called the "Labor Question."

A very large part of the present discontent among laboring people (so called to distinguish them from hard-working owners of capital) has been promoted by a misuse of the figures of the census of 1880.

A very common error in the use of the census data of the manufactures of this country—even on the part of intelligent members of Congress who might be expected to know better—consists in deducting the sum of wages and the cost of materials combined, from the value of the goods as given in the census, and then in assuming that the remainder constituted the *profit* of manufacturing. No more erroneous or fallacious deduction could be made. Reference may be made to the figures given in the analysis of manufactures to prove how large a part of the proceeds of sales of goods must be applied to miscellaneous or general charges and expenses.

There is nothing which an expert statistician or census specialist avoids so scrupulously as putting questions which would expose the profit of any business, if answered; because he knows that if the questions are so framed he will either obtain no replies at all, or else he will obtain partial or incorrect replies intended to mislead.

Therefore any and all deductions of alleged profits, from the United States census, or from any State census, or from any State inquiry into the condition of labor, are apt to be mere rubbish, and are not worth a single moment's attention from a student or from a legislator.

The year 1880 was unquestionably a prosperous year, and there may have been an average profit of ten per cent. in the manufacturing arts in that year. Since then the customary rule has held good,—more capital has been invested, there has been a period of so-called depression, the margin of profit has diminished, but the wages of labor have as a whole steadily advanced.

This adjustment is now about completed; laborers are now fully employed; there never has been a period in the history of this or any other country equal to the present in this country, at this period (Jan., 1887), in the following conditions:

*First.* So large a product made and distributed at so low a cost in ratio to the capital invested either in production or in the mechanism of distribution.

*Second.* So low a rate of profit sufficing to satisfy capital and to induce further investments in any or all arts.

*Third.* So high a general rate of wages earned by so small a number of hours of work per day.

*Fourth.* So large a purchasing power in each unit or dollar of the wages or earnings, when expended for the necessities or comforts of life.

*Fifth.* In no previous period has the workman received so large a proportion of the joint product of labor and capital, or its equivalent either in money or goods.

Hence it follows that the disturbers of labor have about exhausted their temporary power of mischief. The organizations, associations, or clubs of workmen are now assuming their true and beneficent function, to wit: that of schools of inquiry in which the alphabet of social science will be learned, and by means of which peace, order, and industry will be assured.

It has been necessary to treat only what are called manufactures in order to ascertain the margin of profits, or to estimate the ratio of profits to wages; because the data of agriculture in respect to the amount of capital required are almost wholly wanting.

Capital is labor saved and applied to reproduction. Raw land has no value, and land attains value only when capital and labor are applied to its improvement. The investment of capital in agriculture is, as a general rule, much greater in bringing the land into productive condition, than it is in the investment in buildings and tools upon the land. A very



large part of each year's expenditure consists in maintaining the fertility of the soil after its virgin properties begin to be exhausted, in building and maintaining fences, and in other uses of capital which is often utterly lost, if the effort is suspended even for a very short period. What proportion of the value of the products of agriculture can be assigned as the true margin of profit, it is impossible to state, but it is well known to be very small,—much less than in the manufacturing arts.

There remains only to be considered the margin of profit on the final or retail distribution of all products, both of manufactures and agriculture. In the great city shops the rule of large sales for small profits is the common one—short credits or none being granted. In answer to a question lately put to two of the largest retail dealers in this city, one put his losses by bad debts for the last ten years at less than one-tenth, the other at less than one-sixteenth of one per cent. In the small shops a large margin of profit is required in order to sustain the shop at all, and to cover the risks of loss even on monthly credits. In the distribution of the perishable products of agriculture, the margin between the price which the farmer receives and that which the consumer pays is commonly the largest single element in the cost of food to the consumer, and as the price of food to the working population is one-half the whole cost of living or more, any saving which can be made in this element of life would be very beneficial. It has only been in reducing the cost of distribution in small parcels, at retail, that the system of coöperation has had any substantial success.

From the fullest investigation which I have been able to make, I have become more and more convinced that ten per cent. is the maximum margin of profit on all production in

this country, and that even a less proportion of the product of a normal year is all that can be set aside for the maintenance or increase of capital; conversely, that more than ninety per cent. of each year's product is consumed by those who are engaged in its production, as working people in the sense in which that term is commonly used. Of the ten per cent. or less which is or may be saved and added to capital, a very large share will become the property of those who are themselves working people in the strictest sense—another large share will be saved by persons of moderate means, while the share of the rich will be but the lesser part of the whole sum of profits. This view is sustained by the very small margin of profit which now suffices to draw capital into any and all the principal arts which can be analyzed.

All attempts to measure the progress of the country by comparisons of accumulated wealth, stated in terms of money, are practically worthless. The figures of the census of 1880 have no substantial value, for the reasons given in the preceding comments on the capital in manufacturing, while the data of the census of 1860 and 1870 were very incomplete and even more inaccurate.

The importance of accumulated wealth as a factor in the general welfare depends wholly upon its use, and as capital becomes more effective its ratio to the value of products diminishes; hence it often happens that true progress in material welfare may be more accurately measured by the destruction of what has previously been wealth than by its accumulation. The inventors and the scientists are the greatest destroyers of hardly won wealth, the tendency of science and invention being to substitute less costly and more effective capital for that which has been previously in use.

*Edward Atkinson.*

## STONE WALLS.

**A** LONG the country roadside, stone on stone,  
Past waving grain-field, and near broken stile,  
The walls stretch onward an uneven pile,  
With rankling vines and lichen overgrown:  
So stand they sentinel. Unchanged, alone,  
They're left to watch the seasons passing slow:  
The Summer's sunlight, or the Winter's snow,  
The Spring-time's birdling, or the Autumn's moan.  
Who placed the stones now gray with many years?  
And did the rough hands tire, the sore hearts ache?  
The eyes grow dim with all their weight of tears?  
Or did the work seem light for some dear sake?  
Those lives are over. All their hopes and fears  
Are lost, like shadows in the morning-break.

*Julie M. Lippmann.*

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT.

IN the appendix to Croker's Boswell's Johnson, one finds this anecdote :

*Cato's Soliloquy.*—One day Mrs. Gastrel set a little girl to repeat to him [Doctor Samuel Johnson] Cato's Soliloquy, which she went through very correctly. The Doctor, after a pause, asked the child—

"What was to bring Cato to an end?"

She said it was a knife.

"No, my dear, it was not so."

"My aunt Polly said it was a knife."

"Why, Aunt Polly's knife *may do*, but it was a *dag-ger*, my dear."

He then asked her the meaning of "bane and antidote," which she was unable to give. Mrs. Gastrel said—

"You cannot expect so young a child to know the meaning of such words."

He then said—

"My dear, how many pence are there in *sixpence*?"

"I cannot tell, sir," was the half-terrified reply.

On this, addressing himself to Mrs. Gastrel, he said—

"Now, my dear lady, can anything be more ridiculous than to teach a child Cato's Soliloquy, who does not know how many pence there are in *sixpence*?"

In a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society, Professor Ravenstein quoted the following list of frantic questions, and said that they had been asked in an examination :

Mention all the names of places in the world derived from Julius Caesar or Augustus Caesar.

Where are the following rivers : Pisuergra, Sakaria, Guadalete, Jalon, Mulde?

All you know of the following : Machacha, Pilmo, Schebulos, Crivoscia, Bases, Mancikert, Taxhen, Citeaux, Meloria, Zutphen.

The highest peaks of the Karakorum range.

The number of universities in Prussia.

Why are the tops of mountains continually covered with snow [*sic*]?

Name the length and breadth of the streams of lava which issued from the Skaptar Jokul in the eruption of 1783.

That list would oversize nearly anybody's geographical knowledge. Isn't it reasonably possible that in our schools many of the questions in all studies are several miles ahead of where the pupil is? — that he is set to struggle with things that are ludicrously beyond his present reach, hopelessly beyond his present strength? This remark in passing, and by way of text; now I come to what I was going to say.

I have just now fallen upon a darling literary curiosity. It is a little book, a manuscript compilation, and the compiler sent it to me with the request that I say whether I think it ought to be published or not. I said Yes; but as I slowly grow wise, I briskly grow cautious; and so, now that the publication is imminent, it has seemed to me that I should feel more

comfortable if I could divide up this responsibility with the public by adding them to the court. Therefore I will print some extracts from the book, in the hope that they may make converts to my judgment that the volume has merit which entitles it to publication.

As to its character. Every one has sampled "English as She is Spoke" and "English as She is Wrote"; this little volume furnishes us an instructive array of examples of "English as She is Taught"—in the public schools of—well, this country. The collection is made by a teacher in those schools, and all the examples in it are genuine; none of them have been tampered with, or doctored in any way. From time to time, during several years, whenever a pupil has delivered himself of anything peculiarly quaint or toothsome in the course of his recitations, this teacher and her associates have privately set that thing down in a memorandum-book; strictly following the original, as to grammar, construction, spelling, and all; and the result is this literary curiosity.

The contents of the book consist mainly of answers given by the boys and girls to questions, said answers being given sometimes verbally, sometimes in writing. The subjects touched upon are fifteen in number: I. Etymology; II. Grammar; III. Mathematics; IV. Geography; V. "Original"; VI. Analysis; VII. History; VIII. "Intellectual"; IX. Philosophy; X. Physiology; XI. Astronomy; XII. Politics; XIII. Music; XIV. Oratory; XV. Metaphysics.

You perceive that the poor little young idea has taken a shot at a good many kinds of game in the course of the book. Now as to results. Here are some quaint definitions of words. It will be noticed that in all of these instances the sound of the word, or the look of it on paper, has misled the child:

*Aborigines*, a system of mountains.

*Alias*, a good man in the Bible.

*Amenable*, anything that is mean.

*Assiduity*, state of being an acid.

*Auriferous*, pertaining to an orifice.

*Ammonio*, the food of the gods.

*Capillary*, a little caterpillar.

*Corniferous*, rocks in which fossil corn is found.

*Emolument*, a headstone to a grave.

*Equestrian*, one who asks questions.

*Eucharist*, one who plays euchre.

*Franchise*, anything belonging to the French.

*Idolater*, a very idol person.

*Ipecac*, a man who likes a good dinner.

*Irrigate*, to make fun of.

*Mendacious*, what can be mended.

*Mercenary*, one who feels for another.

*Parasite*, a kind of umbrella.

*Parasite*, the murder of an infant.

*Publican*, a man who does his prayers in public.

*Tenacious*, ten acres of land.

Here is one where the phrase "publicans and sinners" has got mixed up in the child's mind with politics, and the result is a definition which takes one in a sudden and unexpected way :

*Republican*, a sinner mentioned in the Bible.

Also in Democratic newspapers now and then. Here are two where the mistake has resulted from sound assisted by remote fact :

*Plagiarist*, a writer of plays.

*Demagogue*, a vessel containing beer and other liquids.

I cannot quite make out what it was that misled the pupil in the following instances ; it would not seem to have been the sound of the word, nor the look of it in print :

*Asphyxia*, a grumbling, fussy temper.

*Quaternions*, a bird with a flat beak and no bill, living in New Zealand.

*Quaternions*, the name given to a style of art practiced by the Phoenicians.

*Quaternions*, a religious convention held every hundred years.

*Sibillant*, the state of being idiotic.

*Crosier*, a staff carried by the Deity.

In the following sentences the pupil's ear has been deceiving him again :

The marriage was illegible.

He was totally dismasted with the whole performance.

He enjoys riding on a philosopher.

She was very quick at repertoire.

He prayed for the waters to subsidize.

The leopard is watching his sheep.

They had a strawberry vestibule.

Here is one which — well, now, how often we do slam right into the truth without ever suspecting it :

The men employed by the Gas Company go round and speculate the meter.

Indeed they do, dear ; and when you grow up, many and many's the time you will notice it in the gas bill. In the following sentences the little people have some information to convey, every time ; but in my case they failed to connect : the light always went out on the keystone word :

The coercion of some things is remarkable ; as bread and molasses.

Her hat is contiguous because she wears it on one side.

He preached to an egregious congregation.

The captain eliminated a bullet through the man's heart.

You should take caution and be precarious.

The supercilious girl acted with vicissitude when the perennial time came.

That last is a curiously plausible sentence ; one seems to know what it means, and yet

VOL. XXXIII.—119.

he knows all the time that he doesn't. Here is an odd (but entirely proper) use of a word, and a most sudden descent from a lofty philosophical altitude to a very practical and homely illustration :

We should endeavor to avoid extremes — like those of wasps and bees.

And here — with "zoölogical" and "geological" in his mind, but not ready to his tongue — the small scholar has innocently gone and let out a couple of secrets which ought never to have been divulged in any circumstances :

There are a good many donkeys in theological gardens.

Some of the best fossils are found in theological cabinets.

Under the head of "Grammar" the little scholars furnish the following information :

Gender is the distinguishing nouns without regard to sex.

A verb is something to eat.

Adverbs should always be used as adjectives and adjectives as adverbs.

Every sentence and name of God must begin with a caterpillar.

"Caterpillar" is well enough, but capital letter would have been stricter. The following is a brave attempt at a solution, but it failed to liquify :

When they are going to say some prose or poetry before they say the poetry or prose they must put a semicolon just after the introduction of the prose or poetry.

The chapter on "Mathematics" is full of fruit. From it I take a few samples — mainly in an unripe state.

A straight line is any distance between two places.

Parallel lines are lines that can never meet until they run together.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else.

To find the number of square feet in a room you multiply the room by the number of the feet. The product is the result.

Right you are. In the matter of geography this little book is unspeakably rich. The questions do not appear to have applied the microscope to the subject, as did those quoted by Professor Ravenstein ; still, they proved plenty difficult enough without that. These pupils did not hunt with a microscope, they hunted with a shot-gun ; this is shown by the crippled condition of the game they brought in :

America is divided into the Passific slope and the Mississippi valey.

North America is separated by Spain.

America consists from north to south about five hundred miles.

The United States is quite a small country compared with some other countries, but is about as industrious.

The capital of the United States is Long Island.  
The five seaports of the U. S. are Newfunlan and Sanfrancisco.

The principal products of the U. S. is earthquakes and volcanoes.

The Alaginnies are mountains in Philadelphia.

The Rocky Mountains are on the western side of Philadelphia.

Cape Hateras is a vast body of water surrounded by land and flowing into the Gulf of Mexico.

Mason and Dixon's line is the Equator.

One of the leading industries of the United States is mollasses, book-covers, numbers, gas, teaching, lumber, manufacturers, paper-making, publishers, coal.

In Austria the principal occupation is gathering Austrich feathers.

Gibraltar is an island built on a rock.

Russia is very cold and tyrannical.

Sicily is one of the Sandwich Islands.

Hindoostan flows through the Ganges and empties into the Mediterranean Sea.

Ireland is called the Emigrant Isle because it is so beautiful and green.

The width of the different zones Europe lies in depend upon the surrounding country.

The imports of a country are the things that are paid for, the exports are the things that are not.

Climate lasts all the time and weather only a few days.

The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah.

The chapter headed "Analysis" shows us that the pupils in our public schools are not merely loaded up with those showy facts about geography, mathematics, and so on, and left in that incomplete state; no, there's machinery for clarifying and expanding their minds. They are required to take poems and analyze them, dig out their common sense, reduce them to statistics, and reproduce them in a luminous prose translation which shall tell you at a glance what the poet was trying to get at. One sample will do. Here is a stanza from "The Lady of the Lake," followed by the pupil's impressive explanation of it:

Alone, but with unbated zeal,  
The horseman plied with scourge and steel;  
For jaded now and spent with toil,  
Embossed with foam and dark with soil,  
While every gasp with sobs he drew,  
The laboring stag strained full in view.

The man who rode on the horse performed the whip and an instrument made of steel alone with strong ardor not diminishing, for, being tired from the time passed with hard labor overworked with anger and ignorant with weariness, while every breath for labor he drew with cries full of sorrow, the young deer made imperfect who worked hard filtered in sight.

I see, now, that I never understood that poem before. I have had glimpses of its meaning, in moments when I was not as ignorant with weariness as usual, but this is the first time the whole spacious idea of it ever filtered in sight. If I were a public-school pupil I would put those other studies aside and stick to analysis; for, after all, it is the thing to spread your mind.

We come now to historical matters, histor-

ical remains, one might say. As one turns the pages, he is impressed with the depth to which one date has been driven into the American child's head — 1492. The date is there, and it is there to stay. And it is always at hand, always deliverable at a moment's notice. But the Fact that belongs with it? That is quite another matter. Only the date itself is familiar and sure: its vast Fact has failed of lodgment. It would appear that whenever you ask a public-school pupil when a thing — anything, no matter what — happened, and he is in doubt, he always rips out his 1492. He applies it to everything, from the landing of the ark to the introduction of the horse-car. Well, after all, it is our first date, and so it is right enough to honor it, and pay the public schools to teach our children to honor it:

George Washington was born in 1492.

Washington wrote the Declareation of Independence in 1492.

St. Bartholemew was massacred in 1492.

The Britains were the Saxons who entered England in 1492 under Julius Cæsar.

The earth is 1492 miles in circumference.

To proceed with "History":

Christopher Columbus was called the Father of his Country.

Queen Isabella of Spain sold her watch and chain and other millinery so that Columbus could discover America.

The Indian wars were very desecrating to the country.

The Indians pursued their warfare by hiding in the bushes and then scalping them.

Captain John Smith was been styled the father of his country. His life was saved by his daughter Pochahantas.

The Puritans found an insane asylum in the wilds of America.

The Stamp Act was to make everybody stamp all materials so they should be null and void.

Washington died in Spain almost broken-hearted. His remains were taken to the cathedral in Havana.

Gorilla warfare was where men rode on gorillas.

John Brown was a very good insane man who tried to get fugitives slaves into Virginia. He captured all the inhabitants, but was finally conquered and condemned to his death. The Confederasy was formed by the fugitive slaves.

Alfred the Great reigned 872 years. He was distinguished for letting some buckwheat cakes burn, and the lady scolded him.

Henry Eight was famous for being a great widower having lost several wives.

Lady Jane Grey studied Greek and Latin and was beheaded after a few days.

John Bright is noted for an incurable disease.

Lord James Gordon Bennett instigated the Gordon Riots.

The Middle Ages come in between antiquity and posterity.

Luther introduced Christianity into England a good many thousand years ago. His birthday was November 1883. He was once a Pope. He lived at the time of the Rebellion of Worms.

Julius Cæsar is noted for his famous telegram dispatch I came I saw I conquered.

Julius Cæsar was really a very great man. He was a very great soldier and wrote a book for beginners in the Latin.

Cleopatra was caused by the death of an asp which she dissolved in a wine cup.

The only form of government in Greece was a limited monkey.

The Persian war lasted about 500 years.

Greece had only 7 wise men.

Socrates . . . destroyed some statues and had to drink Shamrock.

Here is a fact correctly stated; and yet it is phrased with such ingenious infelicity that it can be depended upon to convey misinformation every time it is uncarefully read:

• By the Salic law no woman or descendant of a woman could occupy the throne.

To show how far a child can travel in history with judicious and diligent boosting in the public school, we select the following mosaic:

Abraham Lincoln was born in Wales in 1599.

In the chapter headed "Intellectual" I find a great number of most interesting statements. A sample or two may be found not amiss:

Bracebridge Hall was written by Henry Irving.

Snow Bound was written by Peter Cooper.

The House of the Seven Gables was written by Lord Bryant.

Edgar A. Poe was a very curdling writer.

Cotton Mather was a writer who invented the cotton gin and wrote histories.

Beowulf wrote the Scriptures.

Ben Jonson survived Shakespeare in some respects.

In the Canterbury Tale it gives account of King Alfred on his way to the shrine of Thomas Bucket.

Chaucer was the father of English pottery.

Chaucer was a bland verse writer of the third century.

Chaucer was succeeded by H. Wads. Longfellow an American Writer. His writings were chiefly prose and nearly one hundred years elapsed.

Shakspeare translated the Scriptures and it was called St. James because he did it.

In the middle of the chapter I find many pages of information concerning Shakspeare's plays, Milton's works, and those of Bacon, Addison, Samuel Johnson, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Smollett, De Foe, Locke, Pope, Swift, Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, Wordsworth, Gibbon, Byron, Coleridge, Hood, Scott, Macaulay, George Eliot, Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, and Disraeli,—a fact which shows that into the restricted stomach of the public-school pupil is shoveled every year the blood, bone, and viscera of a gigantic literature, and the same is there digested and disposed of in a most successful and characteristic and gratifying public-school way. I have space for but a trifling few of the results:

Lord Byron was the son of an heiress and a drunk man.

Wm. Wordsworth wrote the Barefoot Boy and Imitations on Immortality.

Gibbon wrote a history of his travels in Italy. This was original.

George Eliot left a wife and children who mourned greatly for his genius.

George Eliot Miss Mary Evans Mrs. Cross Mrs. Lewis was the greatest female poet unless George Sands is made an exception of.

Bulwell is considered a good writer.

Sir Walter Scott Charles Bronte Alfred the Great and Johnson were the first great novelists.

Thomas Babington Makorlay graduated at Harvard and then studied law, he was raised to the peerage as baron in 1557 and died in 1776.

Here are two or three miscellaneous facts that may be of value, if taken in moderation:

Homer's writings are Homer's Essays Virgil the Aneid and Paradise lost some people say that these poems were not written by Homer but by another man of the same name.

A sort of sadness kind of shone in Bryant's poems.

Holmes is a very profligate and amusing writer.

When the public-school pupil wrestles with the political features of the Great Republic, they throw him sometimes:

A bill becomes a law when the President vetos it.

The three departments of the government is the President rules the world, the governor rules the State, the mayor rules the city.

The first conscientious Congress met in Philadelphia.

The Constitution of the United States was established to ensure domestic hostility.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again. As follows:

The Constitution of the United States is that part of the book at the end which nobody reads.

And here she rises once more and untimely. There should be a limit to public-school instruction; it cannot be wise or well to let the young find out everything:

Congress is divided into civilized half civilized and savage.

Here are some results of study in music and oratory:

An interval in music is the distance on the keyboard from one piano to the next.

A rest means you are not to sing it.

Emphasis is putting more distress on one word than another.

The chapter on "Physiology" contains much that ought not to be lost to science:

Physillogigy is to study about your bones stummick and vertebry.

Occupations which are injurious to health are carbolic acid gas which is impure blood.

We have an upper and a lower skin. The lower skin moves all the time and the upper skin moves when we do.

The body is mostly composed of water and about one half is avaricious tissue.

The stomach is a small pear-shaped bone situated in the body.

The gastric juice keeps the bones from creaking.

The Chyle flows up the middle of the backbone and reaches the heart where it meets the oxygen and is purified.

The salivary glands are used to salivate the body.

In the stomach starch is changed to cane sugar and cane sugar to sugar cane.



The olfactory nerve enters the cavity of the orbit and is developed into the special sense of hearing.

The growth of a tooth begins in the back of the mouth and extends to the stomach.

If we were on a railroad track and a train was coming the train would deafen our ears so that we couldn't see to get off the track.

If, up to this point, none of my quotations have added flavor to the Johnsonian anecdote at the head of this article, let us make another attempt:

The theory that intuitive truths are discovered by the light of nature originated from St. John's interpretation of a passage in the Gospel of Plato.

The weight of the earth is found by comparing a mass of known lead with that of a mass of unknown lead.

To find the weight of the earth take the length of a degree on a meridian and multiply by  $62\frac{1}{2}$  pounds.

The spheres are to each other as the squares of their homologous sides.

A body will go just as far in the first second as the body will go plus the force of gravity and that's equal to twice what the body will go.

Specific gravity is the weight to be compared weight of an equal volume of or that is the weight of a body compared with the weight of an equal volume.

The law of fluid pressure divide the different forms of organized bodies by the form of attraction and the number increased will be the form.

Inertia is that property of bodies by virtue of which it cannot change its own condition of rest or motion. In other words it is the negative quality of passiveness either in recoverable latency or insipient latescence.

If a laugh is fair here, not the struggling child, nor the unintelligent teacher,—or rather the unintelligent Boards, Committees, and Trustees,—are the proper target for it. All through this little book one detects the signs of a certain probable fact—that a large part of the pupil's "instruction" consists in cramming him with obscure and wordy "rules" which he does not understand and has no time to understand. It would be as useful to cram him with brickbats; they would at least stay. In a town in the interior of New York, a few years ago, a gentleman set forth a mathematical problem and proposed

to give a prize to every public-school pupil who should furnish the correct solution of it. Twenty-two of the brightest boys in the public schools entered the contest. The problem was not a very difficult one for pupils of their mathematical rank and standing, yet they all failed—by a hair—through one trifling mistake or another. Some searching questions were asked, when it turned out that these lads were as glib as parrots with the "rules," but could not reason out a single rule or explain the principle underlying it. Their memories had been stocked, but not their understandings. It was a case of brickbat culture, pure and simple.

There are several curious "compositions" in the little book, and we must make room for one. It is full of naïveté, brutal truth, and unembarrassed directness, and is the funniest (genuine) boy's composition I think I have ever seen:

#### ON GIRLS.

GIRLS are very stuckup and dignified in their manner and be have your. They think more of dress than anything and like to play with dows and rags. They cry if they see a cow in a far distance and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to church on Sunday. They are al-ways sick. They are al-ways funny and making fun of boy's hands and they say how dirty. They cant play marbels. I pity them poor things. They make fun of boys and then turn round and love them. I dont beleave they ever kiled a cat or anything. They look out every nite and say oh ant the moon lovely. Thir is one thing I have not told and that is they al-ways now their lessons bettern boys.

From Mr. Edward Channing's recent article in "Science":

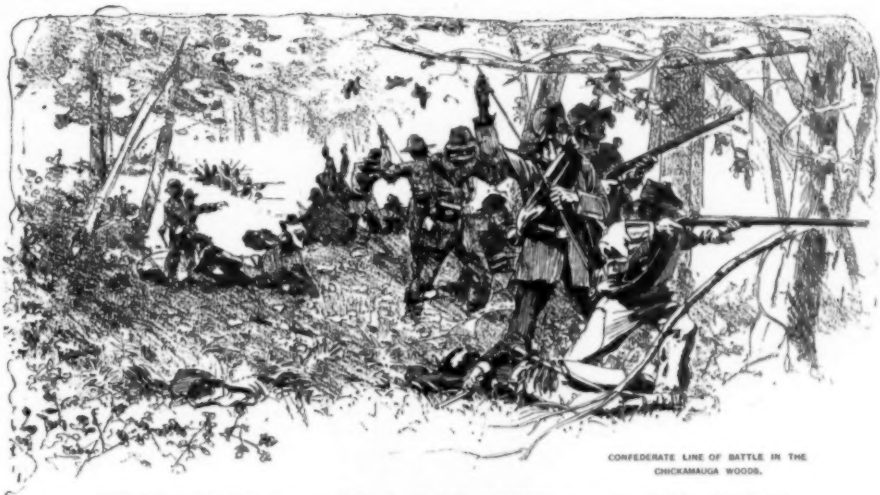
The marked difference between the books now being produced by French, English, and American travelers, on the one hand, and German explorers on the other, is too great to escape attention. That difference is due entirely to the fact that in school and university the German is taught, in the first place to see, and in the second place to understand what he does see.

*Mark Twain.*

#### REJECTED.

THE World denies her prophets with rash breath,  
Makes rich her slaves, her flatterers adorns;  
To Wisdom's lips she presses drowsy death,  
And on the brow Divine a crown of thorns.  
Yet blesséd, though neglected and despised—  
Who for the World himself hath sacrificed,  
Who hears unmoved her witless mockery,  
While to his spirit, slighted and misprised,  
Whisper the voices of Eternity!

*Florence Earle Coates.*



CONFEDERATE LINE OF BATTLE IN THE  
CHICKAMAUGA WOODS.

### CHICKAMAUGA,—THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE WEST.\*

AT the beginning of the Civil War I was asked the question, "Who of the Federal officers are most to be feared?" I replied: "Sherman, Rosecrans, and McClellan. Sherman has genius and daring, and is full of resources. Rosecrans has fine practical sense, and is of a tough, tenacious fiber. McClellan is a man of talents, and his delight has always been in the study of military history and the art and science of war." Grant was not once thought of. The light of subsequent events thrown upon the careers of these three great soldiers has not changed my estimate of them; but I acquiesce in the verdict which has given greater renown to some of their comrades. It was my lot to form a more intimate acquaintance with the three illustrious officers, who I foresaw would play an important part in the war. I fought against McClellan from Yorktown to Sharpsburg (Antietam), I encountered Rosecrans at Chickamauga, and I surrendered to Sherman at Greensboro', N. C.—each of the three commanding an army.

On the 13th of July, 1863, while in charge of the defenses of Richmond and Petersburg and the Department of North Carolina, I received an unexpected order to go West. I was seated in a yard of a house in the suburbs of Richmond (the house belonged to Mr. Poe, a relative of the poet), when President Davis, dressed in a plain suit of gray and attended by a small escort in brilliant uniform, galloped up. After a brief salutation, he said:

"Rosecrans is about to advance upon Bragg; I have found it necessary to detail Hardee to defend Mississippi and Alabama. His corps is without a commander. I wish you to command it."

"I cannot do that," I replied, "as General Stewart ranks me."

"I can cure that," answered Mr. Davis, "by making you a lieutenant-general. Your papers will be ready to-morrow. When can you start?"

"In twenty-four hours," was the reply.

Mr. Davis gave his views on the subject, some directions in regard to matters at Chattanooga, and then left in seemingly good spirits. The cheerfulness was a mystery to me. Within a fortnight the Pennsylvania campaign had proved abortive. Vicksburg and Port Hudson had fallen, and Federal gun-boats were now plying up and down the Mississippi, cutting our communications between the east and the west. The Confederacy was cut in two, and the South could readily be beaten in detail by the concentration of Federal forces, first on one side of the Mississippi and then on the other. The end of our glorious dream could not be far off. But I was as cheerful at that interview as was Mr. Davis himself. The bitterness of death had passed with me before our great reverses on the 4th of July. The Federals had been stunned by the defeat at Chancellorsville, and probably would not have made a forward movement for months. A corps could have been sent to General Joe Johnston, Grant could have been crushed, and Vicksburg, "the heart of the Confederacy," could have been saved. The drums that beat for the advance into Pennsylvania seemed to many of us to be beating the funeral march of the dead Confederacy. Our thirty days of mourning were over before the defeat of Lee and Pemberton. Duty, however, was to be done faithfully and unflinchingly to the last.

\* It has been necessary to omit from this paper, for magazine publication, several passages, which render it less complete as a study of the campaign and battle.—EDITOR.

The calmness of our Confederate President may not have been the calmness of despair, but it may have risen from the belief, then very prevalent, that England and France would recognize the Confederacy at its last extremity, when the Northern and Southern belliger-

and John F. Reynolds. We four had been in the same mess there. Reynolds had been killed at Gettysburg twelve days before my new assignment. Thomas, the strongest and most pronounced Southerner of the four, was now Rosecrans's lieutenant. It was a



GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

ents were both exhausted. Should the North triumph, France could not hope to retain her hold upon Mexico. Besides, the English aristocracy, as is well known, were in full sympathy with the South.

The condition of our railroads even in 1863 was wretched, so bad that my staff and myself concluded to leave our horses in Virginia, and resupply ourselves in Atlanta. On the 19th of July I reported to General Bragg at Chattanooga. I had not seen him since I had been the junior lieutenant in his battery of artillery at Corpus Christi, Texas, in 1845. The other two lieutenants were George H. Thomas

and John F. Reynolds. We four had been in the same mess there. Reynolds had been killed at Gettysburg twelve days before my new assignment. Thomas, the strongest and most pronounced Southerner of the four, was now Rosecrans's lieutenant. It was a

strange casting of lots that three messmates of Corpus Christi should meet under such changed circumstances at Chickamauga. My interview with General Bragg at Chattanooga was not satisfactory. He was silent and reserved and seemed gloomy and despondent. He had grown prematurely old since I saw him last, and showed much nervousness. His relations with his next in command (General Polk) and with some others of his subordinates were known not to be pleasant. His many retreats, too, had alienated the rank and file from him, or at least had taken away that enthusiasm which soldiers feel for the success-

ful general, and which makes them obey his orders without question, and thus wins for him other successes. The one thing that a soldier never fails to understand is victory, and the commander who leads him to victory will be adored by him whether that victory has been won by skill or by blundering, by the masterly handling of a few troops against great odds, or by the awkward use of overwhelming numbers. Long before Stonewall Jackson had risen to the height of his great fame, he had won the implicit confidence of his troops in all his movements. "Where are you going?" one inquired of the "foot cavalry" as they were making the usual stealthy march to the enemy's rear. "We don't know, but old Jack does," was the laughing answer. This trust was the fruit of past victories, and it led to other and greater achievements.

I was assigned to Hardee's old corps, consisting of Cleburne's and Stewart's divisions, and made my headquarters at Tyner's Station, a few miles east of Chattanooga on the Knoxville railroad. The Federals soon made their appearance at Bridgeport, Alabama, and I made arrangements to guard the crossings of the Tennessee north of Chattanooga. A regiment was placed at Sivley's Ford, another at Blythe's Ferry, farther north, and S. A. M. Wood's brigade was quartered at Harrison, in supporting distance of either point. The railroad upon which Rosecrans depended for his supplies ran south of Chattanooga, and had he crossed the river above the town, he would have been separated many miles from his base and his depot. But he probably contemplated throwing a column across the Tennessee to the north of the town to cut off Buckner at Knoxville from a junction with Bragg, and inclose him between that column and the forces of Burnside which were pressing towards Knoxville. On Fast Day, August 21st, while religious services were being held in town, the enemy appeared on the opposite side of the river and began throwing shells

into the houses.\* Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., of New Orleans, was in the act of prayer when a shell came hissing near the church. He went on calmly with his petition to the Great Being, "who rules in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of earth," but at its close, the preacher, opening his eyes, noticed a perceptible diminution of his congregation. Some women and children were killed and wounded by this act. Our pickets and scouts had given no notice of the approach of the enemy. On Sunday, August 30th, we learned through a citizen that McCook's corps had crossed at Caperton's Ferry, some thirty-five miles below Chattanooga, the movement having begun on the 29th. Thomas's corps was also crossing at or near the same point. [See map, page 945.]

The want of information at General Bragg's headquarters was in striking contrast with the minute knowledge General Lee always had of every operation in his front, and I was most painfully impressed with the feeling that it was to be a hap-hazard campaign on our part. My sympathies had all been with the commanding-general. I knew of the carping criticisms of his subordinates and the cold looks of his soldiers, and knew that these were the natural results of reverses, whether the blame for the reverses lay with the commander or otherwise. I had felt, too, that this lack of confidence or lack of enthusiasm, whichever it might be, was ominous of evil for the impending battle. But ignorance of the enemy's movements seemed a still worse portent of calamity. Rosecrans had effected the crossing of the river and had occupied Will's Valley, between Sand and Lookout mountains, without opposition, and had established his headquarters at Trenton. Lookout Mountain now interposed to screen all the enemy's movements from our observation. General Bragg had

\* Colonel Wilder says: "The enemy opened fire upon the command from their batteries, which was replied to by Captain Baily's 18th Indiana battery."—EDITOR.



MILITARY BRIDGE OVER THE TENNESSEE RIVER AT CHATTANOOGA, BUILT BY THE UNITED STATES ENGINEERS IN OCTOBER, 1863, JUST AFTER THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. M. CRESNEY, LENT BY GENERAL G. F. THRISTON.)



VIEW OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN FROM THE HILL TO THE NORTH, WHICH WAS GENERAL HOOKER'S POSITION DURING THE BATTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN, NOVEMBER 24TH, 1863.  
(FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH, LENT BY WILLIAM G. LE DUC, CHIEF QUARTERMASTER OF THE TWENTIETH CORPS.)

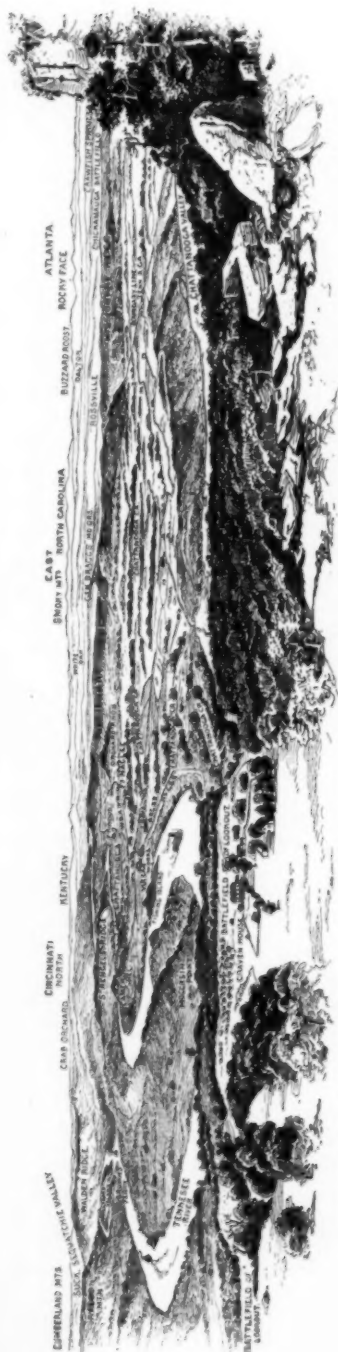
The military road was built after Hooker captured the mountain.

said petulantly a few days before the crossing into Will's Valley: "It is said to be easy to defend a mountainous country, but mountains hide your foe from you, while they are full of gaps through which he can pounce upon you at any time. A mountain is like the wall of a house full of rat-holes. The rat lies hidden at his hole, ready to pop out when no one is watching. Who can tell what lies hidden behind that wall?" said he, pointing to the Cumberland range across the river.

On the 7th of September Rosecrans sent McCook to cross Lookout Mountain at Winston's Gap, forty-six miles south of Chattanooga, and to occupy Alpine, east of the mountains. Thomas was ordered to cross the mountain at Stevens's and Cooper's gaps, some twenty-five miles from Chattanooga, and to occupy McLemore's Cove on the east. This cove is a narrow valley between Lookout and Pigeon mountains. Pigeon Mountain is parallel to the former, not so high and rugged, and does not extend so far north, ending eight miles south of Chattanooga. Crittenden was left in Will's Valley to watch Chattanooga.

General Bragg had had some inclosed works constructed at Chattanooga, and the place could have been held by a division against greatly superior forces. By holding Chattanooga in that way, Crittenden's corps would have been neutralized, and a union between Rosecrans and Burnside would have been impossible. Moreover, the town was the objective point of the campaign, and to lose it was virtually to lose all East Tennessee south of Knoxville. If Bragg knew at the time of the prospective help coming to him from the Army of Northern Virginia, it was of still more importance to hold the town, that he might be the more readily in communication with Longstreet on his arrival. Under similar circumstances General Lee detached Early's division to hold the





PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CHATTANOOGA REGION FROM POINT LOOKOUT, ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN. (FROM A LITHOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF MR. J. B. LINN.)

heights of Fredericksburg, and neutralized Sedgwick's corps, while he marched to attack Hooker at Chancellorsville. Bragg, however, may have felt too weak to spare even one division from his command. He states in his official report that his effective force of infantry was but thirty-five thousand, while he estimates Rosecrans's at seventy thousand. The returns of the Army of the Cumberland, on the 10th of September, give 78,183 "present for duty." [Including the garrison at Nashville and other garrisons in the department, as well as the forces in and about Chattanooga.—ED.] Whatever may have been Bragg's motive, he completely abandoned the town by the 8th, and Crittenden took possession of it next day. My corps,\* consisting of Breckinridge's and of Cleburne's divisions, had led in the withdrawal, and was halted at Lafayette, twenty-two miles from, and almost south of, Chattanooga, and east of Pigeon Mountain, which separates it from McLemore's Cove, into which the columns of Thomas began to pour on the 9th. I placed Breckinridge in charge of the Reserve Artillery and the wagon train at Lafayette, while Cleburne was sent to hold the three gaps in Pigeon Mountain, Catlett's on the north, Dug in the center, and Blue Bird on the south. General Cleburne pitched his tent by the road leading to the center gap. Notwithstanding the occupation of Chattanooga, Rosecrans did not attempt to concentrate his forces there, but persisted in pushing two of his corps to our left and rear.

As the failure of Bragg to beat Rosecrans in detail has been the subject of much criticism, it may be well to look into the causes of the failure. So far as the commanding general was concerned, the trouble with him was: first, lack of knowledge of the situation; second, lack of personal supervision of the execution of his own orders. No general ever won a permanent fame who was wanting in these grand elements of success, knowledge of his own and his enemy's condition, and personal superintendence of operations on the field. In war, as in every other affair in life, knowledge is power, and it is work that wins. Invidious critics have attributed many of Stonewall Jackson's successes to lucky blunders, or at best to happy inspirations at the moment of striking. Never was there a greater mistake. He studied carefully (shall I add prayerfully?) all his own and his adversary's movements. He knew the situation perfectly, the geography and the topography of the country, the character of the officers opposed to him, the number and material of his troops. He never joined battle without a thorough personal reconnoissance of the field. That duty he trusted to no engineer officer. He knew McClellan, Pope, Banks, and Frémont as though he had the reading of their thoughts. When the time came for him to act, he was in the front to see that his orders were carried out, or were modified to suit the ever-shifting scenes of battle. In the pursuit of McClellan from Richmond to the James, he rode at the head of my division, then in advance. I saw him

\* Breckinridge's division of my corps had come up from Mississippi and was substituted for Stewart's, sent to join Buckner.—D. H. H.



GENERAL BUSHROD E. JOHNSON. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

at Malvern Hill helping with his own hands to push a piece of artillery of Riley's battery farther to the front.

The failure to attack Negley's division in the cove on September 10th was owing to Bragg's ignorance of the condition of the roads, the obstructions at Dug Gap, and the position of the enemy. He attributed the failure to make the attack on the same force on the 11th to the major-general [Hindman] who had it in charge, whether justly or unjustly, I do not know. The capture of Negley's division would have had a very inspiring effect upon our harassed and discouraged soldiers. All day of the 11th my signal corps and scouts at Blue Bird Gap reported the march of a heavy column to our left and up the cove. These reports were forwarded to the commanding general, but were not credited by him. On the morning of the 13th I was notified that General Polk was to attack Crittenden at Lee and Gordon's Mills, and the Reserve Artillery and baggage trains were specially intrusted to my corps. Breckinridge guarded the roads leading south from Lafayette, and Cleburne

guarded the gaps in Pigeon Mountain. The attack was not made at Lee and Gordon's Mills, and this was the second of the lost opportunities. General Bragg in his official report thus speaks of this failure. He tells of his first order to General Polk to attack, dated six P. M. September 12th, 1863, Lafayette, Ga.:

"GENERAL: I inclose you a dispatch from General Pegram. This presents you a fine opportunity of striking Crittenden in detail, and I hope you will avail yourself of it at daylight to-morrow. This division crushed, and the others are yours. We can then turn again on the force in the cove. Wheeler's cavalry will move on Wilder so as to cover your right. I shall be delighted to hear of your success."

This order was twice repeated at short intervals. The last dispatch was as follows:

"The enemy is approaching from the south—and it is highly important that your attack in the morning should be quick and decided. Let no time be lost."

The rest of the story is thus told by General Bragg:

"At eleven P. M. a dispatch was received from the general [Polk] stating that he had taken up a strong position for defense, and requesting that he should be

heavily reinforced. He was promptly ordered not to defer his attack,—his force being already numerically superior to the enemy,—and was reminded that his success depended upon the promptness and rapidity of his movements. He was further informed that Buckner's corps would be moved within supporting distance the next morning. Early on the 13th, I proceeded to the front, ahead of Buckner's command, to find that no advance had been made upon the enemy and that his forces [the enemy's] had formed a junction and recrossed the Chickamauga. Again disappointed, immediate measures were taken to place our trains and limited supplies in safe positions, when all our forces were concentrated along the Chickamauga threatening the enemy in front."

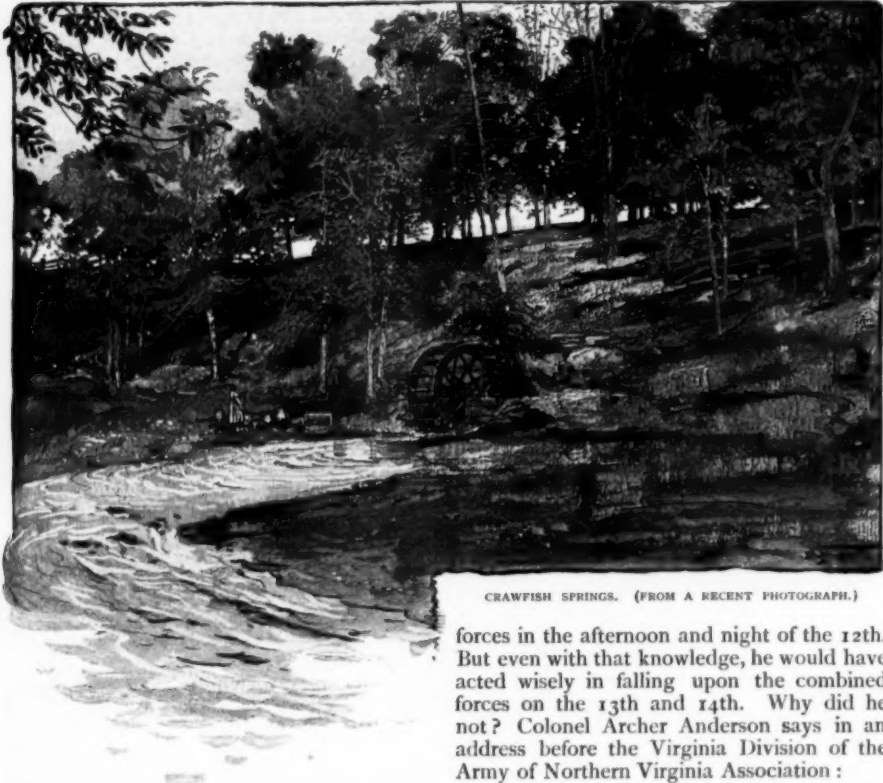
During the active operations of a campaign, the post of the commander-in-chief should be in the center of his marching columns, that he may be able to give prompt and efficient aid to whichever wing may be threatened. But whenever a great battle is to be fought, the commander must be on the field to see that his orders are executed and to take advantage of the ever-changing phases of the conflict. Jackson leading a cavalry fight by night near Front Royal in the pursuit of Banks, Jackson at the head of the column following McClellan in the retreat from Richmond to Malvern Hill, presents a contrast to Bragg sending, from a distance of ten miles, four consecutive orders for an attack at daylight, which he was never to witness.

Surely in the annals of warfare there is no parallel to the coolness and nonchalance with which the Federal General Crittenden marched and counter-marched for a week with a delightful unconsciousness that he was in the presence of a force of superior strength. On the 11th we find him with two divisions (Van Cleve's and Palmer's) at Ringgold, twenty miles from Chattanooga, and with his third (Thomas Wood's) at Lee and Gordon's Mills, ten miles from Ringgold. Wood remained there, alone and unsupported, until late in the day of the 12th. Crittenden was at the mills with his whole corps on the 13th and morning of the 14th, moving back to Missionary Ridge on the 14th, but keeping Wood at Gordon's all that day. General Crittenden seemed to think that so long as the bridge there was held, there was no danger of the rebels passing to his rear on the road towards Chattanooga, though there were other bridges and several good fords over the Chickamauga at other points. It was to the isolation of Wood that Bragg refers in his order dated Lafayette, six P. M. on the 12th. Captain Polk (in the Southern Historical Society papers) says:

"General Bragg, in his official report of the battle of Chickamauga, charges General Polk with the failure to crush Crittenden's forces in their isolated position at Ringgold. It will be noted, however, that General



VIEW OF MOCCASIN POINT AND CHATTANOOGA FROM THE SIDE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF MR. J. B. LINN.)



CRAWFISH SPRINGS. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

Polk was ordered to take position at a particular spot,—Rock Spring,—thence, if not attacked, to advance by daylight of the 13th of September, and assume the offensive against the opposing forces, which were expected from the way of Ringgold. But Crittenden was at Gordon's Mills behind the Chickamauga on the evening of the 12th. The order was simply impracticable." [See letter from Capt. Polk, page 964.—ED.]

The concentration at Rock Spring, seven miles south-west from Ringgold and four and a half miles south-east from Lee and Gordon's Mills, was apparently to interpose between Crittenden's columns, and to strike in detail whichever presented itself. But General Crittenden, unaware, apparently, of his danger, crossed the Chickamauga at the mills, and united with Wood about nightfall on the 12th. General Polk discovered that there was a large force in front of him on the night of the 12th, and not a single division, and hence he thought only of a defensive attitude. It is probable that, from his long experience of Bragg's ignorance of the situation, he was skeptical in regard to the accuracy of the general's information on the present occasion. Bragg certainly did not know of the union of Crittenden's

forces in the afternoon and night of the 12th. But even with that knowledge, he would have acted wisely in falling upon the combined forces on the 13th and 14th. Why did he not? Colonel Archer Anderson says in an address before the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia Association:

"These failures to secure the execution of his designs seem to have paralyzed the Confederate commander during the next four days, for it was not till the night of the 17th that Bragg issued another order for a movement against the enemy. And yet these were four days of critical peril for the Federal army. It was only at midnight of the 12th that McCook, on their extreme right, received the order to close upon Thomas. It was only on the 17th, after four days' hard marching, that his junction with Thomas was effected. During these four days McCook's whole corps was as completely annulled as if it had been in Virginia, and during a part of this time there was a wide interval separating Crittenden and Thomas. The Confederate army was perfectly in hand. What chances did those four days not offer to an enterprising commander! But General Bragg's spirit seems to have been damped by the miscarriages I have described. Rosecrans was, on the other hand, completely aroused. He saw now, as he himself says, that it was a matter of life and death to concentrate his army. During these four days the Federal army marched as men march upon issues of life and death, but the Confederates lay in their camps in idle vacancy. . . . It is true that reinforcements were now about to arrive, but General Bragg well knew they would not counterbalance McCook's corps. The inaction of those four days is not to be explained."

The truth is, General Bragg was bewildered by "the popping out of the rats from so many

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holes." The wide dispersion of the Federal forces, and their confronting him at so many points, perplexed him, instead of being a source of congratulation that such grand opportunities were offered for crushing them one by one. He seemed to have had no well-organized system of independent scouts, such as Lee had, and such as proved of inestimable service to the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war. For information in regard to the enemy, apparently he trusted alone to his very efficient cavalry. But the Federal cavalry moved with infantry supports, which could not be brushed aside by our cavalry. So General Bragg only learned that he was encircled by foes, without knowing who they were, what was their strength, and what were their plans. His enemy had a great advantage over him in this respect. The negroes knew the country well, and by dividing the numbers given by them by three, trustworthy information could be obtained. The waning fortunes of the Confederacy was developing a vast amount of "latent unionism" in the breasts of the original secessionists—those fiery zealots who in '61 proclaimed that "one Southerner could whip three Yankees," though there was never a single individual among the zealots who was willing to be the one Southerner. The negroes and the fire-eaters with "changed hearts" were now most excellent spies.

The 13th of September was a day of great anxiety to me at Lafayette, in charge of the Reserve Artillery and the wagon trains, with only two weak divisions, less than nine thousand strong, to protect them. During the 11th and 12th my signal corps on Pigeon Mountain

had been constantly reporting the march of a heavy column to our left and rear. These reports were communicated by me to the commanding general, and were discredited by him. At eight A. M. on the 13th, Lieutenant Baylor came to my camp with a note from General Wharton, of the cavalry, vouching for the lieutenant's entire trustworthiness. Lieutenant Baylor told me that McCook had encamped the night before at Alpine, twenty miles from Lafayette, towards which his march was directed. Our cavalry pickets had been driven in on the Alpine road the afternoon before, and had been replaced by infantry. Soon after the report by Lieutenant Baylor, a brisk fire opened upon the Alpine road, two miles from Lafayette. I said to my staff, as we galloped toward the firing, "It is to be South Mountain over again." This referred to the defense, on the 14th of September, 1862, of the passes of that mountain by my gallant division, reduced by fighting and marching to five thousand men.

We learned, on reaching the Alpine road, that General Dan Adams's skirmishers had been attacked by two regiments of cavalry, which were repulsed. General Adams said to me, "The boldness of the cavalry advance convinces me that an infantry column is not far off." Lucius Polk's brigade was brought down from Pigeon Mountain, and every disposition was made to celebrate appropriately the next day—the anniversary of South Mountain. But that was not to be. General McCook (Federal) had been ordered to Summerville, eleven miles south of Lafayette on the main road to Rome, Ga. But he had become



MAP OF THE VICINITY OF CHATTANOOGA.



cautious after hearing that Bragg was not making that hot and hasty retreat which Rosecrans had supposed he was making. He therefore ordered his wagon-train back to the top of Lookout Mountain, and remained all day of the 13th at Alpine. His cavalry had taken some prisoners from General Adams, and he thus learned certainly that Bragg had been reinforced. At midnight on the 13th McCook received the order to hurry back to join Thomas. Then began that race of "life and death," the crossing back over Lookout Mountain, the rapid, exhausting march north through Lookout Valley, and the junction at last at Stevens's Gap on the 17th. The contemporary accounts represent McCook's march as one of fatigue and suffering.

General Bragg returned to Lafayette on the afternoon of the 13th, and I communicated to him verbally that night the report of Lieutenant Baylor. He replied excitedly, "Lieutenant Baylor lies. There is not an infantry soldier of the enemy south of us." The next morning he called his four corps commanders, Polk, Buckner, Walker, and myself, together, and told us that McCook was at Alpine, Crittenden at Lee and Gordon's Mills, and Thomas in McLemore's Cove. McCook was at that very time making that famous march, estimated by Rosecrans at fifty-seven miles, to join Thomas at Stevens's Gap. But the Confederate commander did not know of this withdrawal, and possibly the fear of an attack in his rear by McCook kept him from falling upon Thomas and Crittenden in his front. The nightmare upon him for the next three days was due, doubtless, to his uncertainty about the movements of his enemy, and to the certainty that there was not that mutual confidence between him and some of his subordinates that there ought to be between the chief and his officers to insure victory. Bragg's want of definite and precise information had led him more than once to issue "impossible" orders, and therefore those intrusted with their execution got in the way of disregarding them. Another more serious trouble with him was the disposition to find a scapegoat for every failure and disaster. This made his officers cautious about striking a blow when an opportunity presented itself, unless they were protected by a positive order. General Lee sought for no vicarious victim to atone for his *one* disaster. "I alone am to blame; the order for attack was mine," said he, after the repulse of the assault upon Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg. Lee and Bragg were cast in different molds.

In reference to the long intervals between battles in the West, I once said to General

Patton Anderson, "When two armies confront each other in the East, they get to work very soon; but here you look at one another for days and weeks at a time." He replied with a laugh, "Oh, we out here have to crow and peck straws awhile before we use our spurs." The crowing and pecking straws were now about over. On the 13th Rosecrans awoke from his delusion that Bragg was making a disorderly retreat, and issued his orders for the concentration of his army in McLemore's Cove. Granger's corps came up from Bridgeport, occupied Rossville on the 14th, and remained there until the battle of the 20th. Rossville is at the gap in Missionary Ridge through which runs the road from Chattanooga to Lafayette and Rome, Ga. General Rosecrans had felt it to be of vital importance to hold this gap at all hazards, in case of a disaster to his arms. On the 17th Rosecrans had his forces well in hand, extending from Lee and Gordon's Mills to Stevens's Gap, in a line running from east to south-west some eleven miles long. On the same day Bragg, with headquarters still at Lafayette, held the gaps in Pigeon Mountain, and the fords to Lee and Gordon's Mills. Each commander was in position, on the 17th, to turn the left flank of his adversary,—Bragg by crossing the Chickamauga at points north of Lee and Gordon's Mills; but by this he risked fighting with his back to the river,—a hazardous situation in case of defeat. He risked too, to some extent, his trains, which had yet to be moved towards Ringgold and Dalton. His gain, in case of a decided victory, would be the cutting off of Rosecrans from Chattanooga, and possibly the recapture of that place. Rosecrans could have flanked Bragg by crossing at Gordon's and the fords between that place and Catlett's. This would have cut off Bragg from Rome certainly, and from Dalton in case of his advance upon Chattanooga, or else would have compelled him to come out and fight upon ground selected by his antagonist. This is what Hooker aimed to do at Chancellorsville, but was foiled in his attempt by the famous flank march of Stonewall Jackson. The risk to Rosecrans was an insecure line of retreat in case of defeat, and possibly the loss of Chattanooga. But he had Granger's corps to hold the fortifications of Chattanooga, and he held also the gaps in Lookout Mountain. Bragg showed superior boldness by taking the initiative. Rosecrans determined to act upon the defensive. He says that he knew on the 17th that Bragg would try to seize the Dry Valley and Rossville roads—the first on the west and the second on the east of Missionary Ridge. He thus divined the plan of his enemy twelve hours before Bragg's order was issued. Therefore Rosecrans, on the after-

noon of the 17th, ordered McCook to take the place of Thomas at Pond Spring, Thomas to relieve the two divisions of Crittenden at Crawfish Springs, and Crittenden to take these divisions and extend them to the left of Wood at Lee and Gordon's, so as to protect the road to Chattanooga. General Rosecrans says:

"The movement for the concentration of the corps more compactly towards Crawfish Springs was begun on the morning of the 18th, under orders to conduct it secretly, and was executed so slowly that McCook's corps only reached Pond Spring at dark, and bivouacked resting on their arms during the night. Crittenden's corps reached its position on the Rossville road near midnight."

Thomas marched all night uninterruptedly, and the head of his columns reached the Widow Glenn's (Rosecrans's headquarters) at daylight on the 19th. Baird's division was posted there, and Brannan's, on coming up, was placed on Baird's left, so as to cover the road to Reed's and to Alexander's bridges on the Chickamauga.

On the 18th General Bragg issued, from Lee's tan-yard, his order for battle as follows:

"1. Johnson's column (Hood's), on crossing at or near Reed's Bridge, will turn to the left by the most practicable route, and sweep up the Chickamauga towards Lee and Gordon's Mills.

"2. Walker, crossing at Alexander's Bridge, will unite in this move and push vigorously on the enemy's flank and rear in the same direction.

"3. Buckner, crossing at Tedford's Ford, will join in the movement to the left, and press the enemy up the stream from Polk's front at Lee and Gordon's.

"4. Polk will press his forces to the front of Lee and Gordon's Mills, and if met by too much resistance to cross will bear to the right and cross at Dalton's Ford or at Tedford's, as may be necessary, and join the attack wherever the enemy may be.

"5. Hill will cover our left flank from an advance of the enemy from the cove, and, by pressing the cavalry in his front, ascertain if the enemy is reinforcing at Lee and Gordon's Mills, in which event he will attack them in flank.

"6. Wheeler's cavalry will hold the gaps in Pigeon Mountain, and cover our rear and left, and bring up stragglers.

"7. All teams, etc., not with troops should go towards Ringgold and Dalton, beyond Taylor's Ridge. All cooking should be done at the trains; rations when cooked will be forwarded to the troops.

"8. The above movements will be executed with the utmost promptness, vigor, and persistence."

Had this order been issued on any of the four preceding days, it would have found Rosecrans wholly unprepared for it, with but one solitary infantry division (Wood's) guarding the crossings of the Chickamauga, and that at one point only, Lee and Gordon's—the fords north of it being watched by cavalry. Even if the order had been given twenty-four hours earlier, it must have been fatal to Rosecrans in the then huddled and confused grouping of his forces.

All that was effected on the 18th was the sending over of Walker's small corps of a lit-

tle more than five thousand men near Alexander's Bridge and Bushrod Johnson's division of three thousand six hundred men at Reed's Bridge, farther north. These troops drove off Wilder's mounted infantry from the crossings immediately south of them, so as to leave undisputed passage for Bragg's infantry, except in the neighborhood of Lee and Gordon's. On the night of the 18th Bragg's troops were substantially as follows: Hill's corps on the extreme left, with center at Glass's Mill; Polk's at Lee and Gordon's; Buckner's at Byram's Ford; Hood's at Tedford's Ford.\* During the night Cheatham's division of Polk's corps was detached, moved down the Chickamauga, and crossed at Hunt's Ford about seven A. M. on the 19th. On that morning the Federal line of battle ran, in the main, parallel to the Chattanooga road from Lee and Gordon's to beyond Kelly's farm, and consisted of the divisions of Wood, Van Cleve, and Palmer of Crittenden's corps, and Baird's and Brannan's of Thomas's corps, in the order named from right to left. Negley and Reynolds, commanders under Thomas, had not come up at the opening of the battle of the 19th. The leading division (R. W. Johnson's) of McCook's corps reached Crawfish Springs at an early hour that day, and the divisions of Davis and Sheridan soon followed. It is about five miles from Crawfish Springs to Kelly's farm.

#### BATTLE OF THE 19TH OF SEPTEMBER.

SOON after getting into position at Kelly's after his night march, General Thomas was told by Colonel Dan McCook, commanding a brigade of the Reserve Corps, that there were no rebel troops west of the Chickamauga, except one brigade that had crossed at Reed's Bridge the afternoon before, and which could be easily captured, as he (McCook) had burned the bridge behind the rebels. Thomas ordered Brannan to take two brigades and make a reconnaissance on the road to Reed's Bridge, and place a third brigade on the road to Alexander's Bridge. This order took the initiative away from Bragg, and put it in the hands of Thomas with his two divisions in line to crush the small Confederate force west of the river, and then with his supports, as they came, beat, in detail, the rebel supports, delayed, as they must be, by the crossings and the distances to march. Croxton's brigade, of Brannan's division, met Forrest's cavalry on the Reed's Bridge road, and drove it back on the infantry—two small brigades under Ector and Wilson. These advanced with the "rebel yell," pushed Croxton back, and ran over his

\* Hood's division, about five thousand strong, was the only portion of Longstreet's corps in the action of the 19th.—D. H. H.

battery, but were in turn beaten back by Brannan's and Baird's forces. Baird now began the readjustment of his lines, and during the confusion of the movement Liddell's (Confederate) division, two thousand strong, struck the brigades of Scribner and King, and drove them in disorder, capturing Loomis's battery, commanded by Lieutenant Van Pelt. Bush's Indiana battery was captured at the same time. The defeat had become a panic, and Baird's and Brannan's men were going pell-mell to the rear, when the victorious Liddell found himself in the presence of a long line of Federal troops overlapping both flanks of his little force. These were the troops of Brannan's reorganized division on his right, and of the freshly arrived division of R. W. Johnson from McCook. Liddell extricated himself skillfully, losing heavily, however, and being compelled to abandon his captured guns. It was by Rosecrans's own order, at 10:15 A. M., that R. W. Johnson had been hurried forward five miles from Crawfish Springs, just in time to save the Federal left from a grave disaster. At eleven A. M. Bragg ordered Cheatham to the relief of Liddell, but he reached the ground after Johnson—too late to drive Brannan as well as Baird off the field. Cheatham's veteran division of seven thousand men advanced gallantly, driving the enemy before it, when it was in its turn hurled back by an attacking column which Thomas had organized after the defeat of Liddell and the arrival of two fresh divisions, viz., Palmer's of Crittenden's corps and Reynolds's of his own corps. General Thomas tells us that these divisions (Johnson on the left, Palmer in the center, and Reynolds on the right)

"advanced upon the enemy, attacking him in flank and driving him in great disorder for a mile and a half, while Brannan's troops met him in front, as he was pursuing Baird's retreating brigades. . . . The enemy at this time being hardly pressed by Johnson, Palmer, and Reynolds in flank fell back in confusion upon his reserves, posted in a strong position on the west side of Chickamauga Creek, between Reed's and Alexander's bridges. Brannan and Baird were then ordered to reorganize their commands."

General Thomas thus groups together, and disposes of as one attack, the successive attacks of Liddell and of Cheatham. Unfortunately for the Confederates, there was no general advance, as there might have been along the whole line—an advance that must have given a more decisive victory on the 19th than was gained on the 20th. It was desultory fighting from right to left, without concert, and at inopportune times. It was the sparring of the amateur boxer, and not the crushing blows of the trained pugilist. From daylight on the 19th until after midday, there was a gap of two miles between Crittenden and Thomas,

into which the Confederates could have poured, turning to right or left, and attacking in flank whichever commander was least prepared for the assault. As Cheatham was falling back, A. P. Stewart's division of Buckner's corps, three thousand four hundred strong, attacked Palmer's division of Crittenden's corps, which was flanking Cheatham, drove it back, and marching forward met Van Cleve's division of the same corps hastening to the assistance of Thomas, and hurled it back also. Hood, with his own and Bushrod Johnson's division, moved at 2:30 P. M., and gained for a time a most brilliant success, crushing the right center of the Federal army, capturing artillery, and seizing the Chattanooga road. The three Confederate divisions had, after their first triumphs, to encounter the four fresh divisions of Wood, Davis, Sheridan, and Negley, and were in turn driven back to the east of the road. Rosecrans thus refers to the attack of Stewart, followed by that of Hood and Johnson:

"Palmer's right was soon overlapped [by Stewart], when Van Cleve's division came to his support, but was beaten back, when Reynolds's division came in, and was in turn overpowered. Davis's division came into the fight then most opportunely and drove the enemy, who soon, however, developed a superior force against his line, and pressed him so heavily that he was giving ground, when Wood's division came, and turned the tide of battle the other way. About three P. M., General McCook was ordered to send Sheridan's division to support our line near Wood and Davis, directing Lytle's brigade to hold Gordon's Mills, our extreme right. Sheridan also arrived opportunely to save Wood from disaster, and the rebel tide was thoroughly stayed in that quarter. Meanwhile the roar of musketry in our center grew louder, and evidently approached headquarters at Widow Glenn's house, until musket-balls came near and shells burst about it. . . . Negley reported with his division, and as the indications became clearer that our center was being driven, he was dispatched in that direction, and soon found that the enemy had dislodged Van Cleve from the line, and was forming there, even while Thomas was driving his right. Orders were promptly given Negley to attack him, which he soon did, and drove him steadily till night closed the combat."

The Federals, all unconscious that they had been all day fighting detachments of inferior forces, prided themselves upon having defeated "Longstreet's splendid corps from Virginia," possibly supposing that it was twenty-five thousand strong, instead of only about five thousand, on the field, as the returns show.

Stewart had recaptured the battery lost by Cheatham's division, twelve pieces of Federal artillery, over two hundred prisoners, and several hundred rifles. Hood and Bushrod Johnson had met with a similar success at first, but, of course, three divisions could not stand the combined attack of six.

On our extreme left a good deal of demonstrating had been done by the Federals on the

17th and 18th; infantry had been crossed over at Owen's Ford, and threats made at Glass's Mill. On the 19th I ordered an attack at the latter place. Slocumb's battery had a bloody artillery duel with one on the west of the river, and, under cover of the artillery fire, Helm's brigade of Breckinridge's division was crossed over, and attacked Negley's infantry and drove it off. Riding over the ground with Breckinridge, I counted eleven dead horses at the Federal battery, and a number of dead infantry men who had not been removed. The clouds of dust rolling down the valley revealed the precipitate retirement of the foe, not on account of our pressure upon him, but on account of the urgency of the order to hurry to their left. Now was the time to relieve the strain upon our right by attacking the Federal right at Lee and Gordon's. My veteran corps, under its heroic division commanders, Breckinridge and Cleburne, would have flanked the enemy out of his fortifications at this point, and would by their brilliant onset have confounded Rosecrans in his purpose of massing upon his left; but Bragg had other plans than of reverse movements. The Irish recruit, when scolded for not keeping step on squad drill, answered, "Faith, it's the other bhoys that won't kape step wid me." The great commander is he who makes his antagonist keep step with him. Thomas, like the grand soldier he was, by attacking first, made Bragg and his rebel boys keep step with him. He who begins the attack assumes that he is superior to his enemy, either in numbers or in courage, and therefore carries with him to the assault all the moral advantage of his assumed superiority.

At three P. M. I received an order to report to the commander-in-chief at Tedford's Ford, to set Cleburne's division in motion to the same point, and to relieve Hindman at Gordon's with Breckinridge's division. Cleburne had six miles to march over a road much obstructed with wagons, artillery, and details of soldiers. He got in position on the extreme right aftersundown. Thomas had, in the mean while, moved Brannan from his left to his right, and was retiring Baird and Johnson to a better position, when Cleburne, with Cheatham upon his left, moved upon them "in the gloaming" in magnificent style, capturing three pieces of artillery, a number of caissons, two stands of colors, and three hundred prisoners. The contest was obstinate, for a time, on our left, where log breastworks were encountered; and here that fine soldier, Brigadier-General Preston Smith, of Cheatham's division, lost his life. Discovering that our right extended beyond the enemy, I threw two batteries in advance of our fighting line

and almost abreast of that of the enemy. These caused a hasty abandonment of the breastworks and a falling back of some half a mile. This ended the contest for the day. General Rosecrans thus sums up the result:

"The battle had secured us these objects. Our flanks covered the Dry Valley and the Rossville roads, while our cavalry covered the Missionary Ridge and the valley of Chattanooga Creek, into which latter place our spare trains had been sent on Friday, the 18th. We also had indubitable evidence of the presence of Longstreet's corps and Johnston's forces by the capture of prisoners from each. And the fact that at the close of the day we had present but two brigades which had not been opportunely and squarely in action, opposed to superior numbers of the enemy, assured us that we were greatly outnumbered, and that the battle the next day must be for the safety of the army and the possession of Chattanooga."

A Federal newspaper account of the time makes the frank statement:

"What advantage generally had been gained was with the rebels. They had successively overcome the obstacle of the river in their front, forcing the Federal line from it at every point until it lay in a country almost destitute of water. Not enough could be had for the men's coffee, and what was had was obtained from springs several miles distant."

At a time when it was raining in torrents day and night, and rations were scarce in the Southern camps (and when were they not scarce?), General F—— ordered an Irish soldier, for some misconduct, "to be confined for ten days on bread and water." "Thank yer Honor kindly for the bread," said Pat; "it is not often we see the likes of that. But niver mind the wather; we gits plenty of it." On that 19th of September we had plenty of water for coffee, but not a grain of coffee for the water. I had almost overlooked the two sacks of coffee found on one of the caissons captured by Cleburne's Irishmen. Major Cross of my staff offered them fifty dollars in Confederate money for a haversack full of the precious berries. As the money was about as valuable as oak-leaves, Patrick was not in a trading humor, but with true delicacy evaded his objection to the nature of the currency: "Niver mind the Confederate money, major; whin we've pounded the grains with an axe, and biled the wather, we'll give ye a tin cupful, if we can find ye." The major was not found.

General Rosecrans made a very natural mistake about our overwhelming numbers. But it *was* a big mistake. The South, from patriotic pride, still kept up its old military organizations, for how could it merge together divisions and brigades around which clustered such glorious memories? But the waste of war had reduced them to mere skeleton divisions and brigades. My corps at Chickamauga was but little more than one-third of the size of my division at Yorktown, and so



it was through the whole Southern army. The North, with larger numbers to recruit from, could keep its organizations full, and it did so. Captain W. M. Polk, from data furnished him by General Marcus J. Wright, has given an estimate of the numbers in the respective corps and divisions of the two armies; he concludes that the Federals had 45,855, and the Confederates 33,897 in the battle of the 19th.

I witnessed some of the heaviest fighting on the afternoon of the 19th, and never saw so little straggling from the field. I saw but one deserter from Hood's ranks, and not one from Cleburne's. The divisions of Hindman, Breckinridge, and Preston had not been put into the fight, and two brigades of McLaws's (Kershaw's and Humphreys's) were expected next day. Rosecrans had put in all but two of his brigades. The outlook seemed hopeful for the Confederates. Longstreet arrived at eleven P. M. on the 19th.

While lying on the Rapidan in August, after that disastrous day at Gettysburg, Longstreet had suggested to General Lee the reënforcing of Bragg. The general went to Richmond, and after a time got the consent of the Confederate authorities to send Longstreet, without artillery or cavalry, with the much reduced divisions of McLaws and Hood. Lee followed Longstreet to his horse to see him off, and as he was mounting said, "General, you must beat those people." Lee always called the Federals "those people." Longstreet, withdrawing his foot from the stirrup, said, "General, if you will give your orders that the enemy, when beaten, shall be destroyed, I will promise to give you victory, if I live; but I would not give the life of a single soldier of mine for a barren victory." Lee replied, "The order has been given and will be repeated."\*

Soon after the arrival of Longstreet, General Bragg called together some of his officers and ventured upon that hazardous experiment, a change of organization in face of the enemy. He divided his army into two wings; he gave to Polk the right wing, consisting of the corps of Hill and of Walker, and the division of Cheatham,—comprising in all 18,794 infantry and artillery, with 3500 cavalry under Forrest; to Longstreet he gave the left wing, consisting of the corps of Buckner and of Hood, and the division of Hindman—22,849 infantry and artillery, with 4000 cavalry under Wheeler. That night Bragg announced his purpose of adhering to his plan of the 19th for the 20th, viz., successive attacks from right to left, and he gave his wing commanders orders to begin at daylight. Mr. Lincoln, in reference to a change of commanders during a campaign, said, "It is a bad plan to swap horses in the

middle of a stream." Some of the results of Bragg's swap were bad. I left Cleburne, after his fight, at eleven P. M., and rode with Captains Coleman and Reid five miles to Telford's Ford, where the orders for the day announced that Bragg's headquarters would be, that I might get instructions for the next day. On the way I learned from some soldiers that Breckinridge was coming up from Lee and Gordon's. I sent Captain Reid to him to conduct him to Cleburne's right. General Polk, however, as wing commander, gave General Breckinridge permission to rest his weary men, and took him to his own headquarters. It was after two o'clock when General Breckinridge moved off under the guidance of Captain Reid, and his division did not get into position until after sunrise. Captain Coleman and myself reached the ford after midnight, only to learn that Bragg was not there. Some time after the unsuccessful search, my other staff-officers came up, and my chief-of-staff gave me a message from General Polk that my corps had been put under his command, and that he wished to see me at Alexander's Bridge. He said not a word to any of them about an attack at daylight, nor did he to General Breckinridge, who occupied the same room with him that night. I have by me written statements from General Breckinridge and the whole of my staff to that effect. General Polk had issued an order for an attack at daylight, and had sent a courier with a copy, but he had failed to find me. I saw the order for the first time nineteen years afterwards in Captain Polk's letter to the Southern Historical Society. At three A. M. on the 20th, I went to Alexander's Bridge, but not finding the courier who was to be posted there to conduct me to General Polk, I sent Lieutenant Morrison, aide-de-camp, to hunt him up, and tell him I could be found on the line of battle, which I reached just after daylight, before Breckinridge had got into position. Neither of my division commanders had heard anything of the early attack, and cooked rations were being distributed to our men, many of whom had not eaten anything for twenty-four hours. At 7:25 an order was shown me from General Polk, directed to my major-generals, to begin the attack. I sent a note to him that I was adjusting my line, and that my men were getting their rations. General Polk soon after came up, and assented to the delay. Still nothing was said of the daylight attack. General Bragg rode up at eight A. M., and inquired of me why I had not begun the attack at daylight. I told him that I was hearing then for the first time that such an order had been issued, and had not known whether we were to be assailants or assailed. He said angrily, "I

\* From a letter of General Longstreet to the writer.





HOUSE OF MR. J. M. LEE, CRAWFISH SPRING, ROSECRANS'S HEADQUARTERS BEFORE THE BATTLE, AND SITE OF THE UNION FIELD-HOSPITAL FOR THE RIGHT WING. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

found Polk after sunrise sitting down reading a newspaper at Alexander's Bridge, two miles from the line of battle, where he ought to have been fighting."

However, the essential preparations for battle had not been made up to this hour and, in fact, could not be made without the presence of the commander-in-chief. The position of the enemy had not been reconnoitered, our line of battle had not been adjusted, and part of it was at right angles to the rest; there was no cavalry on our flanks, and no order had fixed the strength or position of the reserves. My corps had been aligned north and south to be parallel to the position of the enemy. Cheatham's division was at right angles to my line, and when adjusted was found to be exactly behind Stewart's, and had therefore to be taken out after the battle was begun, and placed on reserve. Kershaw's brigade of Longstreet's corps was also out of place, and was put on reserve.

#### BATTLE OF THE 20TH OF SEPTEMBER.

ROSECRANS in person made a careful alignment of his whole line in the morning, arranging it so as to cover the Rossville (Chattanooga) and the Dry Valley roads. It began four

hundred yards east of the Rossville road, on a crest which was occupied from left to right by Baird's division (Thomas's corps), Johnson's division (McCook's), Palmer's division (Crittenden's), and Reynolds's division (Thomas's). These four divisions became isolated during the day, and the interest of the battle centers largely in them. They lay behind substantial breastworks of logs,\* in a line running due south and bending back towards the road at each wing. "Next on the right of Reynolds," says a Federal newspaper account, "was Brannan's division of Thomas's corps, then Negley's of the same corps, its right making a crotchet to the rear. The line across the Chattanooga road towards Missionary Ridge was completed by Sheridan's and Davis's divisions of McCook's corps: Wood's and Van Cleve's divisions of Crittenden's corps were in reserve at a proper distance." The line from Reynolds extended in a south-westerly direction. Minty's cavalry covered the left and rear at Missionary Mills; Mitchell's and Wilder's cavalry covered the extreme right. Rosecrans's headquarters were at Widow Glenn's house.

The Confederate line ran at the outset from north to south, Hills corps on the right, next Stewart's division, Hood in reserve, then Bushrod Johnson's, then Hindman's on the extreme

\*The ringing of axes in our front could be heard all night.—D. H. H.

These breastworks were described as follows by Mr. W. F. G. Shanks, war correspondent of the "New York Herald": "General Thomas had wisely taken the precaution to make rude works about breast-high along his whole front, using rails and logs for

the purpose. The logs and rails ran at right angles to each other, the logs keeping parallel to the proposed line of battle and lying upon the rails until the proper height was reached. The spaces between these logs were filled with rails, which served to add to their security and strength. The spade had not been used."—EDITOR.

left, Preston in reserve. After the fighting had actually begun, Walker, Cheatham, and Ker-shaw were taken out and put in reserve. Wheeler's cavalry covered our left, and Forrest had been sent, at my request, to our right. The Confederates with six divisions were confronted with eight Federal divisions protected generally by breastworks. The battle can be described in a few words. The Confederate attack on the right was mainly unsuccessful because of the breastworks, but was so gallant and persistent that Thomas called loudly for reinforcements, which were promptly sent, weakening the Federal right, until finally a gap was left. This gap Longstreet entered, and discovering, with the true instinct of a soldier, that he could do more by turning to the right, disregarded the order to wheel to the left, wheeled the other way, struck the corps of Crittenden and McCook in flank, and drove them with their commanders and the commanding general off the field.\* Thomas, however, still held his ground, and, though ordered to retreat, strongly refused to do so until nightfall, thus saving the Federals from a great disaster. Longstreet, then, was the organizer of victory on the Confederate side, and Thomas the savior of the army on the other side.

Longstreet did not advance until noon, nor did he attack the breastworks on the Federal left (Thomas's position) at all, though Federal writers of the time supposed that he did. Those assaults were made first by Breckinridge and Cleburne of Hill's corps, and then by the brigades of Gist, Walthall, Govan, and others sent to their assistance. Stewart began his brilliant advance at eleven A. M., and before that time Thomas began his appeals for help.

Breckinridge moved at 9:30 A. M., and Cleburne fifteen minutes later, according to the order for attack. Forrest dismounted Armstrong's division of cavalry to keep abreast of Breckinridge, and held Pegram's division in reserve. Breckinridge's two right brigades, under Adams and Stovall, met but little opposition, but the left of Helm's brigade encountered the left of the breastworks, and was badly cut up. The heroic Helm was killed, and his command repulsed. His brigade, now under the command of that able officer, Colonel J. H. Lewis, was withdrawn. The simultaneous advance of Cleburne's troops would have greatly relieved Helm, as he was exposed to a flank as well as a direct fire. General Breckinridge suggested, and I cordially approved the suggestion, that he should wheel his two brigades to the left, and get in rear of

the breastworks. These brigades had reached the Chattanooga road, and their skirmishers had pressed past Cloud's house, where there was a Federal field-hospital. The wheel enabled Stovall to gain a point beyond the retired flank of the breastworks, and Breckinridge says in his report, "Adams had advanced still further, being actually in rear of his intrenchments. A good supporting line to my division at this moment would probably have produced decisive results." Federal reinforcements had, however, come up. Adams was badly wounded and fell into the enemy's hands, and the two brigades were hurled back. Beatty's brigade of Negley's division had been the first to come to Baird's assistance. General Thomas says:

"Beatty, meeting with greatly superior numbers, was compelled to fall back until relieved by the fire of several regiments of Palmer's reserve, which I had ordered to the support of the left, being placed in position by General Baird, and which, with the cooperation of Van Derveer's brigade of Brannan's division, and a portion of Stanley's brigade of Negley's division, drove the enemy entirely from Baird's left and rear."

General Adams was captured by Van Derveer's men. Here was quite a sensation made by Breckinridge's two thousand men. American troops cannot stand flank and rear attacks. All our fighting on the 20th could have been of that character; for a reconnoissance in the morning by our commander-in-chief would have revealed the fact that our right extended beyond the enemy's left, and a movement still farther to the right would have enabled us to turn his flank, or would have compelled him to fight outside of his breastworks.

While Breckinridge was thus alarming Thomas for his left, Cleburne was having a bloody fight with the forces behind the breastworks. From want of alignment before the battle, Deshler's brigade had to be taken out that it might not overlap Stewart. L. E. Polk's brigade soon encountered the enemy behind his logs, and after an obstinate contest was driven back. Wood's (Confederate) brigade on the left had almost reached Poe's house (the burning house) on the Chattanooga road, when he was subjected to a heavy enfilading and direct fire and driven back with great loss. (The plan of successive attacks, of course, subject the troops which drive the enemy from any position of the line to a cross-fire from those who remain in the line.) Cleburne withdrew his division four hundred yards behind the crest of a hill. The gallant young brigadier Deshler was killed while executing the movement. This brigade then fell into the able hands of Colonel R. Q. Mills. The fierce

\* General Bushrod Johnson was the first to enter the gap with his division and, with the coolness and judgment for which he was always distinguished, took in the situation at a glance and

began the flank movement to the right. Longstreet adopted the plan of his lieutenant, and made his other troops correspond to Johnson's movement.—D. H. H.

fight on our right lasted until 10:30 A.M. It was an unequal contest of two small divisions against four full ones behind fortifications. It was a struggle of weakness against strength, of bare bosoms against breastworks. Surely, there were never nobler leaders than Breckinridge and Cleburne, and surely never were nobler troops led on a more desperate "forlorn hope"—against odds in numbers and superiority in position and equipment. But their unsurpassed and unsurpassable valor was not thrown away. Before a single Confederate soldier had come to their relief, Rosecrans ordered up other troops to the aid of Thomas, in addition to those already mentioned. At 10:10 A. M. General Garfield, his chief-of-staff, wrote to General McCook:

"General Thomas is being heavily pressed on the left. The general commanding directs you to make immediate dispositions to withdraw the right, so as to

spare as much force as possible to reinforce Thomas. The left must be held at all hazards, even if the right is drawn wholly back to the present left. Select

a good position back this way, and be ready to start reinforcements to Thomas at a moment's warning."

At 10:30 A. M., twenty minutes later, General Garfield wrote:

"The general commanding directs you to send two brigades of Sheridan's division, at once, with all possible dispatch, to support General Thomas and send the third brigade as soon as the lines can be drawn in sufficiently. March them as rapidly as you can, without exhausting the men."

General McCook says that he executed the order and marched the men at double-quick. This weakening of his right by Rosecrans to support his left was destined soon to be his ruin. It is noticeable, too, that so determined had been the assaults of



ALEXANDER'S BRIDGE FROM THE CONFEDERATE SIDE OF THE CHICKAMAUGA LOOKING UP-STREAM. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

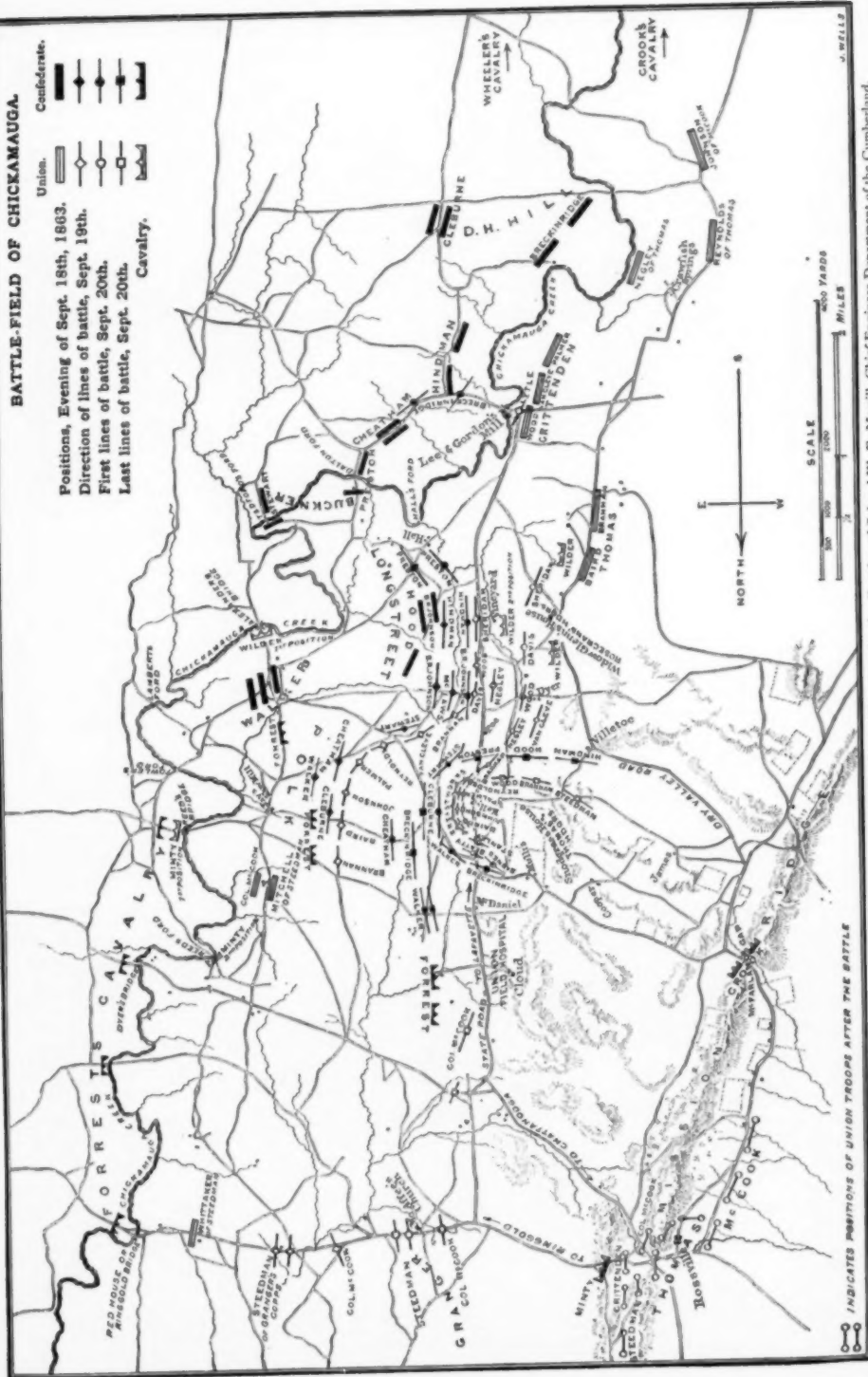


THE SINK-HOLE NEAR WIDOW GLENN'S HOUSE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

This sink-hole contained the only water to be had in the central part of the battle-field. General Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry at one time gained the pool after a hard contest and quenched their thirst. In the water were lying dead men and horses that had been wounded and that had died while drinking.—EDITOR.

# BATTLE-FIELD OF CHICKAMAUGA.

- Union. Confederate.   
 Positions, Evening of Sept. 18th, 1863.   
 Direction of lines of battle, Sept. 19th.   
 First lines of battle, Sept. 20th.   
 Last lines of battle, Sept. 20th.   
 Cavalry.



INDICATES POSITIONS OF UNION TROOPS AFTER THE BATTLE

This map is based upon the Official Reports, the official topographical map compiled by Colonel W. E. Merrill, Chief Engineer Department of the Cumberland, and the maps of Captain Walter J. Morris of General Leonidas Polk's staff — EDITOR.



GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD, CHIEF-OF-STAFF OF GENERAL ROSECRANS. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

Breckinridge and Cleburne, that though repulsed and badly punished, they were not pursued by the enemy, who did not venture outside of his works.

At eleven A. M. Stewart's division advanced under an immediate order from Bragg. His three brigades under Brown, Clayton, and Bate advanced with Wood of Cleburne's division. General Stewart says:

"For several hundred yards both lines pressed on under the most terrible fire it has ever been my fortune

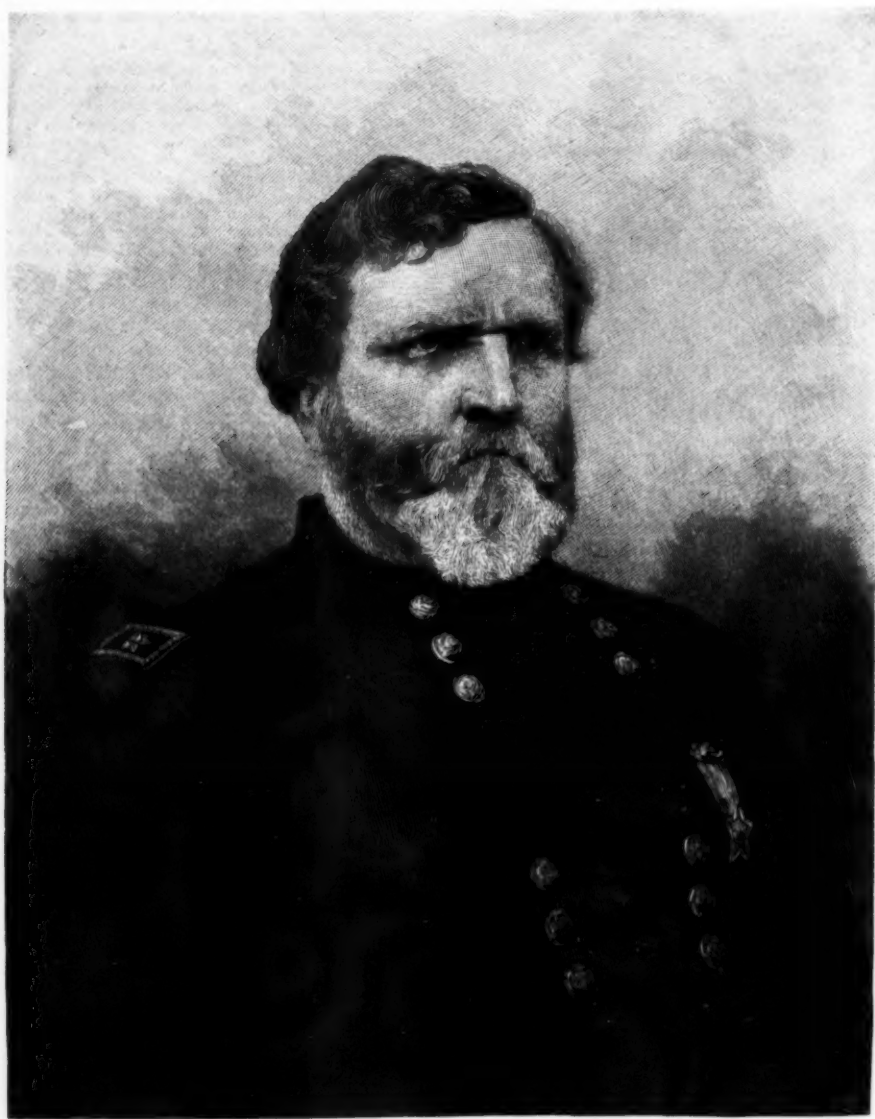
to witness. The enemy retired, and our men, though mowed down at every step, rushed on at double-quick, until at length the brigade on the right of Brown broke in confusion, exposing him to an enfilade fire. He continued on, however, some fifty to seventy-five yards farther, when his two right regiments gave way in disorder, and retired to their original position. His center and left, however, followed by the gallant Clayton and the indomitable Bate, pressed on, passing the corn-field in front of the burnt house, and to a distance of two to three hundred yards beyond the Chattanooga road, driving the enemy within his line of intrenchments and passing a battery of four guns. . . . Here new batteries being opened by the enemy on our front and flank heavily supported by infantry, it became necessary to retire, the command re-forming on the ground occupied before the advance."

This was the celebrated attack upon Reynolds and Brannan which led directly to the Federal disaster. In the mean time our right was preparing to renew the attack. I proposed to the wing commander, Polk, to make a second advance, provided fresh troops were sent forward, requesting that the gap in Breckinridge's left, made by the withdrawal of Helm, should be filled by another brigade. General J. K. Jackson's was sent for that purpose, but unfortunately took its position too far in rear to engage the attention of the enemy in front, and every advance on our right during the remainder of the day was met with a flank and cross-fire from that quarter. Gist's brigade and Liddell's division of Walker's corps reported to me. Gist immediately attacked with great vigor the log-works which had re-



LEE AND GORDON'S MILLS ON THE CHICKAMAUGA. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)





GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

pulsed Helm so disastrously, and he in turn was driven back. Liddell might have made as great an impression by moving on the Chattanooga road as Breckinridge had done, but his strong brigade (Walthall's) was detached, and he advanced with Govan's alone, seized the road for the second time that day, and was moving behind the breastworks, when a column of the enemy appearing on his flank and rear, he was compelled to retreat.

This was simultaneous with the advance of Stewart. The Federal commander says:

"The battle in the mean while roared with increasing fury, and approached from the left to the center. Two aides arrived successively, within a few minutes, from General Thomas, asking for reinforcements. The first was directed to say that General Negley had already gone and should be nearly at hand at that time, and that Brannan's reserve brigade was available. The other was directed to say that General Van Cleve would be sent at once to his assistance, which was accordingly

done. A message from General Thomas soon followed, saying that he was heavily pressed, the messenger informing me that General Brannan was out of line and that General Reynolds's right was exposed. Orders were sent to Wood to close upon Reynolds, and word was sent to Thomas that he should be supported, even if it took away the whole corps of McCook and Crittenden."

Brannan was between Reynolds and Wood. The order "to close upon Reynolds" was

day, Longstreet now gave the order to wheel to the right instead of the left, and thus take in reverse the strong position of the enemy. Five of McCook's brigades were speedily driven off the field. He estimates their loss at forty per cent. Certainly that flank march was a bloody one. I have never seen the Federal dead lie so thickly on the ground, save in front of the sunken wall at Fredericksburg.\*



THE SNODGRASS FARM-HOUSE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Thomas's headquarters on the second day were in the field this side of the house. The hills called the "Horse-shoe," made famous by the defense of Brannan and Steedman, lie on the opposite side of the house.—EDITOR.

naturally enough interpreted by Wood to support Reynolds, and not, as it seems Rosecrans meant, to close to the left. He withdrew his division and began his march to the left and in rear of Brannan. A gap was left into which Longstreet stepped with the eight brigades (Bushrod Johnson's, McNair's, Gregg's, Kershaw's, Law's, Humphreys's, Benning's, and Robertson's), which he had arranged in three lines to constitute his grand column of attack. Davis's two brigades, one of Van Cleve's, and Sheridan's entire division were caught in front and flank, and driven from the field. Disregarding the order of the

But the "disaster was not irremediable." That indomitable Virginia soldier, George H. Thomas, was there and destined to save the Union army from total rout and ruin, by confronting with invincible pluck the forces of his friend and captain in the Mexican War.† Thomas had ridden to his right to hurry up reinforcements, when he discovered a line advancing, which he thought at first was the expected succor from Sheridan, but he soon heard that it was a rebel column marching upon him. His anxiety for his left was now changing into painful alarm for his right. He chose a strong position on a spur of Mission-

\* A Federal newspaper account of the time says: "The enemy pressing briskly through the interval left by Wood at once caught Sheridan and Davis in reverse and upon the flank, compelling a confused retreat. Brannan was struck upon the flank and with Van Cleve, his support, driven violently back. The latter division was not again formed on the field. . . . Swarming through the woods in confused masses, the men of Sheridan's, Davis's, and Van Cleve's divisions, with some from Brannan's, passed backward. Headquarters, which had been in rear of the position of the reserve, was caught up by the multitude and carried back. To those in the crowd the disaster appeared irremediable; apparently the whole army was in confused flight. Even

the commanding General, after a vain effort to assist the foremost of the crowd, as they came up to his position, and the commanders of the Twentieth and Twenty-first corps [McCook and Crittenden], were carried away by the living tide, and cut off from the remainder of the army."—D. H. H.

† Bragg had great respect and affection for the first lieutenant of his battery. The tones of tenderness with which he spoke of "Old Tom" are still well remembered by me.

Both of these illustrious Southerners dropped dead of heart disease: Thomas in San Francisco, in 1870, and Bragg in Galveston, in 1876. Did the strain upon them in those terrible days at Chickamauga hasten their death?—D. H. H.



THOMAS'S DIVOUAC AFTER THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE.

ary Ridge, running east and west, placed upon it Brannan's division with portions of two brigades of Negley's; Wood's division (Crittenden's) was placed on Brannan's left. These troops, with such as could be rallied from the two broken corps, were all he had to confront the forces of Longstreet, until Steedman's division of Granger's corps came to his relief about three P. M. Well and nobly did Thomas and his gallant troops hold their own against foes flushed with past victory and confident of future success. His new line was nearly at right angles with the line of log-works on the crest side of the Rossville road, his right being an almost impregnable wall-like hill, his left nearly an inclosed fortification. The only sure hope of success against him was to get in his rear by moving far enough to our right to avoid the breastworks on his left. This was obvious to all who had been in the fight the night before, as it was then seen that our right overlapped the enemy's left.

Bushrod Johnson's three brigades in Longstreet's center were the first to fill the gap left by Wood's withdrawal from the Federal right; but the other five brigades under Hindman and Kershaw moved promptly into line as soon as space could be found for them,

wheeled to the right, and engaged in the murderous flank attack. On they rushed, shouting, yelling, running over batteries, capturing trains, taking prisoners, seizing the headquarters of the Federal commander, at the Widow Glenn's, until they found themselves facing the new Federal line on Snodgrass's Hill. Hindman had advanced a little later than the center, and had met great and immediate success. The brigades of Deas and Manigault charged the breastworks at double-quick, rushed over them, drove Laiboldt's Federal brigade of Sheridan's division off the field down the Rossville road; then General Patton Anderson's brigade of Hindman having come into line, attacked and beat back the forces of Davis, Sheridan, and Wilder in their front, killed the hero and poet General Lytle, took one thousand one hundred prisoners, twenty-seven pieces of artillery, commissary and ordnance trains, etc. Finding no more resistance on his front and left, Hindman wheeled to the right to assist the forces of the center. The divisions of Stewart, Hood, Bushrod Johnson, and Hindman came together in front of the new stronghold of the Federals.

It was now 2:30 P. M. Longstreet, with his staff, was lunching on sweet potatoes. A mes-

sage came just then that the commanding general wished to see him. He found Bragg in rear of his lines, told him of the steady and satisfactory progress of the battle, that sixty pieces of artillery had been reported captured (though probably the number was overestimated), that many prisoners and stores had been taken, and that all was going well. He then asked for additional troops to hold what ground was gained, while he pursued the two broken corps down the Dry Valley road and cut off the retreat of Thomas. Bragg replied that there was no more fight in the troops of Polk's wing, that he could give Longstreet no reinforcements, and that his headquarters would be at Reed's Bridge. He seems not to have known that the whole of Cheat-ham's division and half of Liddell's had not



GENERAL J. M. BRANNAN.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN MAY, 1865.)

been in action that day. General Longstreet wrote to me in July, 1884:

"It is my opinion that Bragg thought at three P. M. that the battle was lost, though he did not say so positively. I asked him at that time to reinforce me with a few troops that had not been so severely engaged as mine, and to allow me to go down the Dry Valley road, so as to interpose behind Thomas and cut off his retreat to Chattanooga, at the same time pursuing the troops that I had beaten back from my front. His reply, as well as I can remember, was that he had no troops except my own that had any fight left in them, and that I should remain in the position in which I then was. After telling me this, he left me, saying, 'General, if anything happens, communicate with me at Reed's Bridge.' In reading Bragg's report, I was struck with his remark that the morning after the battle 'he found the ever-vigilant General Liddell feeling his way to find the enemy.' Inasmuch as every one in his army was supposed to know on the night of the battle that we had won a complete victory, it seemed to me quite ludicrous that an officer should be commended for his vigilance the next morning in looking for the enemy in his immediate presence. I know that I was then laying a plan by which we might over-



GENERAL W. H. LYTLE, COMMANDING THE FIRST BRIGADE,  
SHERIDAN'S DIVISION, KILLED SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1863.

haul the enemy at Chattanooga or between that point and Nashville. It did not occur to me on the night of the 20th to send Bragg word of our complete success. I thought that the loud huzzas that spread over the field just at dark were a sufficient assurance and notice to any one within five miles of us. . . . Rosecrans speaks particularly of his apprehension that I would move down the Dry Valley road."

Some of the severest fighting had yet to be done after three P. M. It probably never happened before for a great battle to be fought to its bloody conclusion with the commanders of each side away from the field of conflict. But the Federals were in the hands of the indomitable Thomas, and the Confederates were under their two heroic wing-commanders.

In the lull of the strife I went with a staff-officer to examine the ground on our left. One of Helm's wounded men had been overlooked, and was lying alone in the woods, his head partly supported by a tree. He was



GENERAL GORDON GRANGER. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

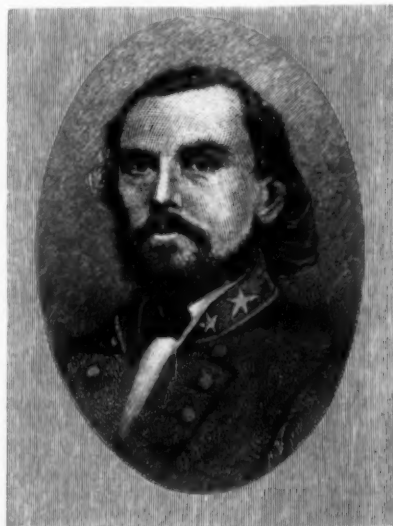


THE OLD JOHN ROSS HOUSE AT ROSSVILLE — MISSIONARY RIDGE ON THE RIGHT. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

shockingly injured. He belonged to Von Zinken's regiment, of New Orleans, composed of French, Germans, and Irish. I said to him: "My poor fellow, you are badly hurt. What regiment do you belong to?" He replied: "The Fifth Confederat, and a dommed good regiment it is." The answer, though almost ludicrous, touched me as illustrating the *esprit de corps* of the soldier—his pride in and his affection for his command. Colonel Von Zinken told me afterwards that one of his desperately wounded Irishmen cried out to his comrades, "Charge them, boys; they have cha-ase (cheese) in their haversacks." Poor Pat, he has fought courageously in every land in quarrels not his own.

Hindman and Johnson organized a column of attack upon the front and rear of the stronghold of Thomas. It consisted of the brigades of Deas, Manigault, Gregg, Anderson, and McNair. Three of the brigades, Johnson says, had each but five hundred men, and the other two were not strong. Deas was on the north side of the gorge through which the Crawfish road crosses, Manigault across the gorge and south, on the crest parallel to the Snodgrass Hill, where Thomas was. The other three brigades extended along the crest with their faces north, while the first two faced east.

Kershaw, with his own and Humphreys's brigade, was on the right of Anderson and was to coöperate in the movement. It began at 3:30 P. M. Hindman says:



GENERAL T. C. HINDMAN, C. S. A.



"In a few minutes a terrific contest ensued, which continued at close quarters, without any intermission, over four hours. Our troops attacked again and again with a courage worthy of their past achievements. The enemy fought with determined obstinacy and repeatedly repulsed us, but only to be again assailed. As showing the fierceness of the fight, I mention the fact that on our extreme left the bayonet was used, and men also killed and wounded with clubbed muskets. A little after four, the enemy was reinforced, and advanced with loud shouts upon our right, but was repulsed by Anderson and Kershaw."

General Bushrod Johnson pays a similar tribute to the gallantry of the combatants on both sides, but claims that his men were surely, if slowly, gaining ground at all points, which must have made untenable the stronghold of Thomas. Relief was, however, to come to our men so hotly engaged on the left, by the advance of the right. At three P. M. Forrest reported to me that a strong column was approaching from Rossville, which he was delaying all he could. From prisoners we soon learned that it was Granger's corps. We were apprehensive that a flank attack, by fresh troops, upon our exhausted and shattered ranks might prove fatal. Major-General Walker strongly advised falling back to the position of Cleburne, but to this I would not consent, believing that it would invite attack, as we were in full view.\* Cheatham's fine division was sent to my assistance by the wing-commander. But Granger, who had gallantly marched without orders to the relief of Thomas, moved on to the "sound of the firing." Rosecrans thus describes the timely help afforded by Granger to the sorely beset Thomas:

"Arrived in sight, Granger discovered at once the peril and the point of danger—the gap—and quick as thought he directed his advance brigade upon the enemy. General Steedman, taking a regimental color, led the column. Swift was the charge and terrible the conflict, but the enemy was broken. A thousand of our brave men killed and wounded paid for its possession."

According to the official returns the entire loss during the afternoon in Steedman's two brigades [including 613 captured or missing] was 1787. A Federal writer says that of the eight staff-officers of Brigadier-General Whitaker "three were killed, three wounded, and one killed or captured."

Longstreet was determined to send Preston with his division of three brigades under Gracie, Trigg, and Kelly, aided by Robertson's brigade of Hood's division, to carry the heights—the main point of defense. His troops were of the best material and had been in reserve all day; but brave, fresh, and strong

as they were, it was with them alternate advance and retreat, until success was assured by a renewal of the fight on the right. At 3:30 P. M. General Polk sent an order to me to assume command of the attacking forces on the right and renew the assault. Owing to a delay in the adjustment of our line, the advance did not begin until four o'clock. The men sprang to their arms with the utmost alacrity, though they had not heard of Longstreet's success, and they showed by their cheerfulness that there was plenty of "fight in them." Cleburne ran forward his batteries, some by hand, to within three hundred yards of the enemy's breastworks, pushed forward his infantry, and carried them. J. K. Jackson had a bloody struggle with the fortifications in his front, but had entered them when Cheatham with two of his brigades, Maney's and Wright's, came up with shouts and cheers. Breckinridge and Walker met with but little opposition until the Chattanooga road was passed, when their right was unable to overcome the forces covering the enemy's retreat. As we passed into the woods west of the road, it was reported to me that a line was advancing at right angles to ours. I rode to the left to ascertain whether they were foes or friends, and soon recognized General Buckner. The cheers that went up when the two wings met were such as I had never heard before, and will never hear again.

Preston gained the heights a half hour later, capturing a thousand prisoners and four thousand five hundred stand of arms. But neither right nor left is entitled to the laurels of a complete triumph. It was the combined attack which, by weakening the enthusiasm of the brave warriors who had stood on the defense so long and so obstinately, won the day.

Thomas had received orders after Granger's arrival to retreat to Rossville, but, stout soldier as he was, he resolved to hold his ground until nightfall. An hour more of daylight would have insured his capture. Thomas had under him all the Federal army, except the six brigades which had been driven off by the left wing.

In regard to the relative strength of the two armies, Colonel Archer Anderson says:

"From an examination of the original returns in the War Department, I reckon, in round numbers, the Federal infantry and artillery on the field at fifty-nine thousand, and the Confederate infantry and artillery at fifty-five thousand. The Federal Cavalry, about ten thousand strong, was outnumbered by the Confederates by a thousand men. Thus speak the returns. Perhaps a deduction of five thousand men from the reported strength of each army would more nearly represent the actual strength of the combatants. But in any case

our flank, and this might be fatal to troops more or less demoralized by the bloody repulse which they had sustained. The proposal to advance with his whole corps was never heard by me, and was, at best, impossible, as two of his five brigades had been detached, the one by General Polk and the other by myself, to fill gaps in the line.

D. H. H.

\* Major-General Walker claims that he proposed to me to make this movement with his whole corps, and complains that his command was disintegrated by sending it in by brigades.

General Walker did propose, as he says, to fall back and align upon Cleburne, when we saw Granger's corps approaching on our right, and I did refuse to permit this, believing that a withdrawal in full view of Granger would invite an attack upon

it is, I think, certain that Rosecrans was stronger in infantry and artillery than Bragg by at least four thousand men."

It is difficult to make a correct estimate of the casualties on the Confederate side, as so many official papers were never published. My corps had "present for duty" 8884 men the morning of the 19th. The casualties were: killed, 370; wounded, 2448; missing, 172,—total, 2990. Among the killed were two brigadier-generals. Proportionally, this would give a loss in Bragg's army of 18,000 men. [The official estimate, War Records office, is 17,804.—Ed.] But the right wing suffered very much more than the left, because it fought all the time against a foe under cover. (The only general officers killed were in the right wing.) For the same reason the right wing inflicted much less injury upon the enemy than did the left—hardly half as much. It would be a high estimate to put our casualties at 15,000 in artillery and infantry.

The Federal estimate of their loss (revised official returns) is: killed, 1656; wounded, 9749; captured or missing, 4774,—total, 16,179. The estimate of "missing" is below the mark by one thousand, if the Confederate claim of the capture of 6500 prisoners is correct. The Confederates also claim to have taken 51 pieces of artillery, 15,000 stand of arms, and a large amount of ordnance stores, camp equipage, etc.

But whatever blunders each of us in authority committed before the battles of the 19th and 20th, and during their progress, the great blunder of all was that of not pursuing the enemy on the 21st. The day was spent in

burying the dead and gathering up captured stores. Forrest, with his usual promptness, was early in the saddle, and saw that the retreat was a rout. Disorganized masses of men were hurrying to the rear; batteries of artillery were inextricably mixed with trains of wagons; disorder and confusion pervaded the broken ranks struggling to get on. Forrest sent back word to Bragg that "every hour was worth a thousand men." But the commander-in-chief did not know of the victory until the morning of the 21st, and then he did not order a pursuit. Rosecrans spent the day and the night of the 21st in hurrying his trains out of town. A breathing space was allowed him; the panic among his troops subsided, and Chattanooga—the objective point of the campaign—was held. There was no more splendid fighting in '61, when the flower of the Southern youth was in the field, than was displayed in those bloody days of September, '63. But it seems to me that the *elan* of the Southern soldier was never seen after Chickamauga—that brilliant dash which had distinguished him on a hundred fields was gone forever. He was too intelligent not to know that the cutting in two of Georgia meant death to all his hopes. He knew that Longstreet's absence was imperiling Lee's safety, and that what had to be done must be done quickly. The delay to strike was exasperating to him; the failure to strike after the success was crushing to all his longings for an independent South. He fought stoutly to the last, but, after Chickamauga, with the sullenness of despair and without the enthusiasm of hope. That "barren victory" sealed the fate of the Southern Confederacy.

D. H. Hill.

## MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

### The Reserve Corps at Chickamauga.

BY GENERAL GORDON GRANGER'S CHIEF OF STAFF.

ON the 19th day of September, 1863, the Reserve Corps of the Army of the Cumberland, General Gordon Granger in command, was distributed over a long stretch of country, its rear at Murfreesboro' and its van on the battle-field of Chickamauga. Here were W. C. Whitaker's and J. G. Mitchell's brigades, and the Twenty-second Michigan and Eighty-ninth Ohio regiments, all of the First Division, under immediate command of Brigadier-General James B. Steedman; Colonel Daniel McCook's brigade of infantry, and Colonel Minty's brigade of cavalry, the whole being under command of Major-General Gordon Granger, the corps commander. These troops had been posted to cover the rear and left flank of the army. During September 19th, the first day of the battle, they were engaged in some skirmishing and stood at arms expecting an attack. On the evening of the 19th every indication pointed to a renewal of the battle early the

next day. The night was cold for that time of year. Tell-tale fires were prohibited. The men slept on their arms. All was quiet save in the field-hospitals in the rear. The bright moon lighted up the fields and woods. Along the greater part of a front of eight miles the ground was strewn with the intermingled dead of friend and foe. The morning of Sunday, the 20th, opened with a cloudless sky, but a fog had come up from the warm water of the Chickamauga and hung over the battle-field until nine o'clock. The expected attack on Granger was not made. A silence of desertion was in the front. This quiet continued till nearly ten o'clock; then, as the peaceful tones of church bells, rolling over the land from the East, reached the meridian of Chickamauga, they were made dissonant by the murderous roar of the artillery of Bishop Polk, who was opening the battle on Thomas's front. Granger, who had been ordered, at all hazards, to hold fast where he was to protect the left flank and rear of the army, listened and grew impatient. Shortly before ten o'clock, calling my attention to a great column of

dust moving from our front towards the point from which came the sound of battle, he said, "They are concentrating over there. That is where we ought to be." The corps flag marked his headquarters in an open field near the Ringgold road. He walked up and down in front of his flag, nervously pulling his beard. Once stopping, he said, "Why, the — does Rosecrans keep me here? There is nothing in front of us now. There is the battle!"—pointing in the direction of Thomas.

Every moment the sounds of battle grew louder, while the many columns of dust rolling together here mingled with the smoke that hung over the scene.

At eleven o'clock, with Granger, I climbed a high hayrick near by. We sat there for ten minutes listening and watching. Then Granger jumped to his feet, thrust his glass into its case, and exclaimed with an oath:

"I am going over to Thomas, orders or no orders."

"And if you go," I replied, "it may bring disaster to the army and you to a court-martial."

"There's nothing in our front now but ragtag, bob-tail cavalry," he replied. "Don't you see Bragg is piling his whole army on Thomas! I am going to his assistance."

We quickly climbed down the rick, and, going to Steedman, Granger ordered him to move his command "over there," pointing towards the place from which came the sounds of battle. Colonel Dan McCook was directed to hold fast at McAfee Church, where his brigade covered the Ringgold road. Before half-past eleven o'clock Steedman's command was in motion. Granger, with his staff and escort, rode in advance. Steedman, after accompanying them a short distance, rode back to the head of his column.

Thomas was nearly four miles away. The day had now grown very warm, yet the troops marched rapidly over the narrow road, which was covered ankle-deep with dust that rose in suffocating clouds. Completely enveloped in it, the moving column swept along like a desert sandstorm. Two miles from the point of starting, and three-quarters of a mile to the left of the road, the enemy's skirmishers and a section of artillery opened fire on us from an open wood. This force had worked round Thomas's left, and was then partly in his rear. Granger halted to feel them. Soon becoming convinced that it was only a large party of observation, he again started his column and pushed rapidly forward. I was then sent to bring up Colonel McCook's brigade, and put it in position to watch the movements of the enemy; to keep open the Lafayette road, and to cover the open fields between that point and the position held by Thomas. This brigade remained there the rest of the day. Our skirmishers had not gone far when they came upon Thomas's field-hospital, at Cloud's house, then swarming with the enemy, who were helping themselves to everything portable. They came from the same body of Forrest's cavalry that had fired on us from the wood. They were quickly driven out, and our men were warmly welcomed with cheers from hundreds of dying and wounded men.

A little farther on, we were met by a staff-officer sent by General Thomas to discover whether we were friends or enemies; he did not know whence friends were coming—the enemy appeared to be approaching

from all directions. Bragg's whole army was rolling up against the heroic troops of this grand soldier. All of the shattered Army of the Cumberland left on the field was with Thomas; but not more than one-fourth of the men of the army who went into battle at the opening were there. Thomas's loss in killed and wounded during the two days had been dreadful. As his men dropped out his line was contracted. It was hardly half as long as it had been. Now its flanks were bent back, conforming to ridges shaped like a horseshoe.

On the part of Thomas and his men there was no thought but that of fighting. He was a soldier who had never retreated, who had never been defeated. He stood immovable, the "Rock of Chickamauga." Where he was, timid men became brave. Never had soldiers greater love for a commander. He imbued them with his spirit, and their confidence in him was sublime.

To the right of Thomas's line—his extreme right being composed of Brannan's fragments on the Snodgrass hill—was a gorge, then a high ridge, nearly at right angles thereto, running east and west. Confederates under Kershaw (McLaws's division of Hood's corps) were passing through the gorge, together with Bushrod Johnson's division, which Longstreet was strengthening with Hindman's division; divisions were forming on this ridge for an assault; to their left the guns of a battery were being unlimbered for an enfilading fire. There was not a man to send against the force on the ridge, none to oppose this impending assault. The enemy saw the approaching colors of the Reserve Corps and hesitated.

At one o'clock Granger shook hands with Thomas. Something was said about forming to fight to the right and rear.

"Those men must be driven back," said Granger, pointing to the gorge and ridge. "Can you do it?"

"Yes," was the reply. "My men are fresh, and they are just the fellows for that work. They are raw troops, and they don't know any better than to charge up there."

Granger quickly sent Aleshire's battery of three-inch rifle guns which he brought up to Thomas's left to assist in repelling another assault about to be made on the Kelly farm front. Whitaker's and Mitchell's brigades under Steedman were whirled into position and projected against the enemy in the gorge and on the ridge. With ringing cheers they advanced in two lines by double-quick. Over open fields, through weeds waist-high, through a little valley, then up the ridge. The enemy opened on them first with artillery, then with a murderous musketry fire. When well up the ridge the men, almost exhausted, were halted for breath. They lay on the ground two or three minutes, then came the command "Forward." Brave, bluff old Steedman, with a regimental flag in his hand, led the way. On went the lines, firing as they ran and bravely receiving a deadly and continuous fire from the enemy on the summit. The horrible din from muskets and the scarcely intermittent roar of the artillery drowned the voice of command. The Confederates began to break, and in another minute they were flying down the southern slope of the ridge. In twenty minutes from the beginning of the charge the ridge had been carried.

Granger's hat had been torn by a fragment of shell; Steedman had been wounded; Whitaker had been wounded, and four of his five staff-officers killed or mortally wounded. Twenty per cent. of Steedman's

two brigades, numbering 3500 muskets, had been killed and wounded in that twenty minutes; and the end was not yet.

The enemy massed a force to retake the ridge. They came before our men had rested; twice they assaulted and were driven back. During one assault, as the first line came within range of our muskets, it halted, apparently hesitating, when we saw a colonel seize a flag, wave it over his head, and rush forward. The whole line instantly caught his enthusiasm, and with a wild cheer followed, only to be hurled back again. Our men ran down the ridge in pursuit. In the midst of a group of Confederate dead and wounded they found the brave colonel dead, the flag he carried spread over him where he fell.

Soon after five o'clock Thomas rode to the left of his line, leaving Granger, the ranking officer, at the center. The ammunition of both Thomas's and Granger's commands was now about exhausted. When Granger had come up he had given ammunition to Brannan and Wood, and that had exhausted his supply. The cartridge-boxes of both our own and the enemy's dead within reach had been emptied by our men. When it was not yet six o'clock, and Thomas was still on the left of his line, Brannan rushed up to Granger, saying, "The enemy are forming for another assault; we have not another round of ammunition—what shall we do?" "Fix bayonets and go for them," was the reply. Along the whole line ran the order, "Fix bayonets." On came the enemy—our men were lying down. "Forward" was sounded. In one instant they were on their feet. Forward they went to meet the charge. When bayonet meets bayonet, one side gives way. The enemy fled. So impetuous was this counter-charge that one regiment of the Reserve Corps, with empty muskets and empty cartridge-boxes, broke through the enemy's line, which, closing up in their rear, carried it off as in the undertow.

One more feeble assault was made by the enemy; then the day closed, and the battle of Chickamauga was over. Of the 3700 men of the Reserve Corps who went into the battle that afternoon, 1175 were killed and wounded, 613 were missing, all prisoners, many of whom were of the regiment that broke through the lines. Our total loss, 1788, nearly fifty per cent. lost in one afternoon.

Gordon Granger was rough in manner, but he had a tender heart. He was not a respecter of persons. He was rather inclined to insubordination. This was especially so when he knew his superior officer to be wrong. Otherwise he was a splendid soldier. Rosecrans named him well when he wrote of him, "Granger, great in battle."

*J. S. Fullerton.*

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 20, 1887.

#### General Polk at Chickamauga.

BY HIS SON, CAPTAIN POLK, OF HIS STAFF.

IN response to your request for the reasons given by General Polk for the delay in attack on the morning of Sept. 20, 1863, let me say that it was because General Hill's corps was not ready for the assault. General Polk sent General Hill an order at midnight to attack at daylight, but General Hill could not be found (either on his line of battle or at Tedford's Ford, where

his headquarters were reported to be). Upon learning this fact General Polk issued an order, dated 5:30 A. M., direct to Hill's division commanders to attack as soon as they could get into position. This second order was delivered in the presence of General Hill by Captain Wheelless soon after sunrise, about 6:15. To this General Hill replied that his men were getting rations and that he would not be ready to move for an hour or more. General Polk reported this reply to General Bragg, in a note dated seven A. M., and stated that the attack would be made as soon as General Hill was ready. This, of course, conflicts with the time given by General Hill for the reception of the second order, viz., 7:25 A. M. These facts are derived from the official statements of General Polk, Captain Wheelless, and of John H. Fisher, on file in the War Records office.

As to the whereabouts of General Polk on the morning of the 20th, General Polk left his camp at Alexander's Bridge, 1200 yards in rear of his line, between daylight and sunrise, and, as is shown by the statement of General Cheatham (Official Records), was on the line of battle at sunrise, where he remained and where he first met General Bragg (Captain Wheelless, Official Records). These facts I state from my personal knowledge.

General Bragg's statement that General Polk was away from his line of battle at this time was not derived from his own knowledge, but from a statement of one of his staff-officers, as is shown in the following extract from an unpublished private letter from General Bragg, dated Mobile, February 8, 1873.

"The staff-officer sent to General Polk (Major Lee, A. I. G.) to urge his compliance with the orders of the previous night, reported to me that he found him at a farmhouse, three miles from the line of his troops, about one hour after sunrise, sitting on the gallery reading a newspaper, and waiting, as he (the general) said, for his breakfast."

The facts of the records above quoted are a sufficient answer to this absurd statement. But I can add further that I saw Major Lee when he delivered General Bragg's message to General Polk, at his (Polk's) camp in the woods, at Alexander's Bridge, 1200 yards from his line, before sunrise. General Polk was then preparing to mount his horse.

I will also add of my own knowledge that General Polk had ridden from one end of his line to the other, and had met General Hill and each of the division commanders before General Bragg came upon his line of battle. They met on the line about 7:45 A. M.

You inquire also about "the attack on the 13th." The object of Polk's movement was to intercept Crittenden before he should cross to the west side of the Chickamauga, and unite with other portions of Rosecrans's army. Polk was told that he would find Crittenden east of the creek about Pea Vine Church on the Graysville road, and was directed to attack him there at daylight of the 13th. He moved as ordered and found no enemy, Crittenden having crossed to the west of the creek the evening before. General Bragg in his report neglects to take this fact into account, and thus leaves the impression that Crittenden's escape was due to Polk's tardiness in moving rather than to his own tardiness in ordering the movement. It should have been ordered for the morning of the 12th.

*W. M. Polk.*



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Lincoln and Lowell.

"But democracies have likewise their finer instincts. I have also seen the ablest statesman and most pregnant speaker of our generation, a man of humble birth and ungainly manners, of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied, become more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity of his character."

The reprint in Lowell's latest volume, of his Birmingham address on "Democracy," containing the above tribute,—one of the most complete and satisfactory summaries of character ever packed into the very pith of prose,—reminds us that James Russell Lowell was the first of the leading American writers to see clearly and fully, and clearly, fully, and enthusiastically proclaim the greatness of Abraham Lincoln.

The allusion to the martyr-president in "The Commemoration Ode" (some of whose lines were given in fac-simile in connection with the portrait in our November number) was in its nature prophetic,—because it presented a view of the President to which the world is only now fully awakening.

"Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,  
Whom late the Nation he had led,  
With ashes on her head,  
Wept with the passion of an angry grief;  
Forgive me, if from present things I turn  
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,  
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.  
Nature, they say, doth dote,  
And cannot make a man  
Save on some worn-out plan,  
Repeating us by rote:  
For him her Old World molds aside she threw,  
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast  
Of the unexhausted West,  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.  
How beautiful to see  
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,  
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;  
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,  
Not lured by any cheat of birth,  
But by his clear-grained human worth,  
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!  
They knew that outward grace is dust;  
They could not choose but trust  
In that sure-footed mind's unflinching skill,  
And supple-tempered will  
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.  
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,  
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars;  
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;  
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,  
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,  
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.  
Nothing of Europe here,  
Or, then, of Europe fronting morrowward still,  
Ere any names of Serf and Peer  
Could Nature's equal scheme deface;  
Here was a type of the true elder race,  
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.  
I praise him not; it were too late;  
And some innate weakness there must be  
In him who condescends to victory  
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,  
Safe in himself as in a fate.  
So always firmly he:  
He knew to bide his time,  
And can his fame abide,  
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
Till the wise years decide.  
Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
But at last silence comes:  
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,

Our children shall behold his fame,  
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

This portrait of "the first American" leaves scarce any detail for the future poet to dwell upon,—so remarkable is the passage for its sympathy and penetration, as well as for the beauty, tenderness, and dignity of its cadences. If Lowell had only linked his name with that of his immortal subject in such immortal verse he would deserve the congratulations and thanks of his fellow-countrymen.

But Lowell has done more than this. In the very thick and fury of the struggle for the salvation of the nation,—a struggle, be it remembered, not only of arms, but of intellects as well,—he came out in "The North American Review" (of which he was one of the editors), not with the usual patriotic flag-waving of that time, but with a full, statesmanlike, and characteristically witty and eloquent essay in support of the policy of the Administration, an essay including an estimate of Lincoln's character which, when read in the light of subsequent history, has more of the tinge of prophecy than even the "Ode." In an article in "The Atlantic Monthly" for July, 1862, Hawthorne had written of the President with a respect which is all the more creditable when one remembers how opposite in politics they had hitherto always been. From Hawthorne's article "Chiefly about War Matters," we quote the following passage:

"Good Heavens! what liberties have I been taking with one of the potentates of the earth, and the man on whose conduct more important consequences depend than on that of any other historical personage of the century! But with whom is an American citizen entitled to take a liberty, if not with his own chief magistrate? However, lest the above allusions to President Lincoln's little peculiarities (already well known to the country and to the world) should be misinterpreted, I deem it proper to say a word or two, in regard to him, of unfeigned respect and measurable confidence. He is evidently a man of keen faculties, and, what is still more to the purpose, of powerful character. As to his integrity, the people have that intuition of it which is never deceived. Before he actually entered upon his great office, and for a considerable time afterwards, there is no reason to suppose that he adequately estimated the gigantic task about to be imposed on him, or, at least, had any distinct idea how it was to be managed; and I presume there may have been more than one veteran politician who proposed to himself to take the power out of President Lincoln's hands into his own, leaving our honest friend only the public responsibility for the good or ill success of the career. The extremely imperfect development of his statesmanly qualities, at that period, may have justified such designs. But the President is teachable by events, and has now spent a year in a very arduous course of education; he has a flexible mind, capable of much expansion, and convertible towards far loftier studies and activities than those of his early life; and if he came to Washington a backwoods humorist, he has already transformed himself into as good a statesman (to speak moderately) as his prime-minister."—Vol. x., p. 47.

Before coming to Mr. Lowell's "North American" essay, we wish to refer to an article by the same writer on "The Election in November," published in "The Atlantic" for October, 1860 (the month before Lincoln's election), in which the political situation is summarized



and the question of slavery discussed with a breadth, a penetration, and a humor that make the paper worthy of permanent preservation among his writings. In this essay Mr. Lowell says that Lincoln "has proved both his ability and his integrity; he has had experience enough in public affairs to make him a statesman, and not enough to make him a politician."

In quoting, now, from Mr. Lowell's "North American" essay we go back of the condensed reprint in "My Study Windows" (entitled "Abraham Lincoln") to the "Review" article on "The President's Policy" written in 1863 and printed in the number for January, 1864.

"That a steady purpose and a definite aim have been given to the jarring forces which, at the beginning of the war, spent themselves in the discussion of schemes which could only become operative, if at all, after the war was over; that a popular excitement has been slowly intensified into an earnest national will; that a somewhat impracticable moral sentiment has been made the unconscious instrument of a practical moral end; that the treason of covert enemies, the jealousy of rivals, the unwise zeal of friends, have been made not only useless for mischief, but even useful for good; that the conscientious sensitiveness of England to the horrors of civil conflict has been prevented from complicating a domestic with a foreign war: all these results, any one of which might suffice to prove greatness in a ruler, have been mainly due to the good sense, the good humor, the sagacity, the large-mindedness, and the unselfish honesty of the unknown man whom a blind fortune, as it seemed, had lifted from the crowd to the most dangerous and difficult eminence of modern times. It is by presence of mind in untold emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested; it is by the sagacity to see, and the fearless honesty to admit, whatever of truth there may be in an adverse opinion, in order more convincingly to expose the fallacy that lurks behind it, that a reasoner at length gains for his mere statement of a fact the force of argument; it is by a wise forecast which allows hostile combinations to go so far as by the inevitable reaction to become elements of his own power, that a politician proves his genius for state-craft; and especially it is by so gently guiding public sentiment that he seems to follow it, by so yielding doubtful points that he can be firm without seeming obstinate in essential ones, and thus gain the advantages of compromise without the weakness of concession, by so instinctively comprehending the temper and prejudices of a people as to make them gradually conscious of the superior wisdom of his freedom from temper and prejudice,—it is by qualities such as these that a magistrate shows himself worthy to be chief in a commonwealth of freemen. And it is for qualities such as these that we firmly believe History will rank Mr. Lincoln among the most prudent of statesmen and the most successful of rulers. If we wish to appreciate him, we have only to conceive the inevitable chaos in which we should now be weltering, had a weak man or an unwise one been chosen in his stead.

"... And certainly no one ever entered upon office with so few resources of power in the past, and so many materials of weakness in the present, as Mr. Lincoln. Even in that half of the Union which acknowledged him as President, there was a large and at that time dangerous minority that hardly admitted his claim to the office, and even in the party that elected him there was also a large minority that suspected him of being secretly a communicant with the church of Laodicea. All that he did was sure to be virulently attacked as ultra by one side; all that he left undone, to be stigmatized as proof of lukewarmness and backsliding by the other. Meanwhile he was to carry on a truly colossal war by means of both; he was to disengage the country from diplomatic entanglements of unprecedented peril undisturbed by the help or the hindrance of either, and to win from the crowning dangers of his administration, in the confidence of the people, the means of his safety and their own. He has contrived to do it, and perhaps none of our Presidents since Washington has stood so firm in the confidence of the people as he does after three years of stormy administration.

"... Time was his prime-minister and, we began to

think at one period, his general-in-chief also. At first he was so slow that he tired out all those who see no evidence of progress but in blowing up the engine; then he was so fast that he took the breath away from those who think there is no getting on safely while there is a spark of fire under the boilers. . . . Mr. Lincoln, as it seems to us, in reviewing his career, though we have sometimes in our impatience thought otherwise, has always waited, as a wise man should, till the right moment brought up all his reserves. *Semper novit differre paratis* is a sound axiom, but the really efficacious man will also be sure to know when he is *not* ready, and be firm against all persuasion and reproach till he is.

"One would be apt to think, from some of the criticisms made on Mr. Lincoln's course by those who mainly agree with him in principle, that the chief object of a statesman should be rather to proclaim his adhesion to certain doctrines, than to achieve their triumph by quietly accomplishing his ends. In our opinion, there is no more unsafe politician than a conscientiously rigid doctrinaire, nothing more sure to end in disaster than a theoretic scheme of policy that admits of no pliability for contingencies. . . . Mr. Lincoln's perilous task has been to carry a rather shakily craft through the rapids, making fast the unrulier logs as he could snatch opportunity, and the country is to be congratulated that he did not think it his duty to run straight at all hazards, but cautiously to assure himself with his setting-pole where the main current was, and keep steadily to that. He is still in wild water, but we have faith that his skill and sureness of eye will bring him out right at last."

Not the least interesting part of the essay is the author's comparison of Henry IV. of France with the American President,—before the assassination of Lincoln had completed a certain likeness in their careers. "Henry went over to the nation; Mr. Lincoln has steadily drawn the nation over to him. One left a united France; the other, we hope and believe, will leave a reunited America."

We are yet to quote, however, what is perhaps the most remarkable and prophetic portion of the essay. The very phraseology of the paragraph which closes the essay has such a similarity to recent utterances that one can hardly believe that it was written twenty-four years ago, and at a time when, though there had been notable Union victories, the issue was still far from being determined. Not only did Lowell thus early recognize the peculiar genius and the dominance of Lincoln, not only did he predict the triumph of the national cause, but he foresaw, in the midst of strife and bitterness, a near future of unprecedented harmony and prosperity. Never in the history of the world has internecine strife been followed so quickly by reconciliation; never before has a reunited nation more suddenly risen to the very height of material well-being and power. It is now a familiar history; but when Mr. Lowell wrote it down it was all yet beneath the veil of the future, only to be penetrated by the pure eyes of faith and inspiration:

"The danger of slavery has always been in the poor whites of the South; and wherever freedom of the press penetrates,—and it always accompanies our armies,—the evil thing is doomed. Let no one who remembers what has taken place in Maryland and Missouri think such anticipations visionary. The people of the South have been also put to school during these three years, under a sharper schoolmistress, too, than even ours has been, and the deadliest enemies of slavery will be found among those who have suffered most from its indirect evils. It is only by its extinction—for without it no secure union would be possible—that the sufferings and losses of the war can be repaid. That extinction accomplished, our wounds will not be long in healing. Apart from the slaveholding class, which is numerically small, and would be socially insignificant without its privileges, there are no such mutual antipathies between

the two sections as the conspirators, to suit their own purposes, have asserted, and even done their best to excite. We do not like the Southerners less for the gallantry and devotion they have shown even in a bad cause, and they have learned to respect the same qualities in us. There is no longer the nonsensical talk about Cavaliers and Puritans, nor does the one gallant Southron any longer pine for ten Yankees as the victims of his avenging steel. As for subjugation, when people are beaten they are beaten, and every nation has had its turn. No sensible man in the North would insist on any terms except such as are essential to assure the stability of peace. To talk of the South as our future Poland is to talk without book; for no region rich, prosperous, and free could ever become so. It is a geographical as well as a moral absurdity. With peace restored, slavery rooted out, and harmony sure to follow, we shall realize a power and prosperity beyond even the visions of the Fourth-of-July orator, and we shall see Freedom, while she proudly repairs the ruins of war, as the Italian poet saw her,—

"Girar la Libertà mirai  
E baciar lieta ogni ruina e dire  
Ruine sì ma serviti non mai."

It is a pleasure to know that Mr. Lincoln had the satisfaction of reading the "North American" essay. As it was, according to the custom of the day, unsigned, he wrote to the publishers, instead of to the author, concerning a certain point in his policy which had been criticised and which he wished to explain. This letter, which was dated January 16, 1864, appeared in the next number of the Review. It was characteristic of Lincoln to think only of the benefit of so notable a demonstration in favor of the cause to which his life was dedicated. "Of course," said the President, "I am not the most impartial judge; yet, with due allowance for this, I venture to hope that the article entitled 'The President's Policy' will be of value to the country." How like him to add—"I fear I am not quite worthy of all which is therein said of me personally."

Several of the leading American poets have shown their appreciation of Lincoln in verse or prose—either during his life or since his tragic death. Indeed, an interesting study could be made of the tributes and allusions to the great Liberator by the principal writers of the country. Such a study would not omit mention of Stedman's sonnet on Lincoln's death, and his poem on the cast of Lincoln's hand, a part of which was reprinted in the December CENTURY, of Dr. Holmes's memorial hymn, of Whitman's two poems on the death of Lincoln, or of Stoddard's stately and pathetic ode, and his sonnet published ten years ago in THE CENTURY. During the war the relations of Bryant with Lincoln were, perhaps, more important than those of any other of our poets with the President. Bryant had met him first when Lincoln was a Captain in the Black Hawk war,—and had presided at the Cooper Union meeting where the Western statesman delivered his now famous speech. Lincoln was Bryant's choice as a candidate as against Seward, and in personal interview as well as by letter and editorial, he encouraged, advised, and criticised the Lincoln administration throughout its existence. At Lincoln's death Bryant wrote the noble threnody which is familiar to all readers of American poetry. But we think it will be found that the literary record of Lowell in connection with Lincoln is more remarkable than that of any other of the distinguished authors of America.

"I beheld Liberty go 'round,  
Kiss every ruin joyfully, and say  
'Ruins, if so must be, but Slavery never.'"

### The Injustice of Socialism.

SOCIALISTS themselves maintain that their system alone is equitable, and that the present industrial methods are all wrong, since they lead necessarily to inequality in wealth and power and in the means of happiness. The object of socialism is to put an end to these inequalities, and to found a society in which all would fare as nearly as possible alike; and this, as socialists maintain, would be truly equitable and just. But when we inquire into the fundamental principles of their system, we find the element of justice conspicuously absent. Their main principles are the ownership of all means of production by the State, and the payment of all workmen according to what is assumed to be the rule of justice. This rule is expressed in the formula with which all students of the subject are familiar, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." According to this rule, a man of superior talents or creative genius would receive no higher recompense than the most inefficient workman, and, indeed, if the latter had a larger family, he would apparently receive more. The obvious intent of this rule is to prevent men of superior abilities from rising above the mass; and socialists proclaim that the privileges of higher intelligence must fall with the privileges of wealth and birth.

Such being the law of recompense in the socialistic system, let us see how it accords with the principles of justice as commonly understood among men. To determine this, we must inquire how a man would be recompensed for his labor if he worked all alone for himself. Suppose a man on a desert island, like Robinson Crusoe, with no goods of any kind except what he could cull from the bosom of Nature or produce by his unassisted labor. In this case it is plain that his wealth and prosperity would depend on the ability and energy with which he worked. If he tilled twice as much ground, he would raise twice as large a crop; if he contrived a way to kill game, he would have its flesh to eat; if he laid by a store of food for the winter season, he would have enough to eat, and if he did not, he would suffer and perhaps die of hunger; if he invented tools of various kinds, he could produce vastly more goods for his own use than he could without them; and, in short, the rewards of his industry would depend on the intelligence and enterprise with which he labored in his own behalf. If we suppose two or more men, each living on his own island, their comparative gains would depend partly, indeed, on the natural resources of the several islands, but mainly on the comparative skill and energy of the men themselves. This truth is abundantly illustrated in the life of nations. Why are Americans and Englishmen richer and more prosperous than Russians and Turks, and these latter more prosperous than Hottentots and Maoris? Clearly because of the greater intelligence and skill and the higher moral qualities of the more prosperous races; so that both of individuals and of nations it is true that, when working in their own behalf, they are recompensed according to their abilities, and not according to their needs.

Since a man is recompensed according to his ability when working for himself, he ought to be recompensed on the same principle when he works for society; for

otherwise he will be deprived of the natural reward of his labors. On the other hand, society itself would suffer an injustice if it paid the incompetent or inefficient workman a large salary simply because he had a large family dependent on him for support. Thus the socialistic principle that every man ought to work for society according to his ability, but be paid according to his needs, is palpably unjust; and this of itself is sufficient to condemn the system, even if otherwise desirable.

It may be said, however, that all socialists do not hold the principle here attributed to them, but that some of their number would recompense every man "according to his deeds." It is admitted that this rule has some advocates among socialists, but its adoption in a socialistic state would be practically impossible. For in the first place, there is no means of ascertaining the value of a man's deeds, except by competition, which the socialists abhor. The only way to determine who are the most efficient servants of society is by giving each man a chance to do his best, and this means individualism, and competition among men for employment and public favor. But again, if it were practicable under a socialistic system to recompense public servants, such as all men would then be, according to their deeds, this would be directly opposed to the main object of the socialists, which is to abolish inequality. If men are to be paid according to their deeds—whether regard is had to the value of the deeds or to the difficulty of performing them—it is obvious that some men will receive a vast deal more than others, and this will bring back the reign of inequality. It is true that the more highly paid workers could not invest their earnings in the form of capital as they now do—they would spend them in personal enjoyment; but this would only make the inequalities more glaringly conspicuous. If one man received ten thousand dollars a year for his services and another only one thousand, the former would have his spacious mansion, his costly furniture, his luxurious dress and equipages, and all the pleasures that a large income gives, just as rich men do now; and the poorly paid man, if of an envious disposition, would feel the same jealousy and discontent that such men now feel. It would be impossible, therefore, in a socialistic state to adopt this method of payment; and thus there is no escape from the flagrant injustice of paying a man according to his needs, while requiring him to work according to his ability.

If, now, we consider our existing society, we shall find that in it men are recompensed for their labor, partly, indeed, according to their opportunities, but mainly according to their abilities. That this is true in the great majority of cases is certain, however strongly excited orators may assert the contrary. It is conspicuously true in the case of nations, whose differing prosperity and power is almost wholly due to

difference in their mental and moral qualities, notwithstanding the difference in their natural resources. It is also true in the main of individual workers of almost every class. The skilled and efficient laborer gets higher pay than the inefficient and the lazy, and the professional man higher pay than the ordinary laborer. So among capitalists and business managers the most successful are, as a rule, those who invest their capital most prudently and manage it with the greatest skill and discretion. Only the higher kinds of intellectual workers—the great thinkers, moralists, and others of that order—fail to get pay in proportion to their work; but their case is exceptional, and they are few in number.

#### "English as She is Taught."

NOTHING could be more amusing than the unconscious humor of "English as She is Taught," in this number of *THE CENTURY*, yet where is the thoughtful reader whose laughter is not followed by something very like dismay? Here are examination papers taken from many schools, evolved from many brains; yet are they so like in character that all might be the work of one puzzled school-boy struggling with matters too deep for him.

Undoubtedly many of these children have been poorly taught, and poorly taught in the same way, but the trouble lies back of indifferent teachers, and even back of indifferent or ambitious school-boards. It rests upon us all as a people. We are too heedless of detail, and too ambitious for number or size or appearance. We know too little of thoroughness; we demand impossible things; naturally, one of the things we get is the result embodied in "English as She is Taught."

Every conscientious teacher can tell how he is hampered by his overruling school-board or constituency. Sometimes it may attempt to guide; more frequently it suspects. His individuality is stamped out; his freshness of method and organization is distrusted. He knows that too many subjects are taught in a superficial, hap-hazard way, but he can make no change, for the genius of the people is against him. He knows that his assistants are working without adequate direction or organization; but his own hands are too often tied. Too often, too, the teacher is untrained and heedless,—often a mere sojourner in the school, preparing for other things; often the creature of a board dominated by a political or a sectarian majority. We need trained and enthusiastic teachers; unbiased, unpolitical, and carefully chosen school-boards; less ambition and more thoroughness; less of the *what* and more of the *why*; less immaturity striving to appear mature, and less ignorance masking itself under assurance. But the question arises: Who is to teach the American people this?



## OPEN LETTERS.

### International Copyright on Music.

OPINIONS OF AMERICAN MUSICIANS.

[IN THE CENTURY for February, 1886, was printed a collection of opinions from the most prominent authors of the United States, to the number of forty-five, on the subject of an International Copyright Law, contributed in response to a circular from us, and unanimously demanding such a measure, in the name of justice to authors and of an honorable public policy. In the following pages we print replies to a similar circular addressed by us to American musicians. It will be remarked that these responses, like those of the authors, recognize the preëminence of the ethical issue which is involved. Looking merely at the indifference of our legislators on this and other moral questions, one might think with Emerson that

"Things are in the saddle,  
And ride mankind,"

were it not for the widespread and unsophisticated sense of right which is shown by such protests at these from authors and composers, who we are sure are in this matter the truest representatives of American sentiment. How long will it be before Senators and members will recognize that this is primarily a moral rather than an economic question; and that the conviction of large classes of thoughtful people that we are pursuing a disgraceful policy is a source of weakness in the national self-respect for which legislators individually are every day newly responsible? — THE EDITOR.]

AS TO an International Copyright Law, I should hail it with joy. At this stage of the world's progress such a legal protection should be everywhere recognized as an author's inalienable right.

BROOKLYN.

Dudley Buck.

THE artistic injustice to which composers are subjected for want of an adequate copyright law can scarcely be appreciated by the general public.

The recent litigation in regard to the original orchestration of Gounod's "Redemption," and of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, developed the fact that it is the common practice to rescure, rearrange, reharmonize, republish, and otherwise maltreat, *ad lib.*, the works of any foreign composer that may be found profitable for trade purposes. So shameless has this practice become that the defendants in one of these lawsuits actually made a point of the fact that they had altered all the chords of the seventh in the original composition to common chords in their "edition" (1) and made claim to copyright on that account.

It is a notorious fact that American composers have suffered in the same way in England. The genuine creator in music may be content to wait for recognition, and may even be reconciled to having some one else reap the benefit of his artistic labor; but that any one should have the right to distort and misrepresent his works, which happens every day to *true* artists, is a shame which no one can endure with equanimity. Common justice demands that the artist shall have the right to the fruit of his labor. *Artistic* justice demands that his creation shall be protected from dis-

figurement and vandalism, and *common law* as well as international law ought to afford such protection.

BOSTON.

G. W. Chadwick.

THE first thing to determine in regard to the lack of an International Copyright Law is not the injury it may be to American composers, but the injustice it inflicts on composers of all nationalities. The laws of all civilized countries recognize and protect the right of the inventor to the rewards of his ingenuity; the patentee of the most trifling mechanical contrivance, the compounder of the most impotent "cure-all," can at small cost secure the profits of his labor in every land; but the author, whether literary or musical, is not deemed worthy of the same just protection. His work, the result of years of labor, is—by a strange irony—deemed of so much value to the world at large that it would be an injustice to the world to expect them to pay him a fair price for it. He must be content, perforce, to find his highest reward for instructing or amusing the world, in fame, and—in filling the coffers of piratical publishers. So long as American publishers can republish the best class of music produced in Europe, without cost, except for stamping and printing, just so long they will refuse equally good compositions by native authors, unless they get them for nothing.

It would seem that the mere statement of the existence of such a state of things ought to be enough, in the name of justice and honesty, to end it, in spite of the "vested interests"—viz., publisher's capital, stock, etc., etc.—that are constantly referred to, when this question is agitated, as something too sacred to be meddled with; as if equity can or ought to recognize any "vested interests" in in-equity, or the success of never so many publishers outweigh the plain right of the humblest author to a fair share in the profit of his work.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, PHILA. H. A. Clarke.

THE absence of an International Copyright Law is working directly to the grave injury of our native composers. So long as American music publishers can reprint the most successful foreign compositions without paying a farthing of royalty to their authors, so long will they prefer doing so instead of printing American works of possibly equal merit. An International Copyright Law will encourage our composers by giving them a chance to see their scores printed. Surely, commercial equity and the interest of our musicians, nay, of musical progress among us, here go hand in hand. The absence of such a law benefits solely our music publishers; its enactment would remove one of the chief obstacles to our eventually taking rank as a musical nation.

BOSTON.

Julius Eichberg.

THERE is no need to argue at this stage of the controversy that copyright is property. The question at issue is now whether this property should have an international protection the same as the money a man carries abroad in his pocket. To reduce the matter



to a strictly logical basis, copyright is money. Any man possessing a copyright may sell it for what it will bring in the market, precisely as he would sell his railroad stock, or his old clothes—for there are copyrights which are worth little more. The question is, shall civilized countries recognize these facts and give copyright an international safety, or shall the inhabitants of each country still have the privilege of poaching on the mental products of other countries at their pleasure? American composers have so far had a hard time of it, and have found it a very difficult matter to introduce their works to their own countrymen. Nor is this so much to be wondered at when it is remembered that in the present state of lawlessness any publisher here can issue cheap reprints of any foreign composition at any time when he may choose to do so; he merely pays for the plates, the paper, and the printing, the composer, of course, receiving nothing. This is certainly very agreeable and nice—for the publisher; but it naturally puts American composers in the shade. Lastly, it must not be overlooked that an International Copyright Law would not only be a matter of justice, but also a stimulus to mental activity, and it would certainly tend to discourage robbery whose chief excuse seems to be that it is wholesale.

NEW YORK.

Otto Floersheim.

JUSTICE and expediency alike demand an International Copyright, and every educated person in the country should ask for it.

One example of the result of the present system of piracy is worth more than any amount of argument. Three years ago, in Paris, I saw a man whose music is admired and loved wherever the pianoforte has made its way,—Stephen Heller,—old, poor, and almost totally blind. If the money justly due him from publishers in the United States alone could have been made his by law, he would have been made comfortable for the rest of his life. Fortunately his friends in France and England raised an annuity for him, and so in part made up for the wrong; and his is the case of many. No American who lives wholly or in part by the work of his brains should rest until that work is as much protected as a brand of whisky or soap.

BOSTON.

Arthur Foote.

IN observing that in the United States the author and musical composer alone are left unprotected by the law, one might be inclined to think that America's great law-makers had all been publishers! Luckily it is otherwise. Nevertheless, so long as there is no international copyright, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*" will remain in American translation: Enrich the pirates; authors may starve!

NEW YORK.

F. Korbay.

WHILE the present wrong state of affairs causes more injustice to European authors and composers than to Americans, it will not be long before the latter will begin to suffer more or less acutely. It may be that for many years musical composition here will bring no pecuniary reward (so far as regards the higher forms), but without an adequate international copyright this condition might exist forever.

An American composer now has to contend against

the tremendous competition that is caused by the fact that our publishers reprint, without the cost of authorship, works of every European composer of reputation. It is not only against such works themselves that our composers must measure themselves—they must face a surfeited market; surfeited, because his works have but one publisher, while the others have all. The publisher has little reason to pay for what he can get for nothing. It seems to me that there is no honorable defense for our present thievish attitude on the subject of international copyright.

BOSTON.

B. J. Lang.

It seems to me that every right-minded person must most emphatically condemn the unprincipled piracy of literary, and especially musical, works, that has been continued for so many years. Why should not the products of a man's brain be as much his personal property, and therefore protected by law, as his money or anything else belonging to him? If an American appropriates an Englishman's money and is caught, he is punished; if he appropriates his book or musical composition, republishing and selling it for his own profit, he goes free. Such a state of affairs is so entirely opposed to all principles of modern civilization, that there cannot and should not be two opinions on this point. Let us have an International Copyright Law, by all means, and the sooner the better.

BOSTON.

Louis Maas.

MANY pianoforte and other musical compositions by Americans are at present constantly being republished in foreign countries and ordinarily without remuneration to the composers. It seems to me that the arguments in favor of International Copyright as regards works of literature, apply with equal force to musical compositions. I should, however, prefer what the Rev. Lyman Abbott, in *THE CENTURY* for February, 1886, calls "Universal Copyright,"—not as a matter of policy, but because of its broad and more liberal scope and because founded upon principles of honesty, equity, justice, and humanity.

ORANGE, N. J.

William Mason.

It has been said that there are two sides to every question, but from the author's and composer's standpoint there is in the copyright question only one side which contains the elements of justice.

The consuming public naturally desires to have the advantage of reprints of foreign matter, and for this advantage ought to be willing to pay a price by which the originator, who has given his time for their enlightenment or enjoyment, should derive some benefit.

Without an International Copyright we shall never develop to any extent the literary or musical talent which is lying dormant in this country; for so long as we can have the vast resources of European countries to draw upon without taxation, so long will our native authors and young composers be deprived of a working-field, and we who boast of equality in all things will have to acknowledge the superiority and supremacy of other nations in literature and art. For no enterprising American, no matter how much genius he may possess, will wholly devote his time and talents to work from which he can derive no profit



owing to the concurrence of publications by foreign authors which can be reproduced here without paying any royalty, and consequently at less expense to the publisher.

NEW YORK.

*Harrison Millard.*

My name is at your service to help swell the number of petitioners for the passage of an International Copyright Law. In spite of my honest endeavor to find out the injury done to American composers by the absence of such a law, I must confess my inability in this direction. My only feeling is, that moral justice ought to be done to the right of property of the brain as well as to that of the purse.

NEW YORK.

*J. Mosenthal.*

EVERY American composer will rejoice when an International Copyright Law is adopted in this country, whereby the right of an author to legal protection for his published works is recognized as universal. The absence of such a law is not only a grave injury to foreign masters, but a fatal obstacle in the path of our own composers.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*John K. Paine.*

ALL the arguments advanced in the controversy regarding an International Copyright Law for the protection of authors are equally applicable in the case of composers. Speaking from the standpoint of an American composer, the musical market is flooded with cheap reprints of the most popular and profitable modern European works, to the great detriment of American compositions of merit. These cannot of course compete with works of foreigners in price, since the publishers not only may, but do, take without remuneration and use with impunity what ought to be the property of foreigners. For no long argument is needed to convince any right-thinking man that the result of brain-labor is as much the maker's own property as the work of his hands. Moreover it is a melancholy fact that there is in this country at present a prejudice against American music. Given two piano-pieces of equal merit, one by an American, the other by a foreigner, probably not one teacher in ten would give preference to the former for constant use. The passing of this law would give to American composition an impetus and encouragement which it greatly needs, by tending to place the American composer, at least at home, on the same footing as the foreigner.

The whole question seems naturally to resolve itself into one of simple morality: Has a man the right to the product of his work? It is unreasonable and selfish to expect a composer, after he has labored for years and spent both time and money to acquire his ability, to use that ability merely to enrich the man who buys the paper and has it printed; while he himself who has created something to print is forced to subsist by other means, although by appropriate legislation there could be secured to him a just proportion of the fruits of his toil.

GARDEN CITY, L. I.

*H. W. Parker.*

IF it be obvious justice to a literary or artistic worker to afford him copyright protection in his own country, it is equally obvious justice to grant him similar protection in all countries that are linked with his own by likeness of knowledge and taste. Upon

general principles of fair dealing, therefore, I believe heartily in an International Copyright Law, and in a law that shall apply to musical compositions as well as to books. Hitherto, the absence of an International Copyright Law has been an injury and an injustice mainly to foreign composers and publishers. But within the last ten or fifteen years American music in all departments from the primary instruction-book has been commanding more and more attention in Europe, so that the evil is beginning to be felt keenly on our side also. This reciprocity of interest is certain to become rapidly more noticeable. The sharp goad of personal interest is thus being added to the slow sense of abstract justice to make most American musicians decided advocates of the International Copyright idea. It is surely disgraceful that the United States is one of the last of the great powers to accept and adopt this idea.

HARTFORD, CONN.

*Waldo S. Pratt.*

LAST summer I looked into the musical catalogue of the British Museum for English reprints of American music, where every publisher in England is expected to deposit a copy of every publication he issues, to be catalogued and kept for reference. This I did at the suggestion of a London publisher who favors an International Copyright Law, and who wished to give me an idea of the loss I have sustained by the absence of such a law. This catalogue consists of blank-books into which are pasted the titles of each author's compositions, so arranged that they are kept together and in alphabetical order and four or five on a page. My list, beginning back in the Fifties and taking in the war songs on their way to the present time, occupies twenty-three of these pages and a part of the twenty-fourth. This does not include a good many singing-class pieces and some Sunday-school and Gospel songs that appear in books by English compilers. It goes without saying that I favor an International Copyright Law.

CHICAGO.

*Geo. F. Root.*

ON most subjects there may be diversity of opinions. On the subject of International Copyright it seems to me there can be but one view, and that in favor of security to American writers, and, I may say, to all writers. As a composer of music who is, fortunately, not dependent on the material result of his publications, I do not fail to appreciate the fact that music publishers in this country have no paramount interest to push the sale of their copyright publications. The reason is, they can reprint with such facility the works of others *after* they have proved a success, and it pays them so much better to do this because they are not hampered by royalties or bonuses to European composers; thus they have not the same incentive to further the sale of their publications which English, French, or German publishers have. A successful American composer, whose works do not aspire to so-called cheap popularity, does better to-day, from a pecuniary point of view, to publish his works in Europe than in this country. This is not as it should be. It is time that wholesale stealing of, or simply voluntary payment for, the productions of the brain should be stopped.

NEW YORK.

*Sebastian B. Schlesinger.*

INTERNATIONAL Copyright is a legitimate and logical extension and application of the principles involved in our present copyright laws, and secures to the author, dramatist, or composer full and perfect recognition of property rights, in place of the partial and imperfect protection afforded by existing laws.

That our statutes signally fail to furnish to literary workers that security in the pursuit of an honorable calling to which every citizen is entitled, must be conceded, and the injustice of further delay becomes more apparent, in view of the fact that the advocates of purely material issues rarely fail in securing favorable legislation.

The comparative ease with which musical productions are reprinted, and the fact that the medium of expression is the same in all countries, render the native composer subject to a competition even more intense than that which literary workers are obliged to endure. It must be borne in mind that at the present time, when American composers are beginning to assert their right to a respectful hearing, this burden is especially hard to bear. It is significant that the association (Music Teachers' National Association) which has done more than any other agency to arouse an interest on the part of our musical public in the work of our native composers, has repeatedly and emphatically indorsed the principle of International Copyright. It was the good fortune of the writer to assist in securing an expression of opinion from the musical profession upon this question, and the unanimity with which the better class of musicians indorsed the proposed legislation proved conclusively that its necessity was fully appreciated. The manly spirit shown in demanding fair play for the foreign composer, while insisting on just treatment for themselves, indicates a self-respect which may prove no unimportant factor in developing American musical art.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

*Albert A. Stanley.*

WHEN a young artist, or an old one for that matter, carries to the publishers a work that will compare in usefulness as well as excellence with any contemporaneous production, he is met by the question, "What is the use of my buying a MS. from you when I can get the compositions of Sullivan, Dykes, Goss, and all the best English composers for *nothing*?"

The English music unquestionably has done much good here in arousing the latent talent and energies of our American composers. We awake only to find that we have been aroused in vain. There *must* be an International Copyright, and that without delay, or American music will sink into oblivion. If any considerable number of our Congressmen knew anything about art or literature, we should have had it long ago.

NEW YORK.

*Eugene Thayer.*

THE present state of the law is an inducement to swindling and is degrading to us as a nation. An International Copyright Law that would compel American publishers to pay foreign composers for their works might also prove an encouragement to home talent by giving our own composers an equal chance with others.

NEW YORK.

*Theodore Thomas.*

I AM most decidedly in favor of an International Copyright Law, by which musical composers and authors in other arts and sciences will be protected against the outrageous doings of many publishers in America and in Europe. A man's brain-work should be respected by all, and every profit and advantage that may be gained through it should be for his own benefit, and *not* for those who furnish the paper and the ink for the reproduction of works which in most cases have taken years of study and hard labor to conceive and to execute.

BOSTON.

*Carl Zerrahn.*

#### COMMENT OF A CRITIC OF MUSIC.

THE musicians whose appeal for International Copyright is published in this number of THE CENTURY have in one respect a stronger claim upon the protection of their country than even the writers of books. The author of a literary work is exposed to the direct competition only of those who use the same language. But the language of music is universal; and the American composer of songs, cantatas, and operas must face the fact that the publishers of whom he asks pay can take without pay the productions of Germany, France, Italy, Hungary, Russia, and Scandinavia, as well as the countries of the English tongue. They can pillage the whole world. This is one reason why American music gains so little headway. Our historians, novelists, and poets by pluck and ability are beginning to make a scanty living; but American music, on its creative side, remains very nearly where it was a generation ago. An American cannot earn bread by composing music. The law shuts him out of both foreign markets and his own; and yet music of a high class needs the markets of all countries, because its sale, under the most favorable circumstances, is so much restricted by the difficulties of performance. We pride ourselves upon our progress in the execution and appreciation of music; but while we boast of our culture we starve the creative spirit of art, and fill our dishonored halls with ill-gotten spoils from every land where we can find anything to steal.

The Hawley Bill, supported by the American Copyright League, during the last Congress proposed a simple measure of reciprocity, placing upon a perfect equality with our own citizens, as to copyright, the citizens of every nation which should grant a parallel equality to Americans. Interesting and forcible arguments in behalf of the reform were made by Mr. Lowell and others before the Senate Committee on Patents; but to the general disappointment the committee reported a bill devised by one of its members, Mr. Chace, which nobody seems to have asked for, which authors and composers certainly do not want, and which virtually denies the principle upon which International Copyright is demanded. Whether we rely upon the moral or the economical argument, the paramount object of an International Copyright Law is to protect the creators of intellectual property against unauthorized reprinters of it. But Mr. Chace, in reporting his bill, declared in effect that his paramount object was to protect the interests of reprinters, and that he should consult the property rights of foreigners only so far as he could do so without injury to our

material profits or the "income of labor." As for the property rights of American authors and composers, he did not consult them at all, for he left out of his scheme the reciprocity clause, which was an important part of the Hawley Bill. What he did was to offer a foreigner copyright in this country provided he got out an American edition, printed here within three months of the original publication abroad. This condition failing, the copyright was to lapse permanently, and piracy to be free. In the meanwhile, and as long as the copyright lasted, the importation even of a single copy of the work was to be prohibited. The author could not send it to publishers with whom he wished to treat, and if he came to the United States he could not bring a copy with him. Take from the three months the time necessary for the shortest correspondence across seas and the time required for re-manufacture, and how much is left for negotiations? Our foreign friend's dealings with the American reprinter must be quick and sharp. This man of business has the game in his own hands. "Give me your work at my price," he can say; "it is too late to try another house. In a few days your privilege of copyright will lapse, and then I can have your production for nothing." So instead of protecting literary property, Mr. Chace has only invented a plan by which the "vested interests" concerned in reprinting can protect themselves against the competition of rivals in the business, whenever they think it worth while to pay something for that advantage. Authors of established fame and popularity can indeed make their own terms; but in the case of nine writers out of ten it would be optional with the reprinting firms, under the Chace scheme, to allow copyright or not. The time clause, which takes away a man's rights unless he can sell them by a fixed day, makes the buyer master of the trade. The situation is not essentially changed by the fact that authors might sometimes make their bargains here before the publication abroad. They could not always do that. In many cases the success of a work depends upon the haste with which it is put to press, and the manuscript must be given to the printer as fast as it is produced. And in dealing with all but the foremost authors and composers, it is probable that the "vested interests" would generally elect the piracy system, so that they could test the market for a work abroad before risking its republication in America. This would be the rule especially with musical compositions, the popularity of which cannot be judged until the public has had ample time to hear them.

The Chace Bill, therefore, does nothing for the protection of American authors and musicians abroad. It does so little for them at home that the relief is hardly worth considering. It violates the moral principle of copyright for the benefit of the capital invested in piratical reprinting; and it assumes that our paramount duty is to protect manual labor even to the extent of stealing the raw material for it to work with. This is the measure which the report of the Senate Committee on Patents has placed before the country. The American Copyright League is now striving to have the Hawley Bill reported also, that the people may judge between them. The contrast would be instructive. To show the difference between a bill for the protection of literature and art and a bill for the

protection of the vested interests employed in plundering literature and art is a telling argument for honesty.

*John R. G. Hassard,*

#### General Shields.

TO THE EDITOR: As a friend of the late General Shields, who has intimately known him from the time he made his first appearance in Illinois until his death a few years ago, I trust to your known impartiality for allowing me to make a few observations on the harsh judgment which the biographers of President Lincoln have passed on the character of General Shields in the January number of *THE CENTURY*.

Shields, while under age, came to this country, either at the instance or under the auspices of an uncle who settled in South Carolina. After reaching manhood he went North teaching school,—the beginning of so many of our most distinguished politicians and even statesmen. In 1835 or 1836 he opened a school at Kaskaskia which, though it had ceased to be the capital of the State, was still the residence of a highly intellectual and polished society. There lived the families of Elias K. Kane, then United States Senator from Illinois; of the eminent Judge Nathaniel Pope, United States District Judge; of the able lawyer David J. Baker, of William and Robert Morrison, of Governor Menard, of the Maxwells, and of many other prominent citizens.

General Shields had not received a thorough classical education; but he had some knowledge of Latin and French. He was an excellent English scholar, familiar with the best literature of England and America, and had a more than usual knowledge of history, particularly of that of modern times.

He was quick of perception, lively in conversation, ardent but by no means as touchy and irascible as the biographers represent him. His vanity was indeed inordinate, really so much so that it rather became amusing than offensive. The best evidence of his being an honorable gentleman and a man of superior parts, was that he was most kindly received and made much of in the families I have mentioned. Judge Pope was his most particular patron and spoke kindly and highly of him to the day of his death. Judge Breese, who had, however, left Kaskaskia shortly before, became well acquainted with him somewhat later, on the circuit, and formed as much of friendship for him at that time as lay in his nature. And what is a most remarkable circumstance, all these Kaskaskia people without exception were strong Whigs, while Shields was a Democrat, though never a radical one. He did not seek to rise in his party, as a great many men of small caliber do, by professing ultra views, and to a certain extent he even despised popularity.

There was a special session of the Legislature called in 1837 owing to the suspension of our banks and to the embarrassment growing out of the monstrous system of internal improvements shortly before adopted by the State.

In the representation of Randolph County a vacancy had taken place, and Shields, though a Democrat, was elected in a county then largely Whig, he receiving the support of Judge Pope, David J. Baker, and other leading Whigs. Hardly any Irishmen were then living in that county. It was largely inhabited by French people, amongst whom Shields was always well liked

for his vivacity and probably also for his knowledge of their language. Surely he was not put up as a candidate on account of his "nationality." In the Legislature he made many warm friends and was considered an able reasoner and debater. He had studied law probably before he came to Illinois, continued it here, and was in fact very well grounded in the principles of law—rather more so than most of his rivals then at the bar. He argued closely and to the point, was much stronger before the court than before the jury, as he had not the gift of the gab, and hardly ever tried to be rhetorical or pathetic. When he did try, it was generally a bad failure. His language was always chaste and grammatically correct. He had a subtle and logical mind, though his impulsiveness made him sometimes act very illogically. He was ambitious, so much so that many people judged him to be too selfish. I, however, know of a great many instances when he acted very generously, and forgetful of himself. Very few ambitious men are free from the charge of egotism. He was careless about money matters and not the least avaricious.

In 1837, at the instance of the late A. W. Snyder, then a member of Congress, who had taken a great liking to Shields, he settled in Belleville, Illinois, as a lawyer, and, forming a partnership, entered on a very successful practice. Traveling the then very large circuit, he became well known in all southern Illinois, and his sociability, warm temperament, sprightly and intelligent conversation made him hosts of friends. While he himself delighted in being flattered he took occasionally good advantage of the same weakness in others.

In Belleville he soon made many friends, particularly amongst the educated Germans, who found his conversation interesting and cosmopolitan. There were few Irishmen then in that county, and he was not particularly popular amongst those few.

His election for State Auditor in 1840, by the Legislature, was owing to the fact that he knew most of the members personally, to his social qualities, and to his reputation of an able and honest man. It is just barely possible that his nationality may have had some influence with some of the politicians; but it was his tact, and the friendship of Douglas, who was then Secretary of State, and of other leading Democrats, such as General Whiteside and Colonel W. H. Bissell, late Governor of Illinois, that made him successful.

As regards the contemplated duel with Lincoln, the biographers remark very rightly: "We have reason to think that the whole affair was excessively distasteful to Lincoln. He did not even enjoy the ludicrousness of it, as might have been expected." It could not fail that the noble-hearted and eminently just Lincoln would, as soon as he was out of the hands of his ill-advising friend, most deeply regret this episode of his life.

The articles, for which Mr. Lincoln had made himself generously responsible, "covered," as the biographers themselves say, "Mr. Shields with merciless personal ridicule." But they also charged him, together with Governor Carlin and Treasurer Campbell, who had instructed the Collectors of the State revenue not to receive the almost worthless bank paper for payment of State taxes, with the most sor-

did motives. No man of the least spirit could have taken those insults without seeking satisfaction, even by arms, if necessary. Dueling, particularly amongst public men, had at that time not so much faded out of fashion, either in England or in our country, as at present, and is not yet sunk into entire oblivion. The provocation was of the strongest, and no blame attached to Shields at the time. It is no proof of Shields's irascibility. He was a young man who had his reputation for honesty at stake; and to have in addition his personal features and peculiar habits ridiculed in a small but select society in which he daily moved was more than even a saint could have borne. But there was another reason why, as the biographers say, "Lincoln would have been glad to banish the matter from his memory." Both parties had been very unfortunate in the choice of their "friends." General Whiteside was a very brave man; he had seen some service in the Black Hawk war, and was a good Indian-fighter. But he was no better qualified to manage an "affair of honor" than Black Hawk himself. Whatever the pretensions of Dr. Merryman might have been, he certainly was equally ignorant of the "code of honor," the first and foremost rule of which is that the combatants should, as much as possible, meet on an equal footing. Air and sun must be equally divided. Mr. Shields was just about of medium height, of light weight at the time, by no means strong; while Mr. Lincoln was of towering height, heavy, and long-armed, and of almost superhuman muscular strength. In this respect the choice of arms, "cavalry broadswords of the heaviest caliber," undoubtedly suggested by the Doctor, was an unfair one. The only excuse for him, and after all a bad one, might have been this, that as a friend of Lincoln he wanted to prevent a duel at all, and so he would propose such a sort of a fight as would bluff off Shields. But if he thought so, which is a mere surmise of the writer, he did not know the man Shields. But it would have been the duty of Whiteside to decline peremptorily such a combat, and to insist on pistols, a weapon with the use of which both parties might have been supposed to be somewhat acquainted, or with which by a few days' practice they could have familiarized themselves. Another rule of the code is that no unusual weapons must be used. Now, outside of army officers or students on the continent of Europe who are more or less trained in fencing-schools, the saber, or even the small sword, is never resorted to in dueling, and even with those classes pistols are the more customary arms. Amongst civilians it is an unheard-of thing. I am almost sure that Mr. Lincoln never before had handled a heavy cavalry sword; I am certain that Shields never had. If the duel had taken place, it would have been a ludicrous as well as a brutal affair. In the hands of novices a somewhat crooked heavy cavalry sword becomes no better than a flail or a stick. The strokes intended to cut head, shoulder, or breast in nine cases out of ten fall flat, and may knock a man down without ever drawing blood.

The blame of this opera-bouffe affair falls properly on the seconds. It is plain, however, that none attached to Shields.

The letter to Judge Breece referred to is clearly indefensible. It was the worst mistake in Shields's life, though, strange to say, it did not hurt him with his con-



stituents; for while he was rejected by the Senate on account of lack of constitutional qualification when he first offered himself in March, 1849, the moment that disqualification ceased, October, 1849, he was re-elected Senator by the Legislature, called at a special session for that purpose.

He seemed to have lost his head entirely on that occasion. He had been naturalized in 1840, in September, I believe. At the December session of Congress, 1849, he would have been a citizen of nine years' standing. But he hastened to Washington soon after his election, and presented his credentials in the Senate, which had been called for an extra session for Executive purposes after the 4th of March. An objection was made to his qualifications and sustained. The letter was written to frighten off Judge Breese from having the objection raised. Whatever his motive he committed an abominable error.\*

When in 1844 Governor Ford appointed Mr. Shields one of the Judges of the Supreme Court to fill a vacancy, it was surely not on account of his being an Irishman. Ford was not that sort of a man. He never cared about popularity. He only looked to the qualification of his appointees. Shields filled the office to the satisfaction of the people, and the few opinions he wrote during his short stay on the bench are lucid and forcible.

As Logan in the civil war, so Shields in the Mexican war, was the most distinguished volunteer general. Severely wounded, when leading his Illinois Brigade at Cerro Gordo, he led the Palmetto and another regiment with distinction at Contreras, and received at the storming of Chapultepec a most painful and slowly healing wound in his right wrist. In the civil war he was again wounded in the arm by a ball at Winchester. He was not a great strategist, nor even a tactician; but he was always found in front, and the soldiers liked to follow him.

He may in older days have indulged too much in reminiscences of his former feats of arms, but there are few old soldiers who are not guilty of such a charge. The writer was very near him for several years after the Mexican war, and is not aware that he ever unduly prided himself on his military performances.

He was naturally very much opposed to slavery. It was with great reluctance he voted for the Kansas-Nebraska bill. But Mr. Douglas, his colleague in the Senate, had much influence over him, Douglas having always nobly supported him. He had taken the view which Mr. Webster had promulgated in his celebrated speech, that slavery could not exist in either of the territories, from climatic and other causes that nature had ordained, and that therefore the repeal of the Missouri Compromise could do no harm.

Earthly goods he never acquired. Before the generosity of Congress, not long before his end, relieved him, he spent many years in actual poverty. His mind, while eccentric, sometimes erratic, was essentially of a lofty nature. He could not have risen to all the high

stations he filled except by some intrinsic merits. Were it otherwise, not he, but those who elected him, would have to bear the blame.

BELLEVILLE, ILLINOIS.

Gustav Koerner.

#### The Cantata and American Composers.

By using very little of your space may I try to modify the impression which the letter on "The Cultivation of the Cantata" published in the January number of THE CENTURY has probably made? When Mr. Barnard, after saying that the cantata occupies a middle ground between the oratorio and opera, that American writers have been more successful in this form, cites Mr. Root's "Flower Queen" as an example, I am led to believe that he is not informed of the present trend of American music. To encourage Americans to compose is a leading topic among writers on music at the present time in the United States, and the cantata is one of the most desirable forms to have cultivated; but have we not outgrown the era which accepted the compositions of Mr. Root as standard in that department? Would the Handel and Haydn Society pay one thousand dollars for the counterpart of "The Haymakers" or "Esther"? Certainly it would not. Mr. Barnard, however, implies that it would, and the non-musical reader of his letter will seek for no higher values in this form of native musical achievement than these compositions represent. Such pieces are styled cantatas. So is "Pinafore" an opera, but "Orpheus" is one also. There was a time when practice of "The Haymakers" and "The Flower Queen" in uninformed and slow-moving districts was quite general; clergymen recommended such to their Sunday-schools; but the men who at present are writing what is making a name for American music did not so much as taste this fount of inspiration.

I would mention George E. Whiting and his "Tale of the Viking"; W. W. Gilchrist and his "Forty-sixth Psalm"; Dudley Buck and his "Golden Legend" and "Columbus"; Arthur Foote and his "Hiawatha"; H. W. Parker and his "King Trojan"; G. W. Chadwick and his "The Viking's Last Voyage"; Prof. J. K. Paine and his "The Nativity"—these men are cultivating the cantata. Certain of these compositions were written under such conditions as Mr. Barnard recommends. I do not take issue with Mr. Barnard's idea; I uphold that. We diverge at what constitutes the cantata. A retrograde movement among writers of music in the United States would be deplored on every hand. There is already plenty of music among us, suited to uneducated taste and an unfiltered desire for tune. Composers of this sort of music may not do very much harm; but theirs is not the best music of which Americans are capable. It is to establish this fact and show the general reader that there is already grounded among native writers a style infinitely better, the product of real art, that this letter is ventured.

BOSTON.

George H. Wilson.

\*Another correspondent (Mr. R. I. Holcombe) interprets the expression in the letter to Breese, "he should never have profited by his success," to mean merely that he would represent the means employed by Breese to achieve success in such a way to his associates at Washington that his influence would be seriously impaired, if not destroyed. It should be said, however, that our

correspondent does not explain the context.—Mr. W. J. Onahan also writes to us in praise of General Shields, calling especial attention to General Scott's testimony as to his gallantry and efficiency in the field; as well as to some cordial words spoken in his behalf by General Logan.—EDITOR.



## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Uncle Esch's Wisdom.

SOME people's virtues sit upon them as their clothes do,—they look as though they pricked dreadfully.

THERE are successes that are far more humiliating than defeat.

NOTHING to do wears out a graven image in the course of time.

I BELIEVE in dispensations, but when a man gets drunk, falls down the cellar stairs, and breaks his neck, I lay it to the whisky, not to the dispensation.

HE who is ashamed of his poverty would be equally proud of his wealth.

Too often love is nothing more than self-love in disguise.

WE are all very proud of our reason, and yet we guess at fully one-half we know.

Go slow, my friend; you have time and eternity both before you.

Uncle Esch.

### Her Photograph.\*

A PICTURE of a dark-eyed girl  
With pensive, thoughtful air,  
Whose pure sweet face looked from beneath  
Its frame of misty hair.

My heart was captured by her face;  
I loved her at first sight:  
"Sweet maid," I whispered, "let me be  
Your own true chosen knight."

And then I tried to find my queen,  
I sought her near and far;  
Her pictured face shone on my path  
And was my guiding star.

But oh, how can I tell the grief,  
The bitter grief to me,  
When I found out, beyond a doubt,  
There wasn't any *she*!

For this sweet picture that I loved  
(Kind reader, do not laugh!)  
Turned out to be a very good  
Composite photograph!

And the fair girl whose pensive eyes  
Had made my pulses stir,  
Did not exist, or rather there  
Were forty-nine of her!

One woman's face was in my mind—  
How could I then divine  
That I, while faithful to one love,  
Was true to forty-nine?

O Science! You have done this thing,  
On you I lay the guilt;  
You've made my honest love appear  
Like any crazy quilt!

And this one thing I ask of you,—  
Can you, with all your art,  
Unite these forty-nine poor bits  
And give me back my heart?

Bessie Chandler.

\*See "Composite Photography" in THE CENTURY for March.

### An April Answer.

I ASKED her for her photograph;  
She answered, with a lightsome laugh,  
"I'll send you one on Friday week."  
Emboldened by her gracious mien  
(For I am young and somewhat green),  
My ardor spurred me on to speak.

(But, gracious! means I find are used  
To leave a lover quite confused)  
She smiled and whispered, "Can't you guess?  
My picture shall my answer give."  
To-day she's sent her negative,  
Marked "April First." Does that mean "yes"?

Anna M. Pratt.

### Development.

ONE morn a bud beside my window came,  
And leaned beneath the frame;  
The soft air, sunshine, and nocturnal dew  
Nourished it, and it grew.

And so the bud became a half-blown rose  
(Sweeter ne'er grew, nor grows);  
And blushed and laid its cheek against the pane  
Till kissed by summer's rain.

And now it blooms (the kiss has done its part,  
Laid open the gold heart),  
And in morn's sunshine and the dew of even  
Sends fragrance up to heaven.

Maud Kalbfleisch.

### A Fortunate Parallel.

(Suggested by "A Story of Seven Devils.")

"YES," she admitted, "it's very clever,  
And I like Frank Stockton as much as ever.  
It is well for us all to find our levels;  
It's a little extreme, though—seven devils!

"Some people, you know, don't believe in any;  
To those, it will seem, perhaps, too many;  
But to others as easy to grasp as one;  
'Begun is,' the proverb says, 'half done.'

"Oh yes, I've heard several women rage;  
He meant that they should; for I'll engage,  
From the feeling manner in which he wrote,  
He had 'found,' and had merely to 'make a note.'

"And you wonder to see me keep so cool?  
No—I'm not his friend, the 'absolute fool,'  
But, to be quite frank, since you wish the reason,  
It's a bit of ancient history treason.

"It constantly keeps me nice and calm;  
It's in the 116th Psalm.  
To be sure, it was said 'in haste,' but so  
Is much that is very well said, you know.

"And, so far as my observation goes,  
This hasty statement about his foes—  
And friends—which King David gave for fact,  
He never found leisure to retract.

Margaret Vandegrift.

